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VOLUME IX

MURPHEY—PRENTICE

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ARCHIBALD DE BOW MURPHEY

[1777—1832]

LOUIS ROUND WILSON

ALTHOUGH seventy-seven years have passed since the death of Judge Archibald De Bow Murphey, North Carolina is just beginning to enjoy in a large measure the fruitage of policies for her material and intellectual enrichment similar to those to the formulating of which he devoted the genius of a fine, constructive statesmanship.

Born in Caswell County, North Carolina, in 1777, prepared for college at the Rev. David Caldwell's school, in Guilford County, and graduated with distinction in the second class of the University of North Carolina in 1799, Archibald Murphey began his active work for the State in September of that year, as teacher of the ancient languages at his *alma mater*. This position he filled until 1802, bringing to the discharge of his duties an energy and ability which distinguished him as a teacher and gave evidence of the high character of the public service he was destined to render in later life.

After teaching for three years, he resigned his professorship, located at Hillsboro, gained admission to the Bar, and under the direction of William Duffy devoted himself seriously to the practice of law. Skill in handling witnesses and conducting cases rapidly won him promotion at an unusually brilliant Bar. As an equity pleader he had no equal in the State, and in 1818, in recognition of his ability as a legislator and jurist, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court by the Legislature. A year later he was commissioned by the Governor to hear certain cases in the Supreme Court. Though eminently successful on the bench, he returned to his private practice, in 1820, to repair his threatened fortunes and to devote himself to a freer advocacy of public policies than was in keeping with his duties as a judge.

From 1812 to 1818 Judge Murphey continuously represented Orange County in the State Senate, and in that capacity rendered North Carolina his greatest service. "No man," says Mr. Hoyt, in speaking of him as a legislator and statesman, "ever brought into that body a truer patriotism, a statesmanship more philosophic and farseeing, or exerted, during the same period of legislative activity, a more powerful influence on his contemporaries or the legislation of

the State. He sought to awaken North Carolina to a knowledge of her own resources and character, to arouse a State pride that would bring to an end the westward emigration which was draining her population, and to profit by the universal calm to recover the position of importance in the Union which the rapid growth of other states and her own supineness were fast undermining."

Progress was his ideal for the State. To secure this he proposed, between 1815 and 1827, three distinct policies. The first, outlined in 1815, while he was chairman of the legislative committee, and stated more fully in his memorial to the Legislature in 1819, was devoted to the problems of transportation. Quoting again from Mr. Hoyt: "The main features of this plan . . . . were to deepen the advantageously located inlets and sounds of the treacherous coast; to render navigable the principal rivers and their tributaries far into the interior for boats of light draft; to join by canals the rivers Roanoke, Tar or Pamlico, and Neuse, and the Neuse with the sea at Beaufort, and to concentrate at one point the commercial product of the country watered by each of them; to join in like manner the Cape Fear, Lumber, Yadkin, and Catawba rivers, and to concentrate their commerce upon the Cape Fear; to connect by turnpike roads these waterways with the more remote places and also certain rivers where canals were impracticable; further to drain the swamps in the southern and eastern counties and reclaim them for agricultural purposes." As a result of his ardent advocacy of this policy, a board of internal improvement commissioners was appointed, a fund was provided for the work undertaken by it, an English engineer, Hamilton Fulton, was employed at a salary of $6,000 per year, under whose supervision work was actually begun in 1819. Splendidly conceived as this plan was, at a time when there were no railroads and the question of transportation was most vital, the actual results were not what Murphey hoped they would be. Lack of harmony and support among the different sections of the State rendered its operation impracticable; and after a number of surveys had been made it was finally abandoned. These surveys, however, marked the beginning of such work in the United States, and more than compensated for the expense incurred.

His second policy provided for a general system of public education. A son of the University and an advocate of the education of the masses, Judge Murphey was made chairman of the committee appointed by the Legislature of 1816, in response to Governor William Miller's message, to outline a plan of public education to be reported at the following session. Keenly alive to the great possibilities of the problem, he brought his entire energy and ability to

its consideration. No pains were spared in his endeavor to devise a perfect plan. Systems then operative in America and in Europe were brought under close scrutiny, and the report which he presented in 1817, after his return from Europe, was a marvel in comprehensiveness and prophetic insight. The report dealt with the following matters: (1) The creation of a fund for public instruction; (2) The constitution of a board to manage the fund, and to carry into execution the plan of public instruction; (3) The organization of schools; (4) The course of studies to be prescribed for each; (5) The modes of instruction; (6) The discipline and government of the schools; (7) The education of poor children at the public expense; (8) An asylum for the deaf and dumb. Primary education for the whole people was the basis of his system. Each county was to be divided into districts, public schools were to be established, and poor children were to be admitted without cost. Secondary education was to be stimulated by the establishment of high schools supported by ten academical districts in the State, and higher education was to be made more accessible through the better equipment and maintenance of the University. Instruction for the deaf and dumb was also provided for. Viewed in the light of the splendid appropriations by recent Legislatures of North Carolina for these identical objects, the plan seems a veritable prophecy; and though it was doomed to failure after passing its first reading in both Houses, it bespoke Judge Murphey a statesman of unquestioned ability and discernment.

The collection of important historical documents and the publication of an exhaustive history of North Carolina were the objects outlined in his third plan. Writing to General Joseph Graham of Lincoln, under the date of July 20, 1821, he gave his reasons for advocating the collection and preservation of such material: "We want such a work. We neither know ourselves nor are we known to others. Such a work, well executed, would add very much to our standing in the Union and make our State respectable in our own eyes. . . . . We want some great stimulus to put us all in motion, and induce us to waive little jealousies, and combine in one general march to one great purpose." In response to his plan the Legislature secured from Great Britain the privilege of having a list of documents relating to North Carolina prepared from the records in the office of the Board of Trade, and permitted him to realize, by the operation of a lottery, $15,000 for the publication of the history. A number of documents, some of which were later used by Joseph Seawell Jones, David L. Swain, and others, were collected, but it was not until 1886 that the idea was fully carried out in the collec-

tion and publication of the North Carolina 'Colonial Records.' Little, if anything, was realized from the lottery; and of the proposed history, of which there were to be six or more octavo volumes, only a few chapters on the Indians were ever published.

Judge Murphey's service to his *alma mater* also adds luster to his name. Maintaining in both private and public life that "That people who cultivate the sciences and the arts with most success acquire a most enviable superiority over others," he was continuously, from the resignation of his professorship in 1802 until his death on February 3, 1832, a loyal trustee and staunch supporter of the University. His most signal service among the many rendered her was the effecting of a compromise between her and the Legislature of Tennessee, which, though not wholly satisfactory, was far better than had been hoped for and was considered a virtual victory for the University.

Characterized in the terms of affairs, Judge Murphey's life was largely a failure; for the plans which he most cherished, and to the advocacy of which he devoted himself, met with but indifferent support and actual defeat. The ending of his life, too, added to the completeness of his failure; for his last years were attended with physical suffering and a total loss of fortune, resulting from oversanguine investments and ruinous suretyships. But failure, in his case apparent, rather than real, was due to the fact that he was in advance of his age, for a new generation and new conditions have arisen in the State he loved; and in her quest for suggestion, and guidance in matters pertaining to her material and intellectual growth, North Carolina has not looked back to him in vain.

Judge Murphey edited three volumes of the 'Decisions of the Supreme Court' for the years 1804, 1813, and 1818-1819. As chairman of legislative committees and as author he left several valuable works, a list of which is included in the bibliography following this sketch. He also corresponded with a number of men then prominent in public life, and though no collection of his letters has yet appeared, he was considered by his contemporaries a correspondent of decided merit.

As a man of letters, at a time when books were few and learning was hedged about by many difficulties, Judge Murphey sustained an enviable reputation as the possessor of marked literary gifts and broad scholarship. In the absence of any extensive writings left by him, it is necessary to consider his tastes and desires, as well as his written work, in arriving at a correct estimate of his literary endeavor. His tastes, certainly, were of the very finest. He loved the arts for their own sake and cultivated them. Frequently, while

busy with the duties of the Bar, he found himself longing to devote himself more completely to them and to return to the more quiet, intellectual pursuits of his professorial days. His desires for his State were for her material and intellectual enrichment. In address he was plain, direct, and earnest. Stimulated at times by the unusual interest of his cause, he became eloquent, and at all times he was convincing. But whether dispassionate or otherwise, he never lost the dignity and refinement of expression which his early mastery of the classics gave him.

Of Judge Murphey's writings the report outlining his plan of education and his oration before the literary societies of the University are most characteristic of his qualities of mind and expression. The former, though a legislative document in content and character, is distinguished by a rare enthusiasm and direct, convincing style. The oration treats of the State's history and literature and of the advantages to be derived by the educated youth of North Carolina from the acquisition of a varied learning and a fine appreciation of moral values. In a very true sense it was the farewell appeal of a truly patriotic, far-seeing son of the State to a band of young men full of enthusiasm for the work of life and of determination to win honor for themselves by increasing the glory of their State and by cherishing the aims of a more universal culture.

Louis R. Wilson.

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LITERATURE IN NORTH CAROLINA

Extracts from an Address delivered in 1827 before the Literary Societies of the University of North Carolina.

. . . WHAT improvement in literature could be expected among a people who were distracted by faction, destitute of books, and denied the use of the press? Notwithstanding all these discouragements and disadvantages, however, the literature of the colony evidently advanced. The public papers of that period are written in a conspicuous, nervous style, corresponding in force of expression, purity of language and perspicuity of arrangement, with similar writings in the reigns of Charles II., King William, and Queen Anne. The intelligence of the common people and the ability and learning of the men who managed the affairs of the colony in that period are mat-

ters of surprise and astonishment to any one acquainted with the disadvantages under which the colony labored. The Assembly and the courts of justice sat in private houses; the acts passed by the Assembly were not printed; they were read aloud to the people at the first court after they were passed; they were in force for only two years, and every biennial Assembly was under the necessity of reënacting all that were thought useful. There was no printing press in the colony before the year 1746, at which time the condition of the statute-book required a revisal, and the public interest called aloud for the printing of it. The learning and literature of the colony were confined to the lawyers and ministers, most of whom were educated in England; and it was owing to this circumstance chiefly that the literature of the colony advanced so steadily with that of the mother-country.

The legislation of the colony began to assume form and system in the reign of Queen Anne; and in the year after her death, 1715, the Assembly passed sixty-six acts, most of which had been frequently reënacted before. Many of those acts remain in force to this day, and are monuments of the political wisdom and legal learning of that time. In style and composition they are equal to any part of our statute-book; they are the first statutes of the colony that have come down to our time.

In the year 1729 the Lords Proprietors, with the exception of Lord Granville, surrendered to the Crown their right to the soil and seigniory of North Carolina; and from that time the population and prosperity of the colony rapidly increased. But in a few years the great contest commenced between the prerogative of the Crown and the liberty of the colonial subject, which contest eventually terminated in the American Revolution. This contest gradually introduced into North Carolina, and into all the British colonies which took part in it, a style in composition which distinguishes this period from all others in English or American literature: a style founded upon and expressive of exalted feeling. Education embellished it and gave it new beauties; but its force and impressive character were perceptible in the writings and speeches of ordinary men. What age or nation ever produced compositions superior to the addresses of the Continental Congress? When

or where shall we find a parallel to the correspondence of General Washington and the general officers of the American army? The style of these addresses and of the correspondence is the style of high thought and of lofty, yet chastened feeling, and reminds the reader of the finest specimens of composition in Tacitus, and of the correspondence of Cicero and his friends after the death of Pompey.

There is something in the style and sentiment of the writings of this period which gives to them a magic charm, and seems to consecrate the subjects on which it is employed—a something connected with the finest perceptions of our nature. The reader is every moment conscious of it, yet knows not how to explain it. The high moral feeling and virtuous sympathy which characterized the American Revolution have given to it a hallowedness of character. It is fortunate for us that Chief Justice Marshall has written the history of this Revolution. Whatever may be the defects of this work, the history of our Revolution will never be so well written again: no work on that subject so well calculated to produce an useful effect upon its readers will ever appear. Marshall was a soldier of the Revolution, and possessed the finest genius; he was the personal friend of the Commander-in-chief; partook of all the feelings of the officers of the army; and he has transfused into his work that exalted sentiment which animated his compatriots in arms. This sentiment is strongly portrayed in the writings of the Marquis de Chastellux and Count Rochambeau, two French general officers in the American service, and in the correspondence of the Commander-in-chief and the American general officers. But it can never be embodied into an historical work by a man who did not feel it in all its force in the American camp. Literary eloquence disappears before such moral beauty. There is no historical work in any language that can be read with so much advantage, such moral effect, by American youth, as Marshall's 'Life of George Washington.' They should read it with diligence, and read it often. They will never rise from the perusal of it without feeling fresh incentives both to public and private virtue.

The progress of the style which marked the period of the American Revolution may be traced in North Carolina from

the administration of Governor Dobbs. It had become the common style of the leading men of the colony before the meeting of the Continental Congress in 1774. The correspondence and public papers of Samuel Johnston and Joseph Hewes, of Edenton; of William Hooper and Archibald Maclaine, of Wilmington; of Richard Caswell of Kinston; of Thomas Burke, of Hillsborough; of Francis and Abner Nash of New Bern, upon the great subjects which then engrossed the public attention, do honor to the literature of North Carolina at that time. They wrote upon matters of business —business which concerned the welfare of the nation; they wrote as they felt; and their compositions, coming warm from the heart, are free from affectation or pedantry, and equally free from that prolixity which is the vice of modern composition.

When these men disappeared, our literature, in a great degree, disappeared with them. The war had exhausted the resources of the State and ruined the fortunes of many individuals; we had no schools for the education of our youth; few of our citizens were able to send their sons to the Northern colleges or to Europe to be educated. Two individuals, who received their education during the war, were destined to keep alive the remnant of our literature and prepare the public mind for the establishment of this University. These were William R. Davie and Alfred Moore. Each of them had endeared himself to his country by taking an active part in the later scenes of the war; and when public order was restored and the courts of justice were opened they appeared at the bar, where they quickly rose to eminence, and for many years shone like meteors in North Carolina. They adorned the courts in which they practiced, gave energy to the laws, and dignity to the administration of justice. Their genius was different and so was their eloquence. Davie took Lord Bolingbroke for his model, and Moore, Dean Swift; and each applied himself with so much diligence to the study of his model that literary men could easily recognize in the eloquence of Davie the lofty, flowing style of Bolingbroke; and in that of Moore, the plainness and precision of Swift—they roused the ambition of parents and their sons; they excited emulation among ingenuous youth; they depicted in glowing colors the neces-

sity of establishing a public school or university in which the young men of the State could be educated. The General Assembly resolved to found an university. I was present in the House of Commons when Davie addressed that body upon the bill granting a loan of money to the trustees for erecting the buildings of this University; and although more than thirty years have since elapsed, I have the most vivid recollections of the greatness of his manner and the power of his eloquence upon that occasion. In the House of Commons he had no rival, and upon all great questions which came before that body his eloquence was irresistible. The genius and intellectual habits of Moore fitted him for the bar rather than a deliberate assembly. Public opinion was divided upon the question whether he or Davie excelled at the bar. Moore was a small man, neat in his dress and graceful in his manners; his voice was clear and sonorous, his perceptions quick, and his judgment almost intuitive; his style was chaste and his manner of speaking animated. Having adopted Swift for his model, his language was always plain. The clearness and energy of his mind enabled him, almost without an effort, to disentangle the most intricate subject and expose it in all its parts to the simplest understanding. He spoke with ease and with force, enlivening his discourses with flashes of wit, and when the subject required it, with all the bitterness of sarcasm. His speeches were short and impressive; when he sat down every one thought he had said everything that he ought to have said. Davie was in his person tall and elegant, graceful and commanding in his manners; his voice was mellow and adapted to the expression of every passion; his mind was comprehensive, yet slow in its operations, when compared with his great rival. His style was magnificent and flowing, and he had a greatness of manner in public speaking which suited his style and gave to his speeches an imposing effect. He was a laborious student, arranged his discourses with care, and, where the subject suited his genius, poured forth a torrent of eloquence that astonished and enraptured his audience. They looked upon him with delight, listened to his long, harmonious periods, caught his emotions, and indulged that ecstasy of feeling which fine speaking and powerful eloquence alone can produce. He is certainly to be ranked among the first orators,

and his rival, Moore, among the first advocates, which the American nation has produced.

Whilst these two men were in the zenith of their glory, another man arose at the bar in North Carolina who surpassed them both in profoundness of legal learning, and, on many occasions, successfully contended with them for the palm of forensic eloquence. This was the late John Haywood. He had few advantages from nature; his person was indifferent, his voice harsh, his manners uncouth, his education limited. He was a stranger to the graces, and had few of the accomplishments of an orator. But he had a powerful and intrepid mind, which he cultivated by the most laborious study. The fame of Davie and Moore inspired his ambition, and he was tortured by a desire of entering the lists with these champions of the bar. He was conscious of his defects, and sought to gain the ascendency by superior legal learning. He came to the bar with confidence of high intellectual powers and profound knowledge of the law; and in a little time acquired a reputation that placed him at the head of his profession in this State and gave him rank among the ablest common-law lawyers in the Union.

Contemporary with Haywood were several gentlemen of the bar now living and several who are dead who have sustained the character of their profession for legal learning and general literature. Among the latter were William Duffy and Archibald Henderson. Duffy was the child of misfortune. Thrown upon the world without friends and without fortune, accident introduced him, in his early youth, to the acquaintance of John Haywood, Esq., the venerable Treasurer of this State, who, in the exercise of that benevolence for which his whole life has been conspicuous, gave him employment and enabled him to prosecute his studies and prepare himself for the bar. Duffy had an opportunity of witnessing the splendid displays of Davie and Moore and he profited by their example. He devoted a large portion of his time to polite literature, and acquired a more eloquent style in composition than any of his contemporaries in North Carolina. He had a slight impediment of speech, but by laborious perseverance he succeeded in regulating the tones and modulations of his voice in such a way that this impediment seemed

to be an ornament to his delivery. He was one of the few men of our country who could read well; he studied the art of reading, and his friends will long remember the pleasure they have received from hearing him read. In his addresses at the bar he was always impressive, particularly upon topics connected with virtuous and benevolent feeling. He had a virtuous mind and feelings attuned to the finest emotions. I remember him with fond affection. He was my friend, my preceptor, my patron. He instructed me in the science of the law, in the art of managing causes at the bar, and in the still more difficult art of reading books to advantage. I wish it were in my power to render to his memory a more permanent honor than this passing tribute of respect and gratitude!

Henderson survived Duffy many years, and obtained the first standing at the bar of this State. He was devoted to his profession, and, upon the whole, was the most perfect model of a lawyer that our bar has produced. It was late in life before he turned his attention to polite literature, and he never acquired a good style in composition. Yet his style and manner of speaking at the bar were extremely impressive. I shall here speak of him as I did in a sketch of his character published shortly after his death. In him the faculties of a fine mind were blended with exalted moral feelings. Although he was at all times accessible, he seemed to live and move in an atmosphere of dignity. He exacted nothing by his manner, yet all approached him with reverence and left him with respect. The little quarrels and contests of men were beneath him; his was the region of high sentiment, and there he occupied a standing that was preëminent. The Constitution and jurisprudence of his country were his favorite studies. Profound reflection had generalized his ideas and given to his political and legal learning a scientific cast. No man better understood the theory of our government; no man more admired it, and no man gave more practical proofs of his admiration. The sublime idea that he lived under a government of laws was forever uppermost in his mind, and seemed to give a coloring to all his actions. As he acknowledged no dominion but that of the laws, he bowed with reverence to their authority, and taught obedience no less by his example than his precept. To the humble officer of justice he was re-

spectful; the vices of private character were overlooked when the individual stood before him clothed him with judicial authority. In the County Courts, where the justices of the peace administer the law, he was no less respectful in his deportment than in the highest tribunal of the State. He considered obedience to the laws to be the first duty of a citizen, and it seemed to be the great object of his professional life to inculcate a sense of this duty and give to the administration of the laws an impressive character. He was conscious of his high standing, and never committed himself nor put his reputation at risk. He always came to the trial of his causes well prepared; and if the state of his health or his want of preparation were likely to jeopardize his reputation in the management of his client's cause he would decline the trial until a more favorable time. The courts before which he practiced, and his brother lawyers, understood the delicacy of his feelings upon this point so well that they extended to him the indulgence he required, and a knowledge of this part of his character gave confidence to his clients and attracted crowds of people to hear his speeches. When he rose at the bar no one expected to hear common-place matter; no one looked for a cold, vapid, or phlegmatic harangue. His great excellence as a speaker consisted in an earnestness and dignity of manner and strong powers of reasoning. He seized one or two strong points, and these he illustrated and enforced. His exordium was short and appropriate; he quickly marched up to the great point in controversy, making no manoeuvre as if he were afraid to approach it, or was desirous of attacking it by surprise. The confidence he exhibited of success he gradually imparted to his hearers; he grew more warm and earnest as he advanced in his argument, and seizing the critical moment for enforcing conviction, he brought down his main argument, pressed it home and sat down. As he advanced in life he seemed more and more anxious that the laws should be interpreted and administered by the rules of common sense. He lost his reverence for artificial rules; he said the laws were made for the people, and they should be interpreted and administered by rules which the people understood, whenever it was practicable; that common sense belonged to the people in a higher degree than to learned men, and that to interpret

laws by rules which were at variance with the rules of common sense necessarily lessened the respect of the people for the laws, and induced them to believe that courts and lawyers contrived mysteries in the science merely for the purpose of supporting the profession of lawyers. He said the rules of pedantry did not suit this country nor this age; that common sense had acquired dominion in politics and religion, and was gaining it in the law; that judges and lawyers should have the independence and magnanimity to strip off the veil of mystery from every branch of the science, and simplify and make it intelligible, as far as possible, to the understanding of the common people.

In all free States eloquence has preceded poetry, history, and philosophy. By opening the road to wealth and fame it subserves the purposes of avarice and ambition; society is led captive by its charms, and sometimes bound in fetters by its powers. In this State the bar and the General Assembly have been thus far the theatres for its display. Oratory is the branch of literature which we have cultivated with most success, and in which we have not been far behind any of our sister States.

Not long after Davie left the House of Commons there appeared in that body another man whose genius we have all admired and whose misfortune we all deplore. I hope I may be permitted to speak of him, although he be still living. Providence has withdrawn him from public view, and he has been followed by the regrets and tears of his countrymen. I speak of John Stanly, Esq. For more than twenty years he has been the ornament of the bar and of the House of Commons. Small in stature, neat in dress, graceful in manner, with a voice well modulated, and a mind intrepid, disciplined and rich in knowledge, he became the most accomplished orator of the State. His style of eloquence was more varied than that of any of his predecessors. Such were the versatility of his genius and the extent of his acquirements that he could at pleasure adopt the lofty, flowing style of Davie, or the plain, simple, energetic style of Moore. He could rouse the noble passions, or amuse by his wit and pleasantry. He excelled in appropriate pauses, emphasis and gesticulation. No speaker was ever more fortunate in accommodating his manner to his

subject; and on all important subjects he had a greatness of manner which small men seldom acquire. He resembled Moore in the quickness of his perceptions and the intuition of his judgment. His talents and knowledge were always at command, and he could bring them to bear with force and effect as occasion required, without any preparation. His mind was so well disciplined and so happily toned that it was always ready for action. He possessed the rare talent of conversing well; his conversation was the perpetual flow of sober thought or pleasant humor, and was heightened in its effect by his happy style and gracefulness of manner. He was among the few orators of this or any country, whose style and manner in conversation equaled his style and manner in public speaking.

Few of the men whom I have named had the advantage of a liberal education; they rose to eminence by the force of genius and a diligent application to their studies. The number of our literary men has been small, when compared with our population; but this is not a matter of surprise when we look to the condition of the State since the close of the Revolutionary war. When the war ended the people were in poverty, society in disorder, morals and manners almost prostrate. Order was to be restored to society and energy to the laws before industry could repair the fortunes of the people; schools were to be established for the education of youth and congregations formed for preaching the gospel before the public morals could be amended. Time was required to effect these objects; and the most important of them, the education of youth, was the longest neglected. Before this University went into operation, in 1795, there were not more than three schools in the State in which the rudiments of a classical education could be acquired. The most prominent and useful of these schools was kept by Dr. David Caldwell, of Guilford county. He instituted it shortly after the close of the war and continued it for more than thirty years. The usefulness of Dr. Caldwell to the literature of North Carolina will never be sufficiently appreciated; but the opportunities of instruction in his school were very limited. There was no library attached to it; his students were supplied with a few of the Greek and Latin classics, *Euclid's Elements of Mathematics,* and *Mar-*

tin's Natural Philosophy. Moral philosophy was taught from a syllabus of lectures delivered by Dr. Witherspoon at Princeton College. The students had no books on history or miscellaneous literature. There were indeed very few in the State, except in the libraries of lawyers who lived in the commercial towns. I remember that after completing my course of studies under Dr. Caldwell, I spent nearly two years without finding any books to read except some old works on theological subjects. At length, I accidentally met with Voltaire's *History of Charles XII. of Sweden,* an odd volume of Smollett's *Roderick Random,* and an abridgment of *Don Quixote.* These books gave me a taste for reading, which I had no opportunity of gratifying until I became a student in this University in the year 1796. Few of Dr. Caldwell's students had better opportunities of getting books than myself; and with these slender opportunities of instruction, it is not surprising that so few became eminent in the liberal professions. At this day, when libraries are established in all our towns, when every professional man and every respectable gentleman has a collection of books, it is difficult to conceive the inconveniences under which young men labored thirty or forty years ago.

But has the number of our distinguished men increased as the facilities of instruction have increased? They certainly have not. Of the number of young men who have been educated at this University, how few have arisen to eminence in any branch of literature! Their number bears no proportion to the increased means of instruction which they have had. To what causes is this to be attributed? The causes are numerous, but we will notice only a few of the most operative. In the first place the plan of education in all our schools, particularly in our preparatory schools, is radically defective; too much time is spent upon syntax and etymology; the time of the student is wasted, and his genius frittered away upon words instead of being developed and polished by the spirit of the writer. Instead of directing the study of the Greek and Latin classics to the development of his faculties and the improvement of his taste, his time is taken up in nice attention to words, arrangement of clauses and construction of periods. With his mind thus injured, he enters upon the study

of the physical and moral sciences, and long accustomed to frivolous investigation, he never rises to the dignity of those sciences nor understands the methods by which their truths are illustrated. In the next place, too many studies are crowded upon the student at once; studies which have no analogy or connection. In the third place, the time allotted for completing a course of scientific study is too short; the student's mind flags under the severe labors imposed upon it. The elasticity of the mind ought never to be weakened; if it be, the student thenceforward hobbles through his course, and is often broken down before he gets to the end of it. In the fourth place, too many studies are pursued, and none are pursued well; the student acquires a smattering of languages and sciences, and understands none of them. This encyclopedical kind of learning is destructive of the powers of the mind, and unfits it for deep and severe investigation. In the last place, the multitude of books is a serious injury to most students. They despair of reading many of them, and content themselves with reading reviews of the most celebrated. At length the valuable books are placed away carefully in a library, and newspapers, pamphlets and other fugitive productions take up all their time for reading. There is nothing in this course which teaches youth how to think and investigate. The great object of education is to give to the mind activity and energy; this object can never be attained by a course of studies which distracts its attention and impairs its elasticity.

The evils which I have mentioned are not confined to the schools of North Carolina; they exist in nearly all the schools of the Union. Massachusetts has taken the lead in correcting them and introducing methods of instruction founded upon the philosophy of the mind. The state of science and literature among her people shows the happy effect of these changes. The Trustees of this University have resolved to make similar changes, to remodel the plan of studies, and introduce new methods of instruction. But whatever changes may be made in our plan of education, young men, who are desirous of being either useful or eminent in active life, should recollect this truth, that the education received at college or university is intended only as a preparation of the mind for receiving the rich stores of science and general knowledge which subse-

quent industry is to acquire. He who depends upon this preparation alone will be like a farmer who ploughs his land and sows no grain. The period of useful study commences when a young man finishes his collegiate course. At that time his faculties have acquired some maturity from age and some discipline from exercise; and if he enters with diligence upon the study of a branch of science, and confines his attention to that branch, he soon becomes astonished at his progress and at the increase of his intellectual powers. Let him avoid reading or even looking into a variety of books. Nine-tenths of them are worse than useless; the reading of them produces a positive injury to the mind; they not only distract his attention, but blunt his faculties. Let him read only works of men of genius—read but few books, and read them often. Take two young men of equal minds and similar genius; put into the hands of one Shakespeare's *Plays,* Milton's *Paradise Lost, Don Quixote,* and *Gil Blas;* and into the hands of the other all the hundred volumes of dullness which fill our libraries; and at the end of twelve months mark the difference between them. The first will be like the high-spirited steed that is ready for the course; the other will be encumbered with a load of useless ideas, his faculties weakened, and the bright tints of his genius obscured.

The next great object, after the improvement of the intellectual faculties, is the forming of a moral character. This is by far the most difficult part of education; it depends upon the doctrines of morals and the philosophy of the passions and feelings. Little success has heretofore attended it, either in the schools of Europe or this country. The moral character of youth has been generally formed by their parents, by friends who gained their confidence, or by their pursuits in active life. The morality thus taught is purely practical; it has reference to no abstract truths; it looks only to the passions and feelings of our nature under the variety of circumstances in which we may be placed in society, and the duties which thence result. The science of ethics taught in our schools is a cold, speculative science; and our youth are misled by substituting this for practical morality. It is to be regretted that we have no work on moral philosophy which treats of ethics as a practical science; and it is remarkable that, notwithstanding the

great improvement that has been made within the last century in metaphysical and physical science, and the liberal turn of philosophical inquiry which has been introduced, the science of ethics remains stationary. The question, "What is the foundation of moral obligation?" is not more satisfactorily answered than it was two centuries ago. And until the principles of ethics shall be disentangled from the speculative doctrines of theology, interwoven by the schoolmen and monks in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and those principles be traced to the constitution and condition of man, having for their object the development of his social rights and duties, we shall have to regret that the most sublime of all the sciences remains imperfect. It seems to be reserved for the philosophers of Scotland to trace those principles and make their development; and we wait with impatience for the promised work of Dugald Stewart on this subject. But any system of morals which we may study as a science will never have much effect in forming our moral character. We must look to our constitutional temperament, to our passions and feelings as influenced by external circumstances; and for rules of conduct we must look to the sermons and parables of Christ: they are worth more than all the books which have been written on morals; they explain and at the same time apply that pure morality which is founded upon virtuous feeling.

ELIZA JANE POITEVANT NICHOLSON

("Pearl Rivers")

[1849—1896]

JOHN S. KENDALL

PROBABLY no contributor to the Southern press was, in her time, more widely known than "Pearl Rivers." This was the pen-name assumed by Eliza Jane Poitevant when she began to write for the New Orleans *Picayune*. The story of the life of this gifted woman—so short in years, so great in achievement—is almost as strange as some bit of romantic fiction. She was the daughter of Captain J. W. Poitevant, and came of a distinguished Huguenot family, early settled in Mississippi. She was born at Pearlington, in Hancock County, Mississippi, in 1849. Her mother was an invalid, and the child was therefore confided to the care of an aunt, Mrs. Leonard Kimball, by whom she was reared.

At Mrs. Kimball's home, in the heart of a somber pine forest, near the shore of Pearl River, the young poet's childhood and girlhood were spent. She was the only child on the estate, so solitary that she perforce made friends of the wild creatures of the woods. Birds learned to eat from her hand, and the least citizen of the forest knew that in her tender heart were sympathy and protection. She knew all the secrets of nature; she heard voices in the whispering of the pines, and the streams spoke a language which she understood. This love of nature abided with her all her life. She loved to wander through the woods with a friend, to whom she might translate the hidden lore of the forest. A thousand exquisite poetic fancies would suggest themselves to her, and she would say that the roadside daisies were the notes that God had set for the birds to sing by, and that the coming of spring was the A B C of poetry.

With such a poetic heart, it was natural that Eliza Poitevant should soon find her voice and sing. This she did in a tentative fashion as early as her fourteenth year. Her themes were the birds and the streams. By and by her lyrics began to reach out into the world, and the gray heads of other poets were bent to listen to the sweet woodland voice. She called herself "Pearl Rivers," after the silent stream she knew and loved so well. Over that name her earliest ventures in the world of letters were made. Her first published work appeared in the newspapers of New Orleans, but soon she became a constant contributor to the New York *Home Journal* and other important periodicals.

Miss Poitevant's work attracted the attention of Colonel A. M. Holbrook, proprietor of the New Orleans *Picayune,* and he invited her to become the literary editor of that important daily. This was a new departure in New Orleans journalism, and it excited much comment at the time. It was against the wishes of her family that she accepted the position. She was, in fact, the pioneer woman-journalist of the South; nay, more than that—her frail hands broke down the wall of conventionality that till then had shut her sex out from labor and kept them dependent on the grudging support of others. By the brilliance of her achievements she made work honorable and respectable, and it was a red-letter day in the history of Southern womanhood when Eliza Poitevant sent up to the printer her first "copy" in the *Picayune* office. After a time "Pearl Rivers" married Colonel Holbrook; and when he died, in 1876, she found herself with nothing in the world but a big, unwieldy daily newspaper, almost swamped in an ocean of debt. The idea of turning her back on this new duty, however, never entered her head. There was the paper, and she must carry it on. With the assistance of Mr. George Nicholson, then business manager of the *Picayune,* a man of wide experience in newspaper work, and of unusual administrative ability, and with the loyal aid of a brilliant band of writers, she went faithfully and patiently to her desk, toiled early and late, was both economical and enterprising, and after years of valiant struggle, won a great battle, and made the *Picayune* a foremost power in the South, yielding her a handsome and steady income.

In 1878 "Pearl Rivers" married Mr. Nicholson. The life of the gentle poet and her gallant husband was an almost ideally happy one. Two fine boys, Leonard and Yorke, came to bless their home. The rich, full, beautiful years rolled on, broken by an occasional visit to Europe, occupied partly in literary work, but chiefly consecrated to the cares of a household and the duties of motherhood. She never relinquished her hold on the *Picayune,* but to the last exercised a close personal supervision of its affairs, however much she found it necessary with the flight of time to relegate the details of the business to other hands. She was fortunate in choosing her assistants, and the group of writers and administrators she formed around her served her with fidelity and enthusiasm, and gave their best to make the *Picayune* the ideal of daily journalism which she held steadfastly before their eyes.

Suddenly death put a stop to this happy life. Mr. Nicholson, full of years and honors, died in New Orleans after a tragically short illness, on February 5, 1896. Ten days later the grief-stricken widow followed her beloved husband to the tomb. She was ill of the grippe when Mr. Nicholson passed away, and the shock of his

death was too severe for her weakened physique to withstand. She retained the clearness of her intellect to the end, and almost her last words were a message to the members of the staff of the *Picayune,* invoking their loyal support for the orphans she was about to leave, and thanking them for their zeal in her service in times past.

Mrs. Nicholson's place in journalism was unique. She was the only woman in the world who ever owned and managed a great metropolitan daily newspaper. She possessed the journalistic faculty in a remarkable degree. But it is as a poet that Mrs. Nicholson will be longest remembered, and it is as a poet that she would wish to be remembered. She published only one small volume of "Lyrics," which bears the imprint of the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia; but this slender sheaf of song is of such quality that it elicited the praise of Paul H. Hayne of Georgia, himself a poet and a critic of no mean ability. "Your own sweet poems, genuine lyrics indeed," he called them in a letter to the author. Another scholarly critic, Dr. W. H. Holcomb of New Orleans, in a review of her book, uses these words: "The most striking characteristic of this poet is her subtle and ethereal personification of natural forms and forces, investing them with human thoughts and passions, and thus spiritualizing, as it were, the whole world around us. This is the highest office of poetry, and distinguishes the genuine seer from the word-painter and musician. 'Pearl Rivers' has done well."

Two or three years before her death, Mrs. Nicholson wrote two strong dramatic poems, "Hagar" and "Leah," which were published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine,* attracting widespread attention. Bold and strong, and full of the true fire of genius, they will live as permanent contributions to American literature. During the latter period of her life, Mrs. Nicholson's friends urged her to gather her fugitive pieces, written after the publication of 'Lyrics,' and put them in the permanent form that they deserved. This never was done; but in many an old scrap-book throughout the country the poems by "Pearl Rivers"—the tender, gracious, rippling songs that had ever in them a minor cadence like the music of woodland streams—are treasured. To write the verses that live in the hearts of the people is to be a high priestess in the temple of song; and this is the task and the reward that "Pearl Rivers" chose for herself.

John S. Kendall

DOMINICAN
LIBRARY
SAN RAFAEL

HAGAR

Go back! How dare you follow me beyond
The door of my poor tent? Are you afraid
That I have stolen something? See! my hands
Are empty, like my heart. I am no thief!
The bracelets and the golden finger rings
And silver anklets that you gave to me,
I cast upon the mat before my door,
And trod upon them. I would scorn to take
One trinket with me in my banishment
That would recall a look or tone of yours,
My lord, my generous lord, who sent me forth,
A loving woman, with a loaf of bread
And jug of water on my shoulder laid,
To thirst and hunger in the wilderness!

Go back! Go back to Sara! See! she stands
Watching us there, behind the flowering date,
With jealous eyes, lest my poor hands should steal
One farewell touch from yours. Go back to her,
And say that Hagar has a heart as proud,
If not so cold, as hers; and, though it break
It breaks without the sound of sobs, without
The balm of tears to ease its pain. It breaks—
It breaks, my lord, like iron; hard, but clean;
And, breaking, asks no pity. If my lips
Should let one plea for mercy slip between
These words that lash you with a woman's scorn,
My teeth should bite them off, and I would spit
Them at you, laughing, though all red and warm with blood.
"Cease!" do you say? No, by the gods
Of Egypt, I do swear that if my eyes
Should let one tear melt through their burning lids,
My hands should pluck them out; and if these hands,
Groping outstretched in blindness, should by chance
Touch yours, and cling to them against my will,
My Ishmael should cut them off, and, blind
And maimed, my little son should lead me forth
Into the wilderness to die. Go back!

Does Sara love you as I did, my lord?
Does Sara clasp and kiss your feet, and bend
Her haughty head in worship at your knee?
Ah! Abraham you were a god to me.
If you but touched my hand my foolish heart
Ran down into the palm, and throbbed, and thrilled;
Grew hot and cold, and trembled there; and when
You spoke, though not to me, my heart ran out
To listen through my eager ears and catch
The music of your voice and prison it
In memory's murmuring shell. I saw no fault
Nor blemish in you, and your flesh to me
Was dearer than my own. There is no vein
That branches from your heart, whose azure course
I have not followed with my kissing lips.
I would have bared my bosom like a shield
To any lance of pain that sought your breast.
And once, when you lay ill within your tent,
No taste of water, or of bread or wine
Passed through my lips; and all night long I lay
Upon the mat before your door to catch
The sound of your dear voice, and scarcely dared
To breathe, lest she, thy mistress, should come forth
And drive me angrily away; and when
The stars looked down with eyes that only stared
And hurt me with their lack of sympathy,
Weeping, I threw my longing arms around
Benammi's neck. Your good horse understood,
And gently rubbed his face against my head,
To comfort me. But if you had one kind,
One loving thought of me in all that time,
That long, heart-breaking time, you kept it shut
Close in your bosom as a tender bud
And did not let it blossom into words.
Your tenderness was all for Sara. Through
The door, kept shut against my love, there came
No message to poor Hagar, almost crazed
With grief lest you should die. Ah! you have been
So cruel and so cold to me, my lord;
And now you send me forth with Ishmael,

Not on a journey through a pleasant land
Upon a camel, as my mistress rides,
With kisses, and sweet words, and dates and wine,
But cast me off, and sternly send me forth
Into the wilderness with these poor gifts,
A jug of water, and—a loaf of bread—
That sound was not a sob; I only lost
My breath and caught it hard again. Go back!

Why do you follow me? I am a poor
Bondswoman, but a woman still, and these
Sad memories, so bitter and so sweet,
Weigh heavily upon my breaking heart
And make it hard, my lord—for me to go.
"Your God commands it?" Then my gods, the gods
Of Egypt, are more merciful than yours.
Isis and good Osiris never gave
Command like this, that breaks a woman's heart,
To any prince in Egypt. Come with me
And let us go and worship them, my dear lord.
Leave all your wealth to Sara. Sara loves
The touch of costly linen and the scent
Of precious Chaldean spices, and to bind
Her brow with golden fillets, and perfume
Her hair with ointment. Sara loves the sound
Of many cattle lowing on the hills;
And Sara loves the slow and stealthy tread
Of many camels moving on the plains.
Hagar loves you. Oh! come with me, dear lord.
Take but your staff and come with me. Your mouth
Shall drink my share of water from this jug
And eat my share of bread with Ishmael;
And from your lips I will refresh myself
With love's sweet wine from tender kisses pressed.
Ah! come dear lord. Oh! come, my Abraham.
Nay, do not bend your cold, stern brows on me
So frowningly; it was not Hagar's voice
That spoke from pleading words. Go back! Go back!
And tell your God I hate him, and I hate
The cruel, craven heart that worships him

And dare not disobey. Ha! I believe
'Tis not your far-off, bloodless God you fear,
But Sara. Coward! Cease to follow me!
Go back to Sara. See! she beckons now.
Hagar loves not a coward; you do well
To send me forth into the wilderness,
Where hatred hath no weapon keen enough
That held within a woman's slender hand
Could stab a coward to the heart. I go!
I go, my lord; proud that I take with me
Of your countless herds by Hebron's brook
Of all your Canaan riches, naught but this—
A jug of water and a loaf of bread.
And now, by all of Egypt's gods, I swear
If it were not for Ishmael's dear sake
My feet would tread upon this bitter bread,
My hands would pour this water on the sands;
And leave this jug as empty as my heart
Is empty now of all the reverence
And overflowing love it held for you.
I go! But I will teach my little Ishmael
To hate his father for his mother's sake;
His bow shall be the truest bow that flies
Its arrows through the desert air. His feet,
The fleetest on the desert's sands;
Aye! Hagar's son a desert prince shall be,
Whose hands shall be against all other men;
And he shall rule a fierce and mighty tribe,
Whose fiery hearts and supple limbs will scorn
The chafing curb of bondage, like the fleet
Wild horses of Arabia. I go!
But like this loaf that you have given me,
So shall your bread taste bitter with my hate;
And like the water in this jug, my lord,
So shall the sweetest water that you draw
From Canaan's wells, taste salty with my tears.

Farewell! I go, but Egypt's mighty gods
Will go with me, and my revenge will be,
And in whatever distant land your God,

Your cruel God of Israel, is known,
There, too, the wrongs that you have done this day
To Hagar and your first-born, Ishmael,
Shall waken and uncoil themselves, and hiss
Like adders at the name of Abraham.

WHISTLING UP THE SUMMER

Hark how the wild birds whistle!
  Whistling down the spring,
Whistling up the summer;
  What will the summer bring?

Mocking-bird, jay, and robin,
  Sparrow, and wren, and thrush,
Partridge and yellow-hammer,
  Whistlers of the brush.

Whistling all together,
  Whistle the air, and hark!
A sparkling, dewy tenor
  Is trilled by the skyey lark.

Whistling up the summer—
  Oh, how the whistles ring!
God's whistlers whistle sweeter
  Than his sweetest singers sing.

Whistling up the summer—
  Perfect the tune and time;
The singer can only follow
  With musical tinkles of rhyme.

Whistle, and whistle, and whistle,
  Tinkle and tinkle, so!
Under, around, and high-over,
  Whistle and tinkle go.

Down in the meadow plowing,
  Reuben has caught the tune;
He whistles it loud and blithely—
  His wedding-day comes with June.

Over the hill his sweetheart
Sits at the homely loom,
Her feet beating time to the music,
Her fingers a-weaving bloom.

Whistling up the summer—
What can the summer bring
Whiter than wedding favors,
Brighter than wedding ring!

THRENODIA

I found my love in April,
I lost my love in May;
With the buds he came to seek me,
Ere they bloomed he went away,
And I care not for the flowers
Nor for anything in May.

When he went he kissed me, saying,
"'Tis a little short farewell!"
But the summer will not bring him,
And the winter will not bring him,
Though it ring the funeral knell
Of a fond and true heart broken,
By "a little short farewell."

All the roses see me weeping,
And they try to comfort me;
But they only make me sadder,
Make me weep the more to see
That the roses love me better
And are faithfuler than he.

Ah! for me there is no comfort,
And for me there is no May;
For 'tis love that makes the seasons
In a woman's heart alway—
Faithless love brings drear December,
Faithful love brings rosy May.

UNDER THE SNOW

Deep, deep, deep,
  Quickly, so none should know,
I buried my warm love stealthily
  Under the winter snow.

For you had coldly said,
  Coldly and carelessly,
"Bury your love or let it live,
  It is all the same to me."

I tore it out of my heart!
  I crushed it within my hand!
It cried to you in its agony
  For help, but you came not; and

It struggled within my grasp;
  It fought with my woman's will;
It kneeled to my woman's pride with tears
  Then silent it lay, and still.

I knew that it was not dead,
  But I said: "It soon will die,
Buried under the winter snow,
  Under the winter sky."

I kissed it tenderly,
  Just once, for the long ago;
Then shrouded it with your cold, cold words,
  Colder than all the snow!

Deep, deep, deep,
  Quickly, so none should know,
I buried my warm love stealthily
  Under the winter snow.

Then with my murderous hands
  I raised up the heavy stone
Of SILENCE over my buried love,
  Lest the world should hear it moan.

IDEALIZING

Were you a gentle Zephyr,
And I a Summer's Rose,
I would woo you to my bower—
You should kiss no other flower,
And when weary you should rest,
By my fragrant breath caressed,
Hidden deep within my breast:
Were you a gentle Zephyr, darling,
And I a Summer's Rose.

Were you the Wind of Autumn,
And I, your love, a Leaf,
From the home-tree I would sever,
And float with you forever
Down the Autumn's golden tide.
I would never, never chide,
For your maddest freak would be,
Summer zephyrs soft to me:
Were you the Wind of Autumn,
And I, your love, a Leaf.

If I were Queen of Summer,
And you were Winter's King,
I'd gather into posies
All my violets and roses,
All blossoms fresh and sweet,
And lay them at your feet,
At your cold and icy feet:
If I were Queen of Summer,
And you were Winter's King.

If I were Twilight's Lady,
And you were Lord of Day,
We would walk the dewy meadow
And mingle light and shadow;
You would smooth my dusky hair,
I would kiss your brow so fair:
If I were Twilight's Lady,
And you were Lord of Day.

Were you the Ocean, darling,
And I, your love, a Star,
On your bosom I would glisten;
I would bend me down and listen
To the great throbs of your heart;
Light and wave would never part:
Were you the Ocean, darling,
And I, your love, a Star.

Were you the Present, darling,
And I, your fate, the Past,
Naught but olden, golden treasures,
Wrapped around with rosy pleasures,
Would I ever bring to thee;
You would love to think of me:
Were you the Present, darling,
And I, your love. the Past.

ONLY A HEART

It is not a stone that will bruise, my lord,
Nor is it a serpent to sting;
A thorn to rend, a sword to pierce,
Or any vile poisonous thing.

Only a heart, a woman's heart,
Step on it! crush it! so!
Bravely done, like a gentleman,
Turn on your heel and go.

Only a heart! What harm is done?
Let it bleed in the dust and moan;
Or stifle its anguish as best it may,
Or stiffen, my lord, into stone.

Only a heart; it was fresh and young
And tender and warm, I know;
As pure as the spirit of chastity,
My lord; and it loved you so!

But nothing is lost: let it die, my lord,
Let its death be quick or slow;
Such hearts are as plenty as summer leaves—
We find them wherever we go.

Only a heart! do not fear, my lord,
Nobody on earth is near
To come to the cry of the wounded thing,
And God is too far to hear.

HENRY NORWOOD

CAROL M. NEWMAN

COLONEL HENRY NORWOOD'S claim to consideration as a Southern author rests upon two facts: he resided for several years in the Colony of Virginia, and he published a pamphlet entitled "A Voyage to Virginia." To note the principal events of his career both in the New World and elsewhere, and to comment upon his one literary production, is the object of the present sketch.

No record is to be found of Norwood's life before 1648, when, according to his own statement, he was in Holland and planned with certain royalist friends to take refuge from the political adversities of the day by seeking fortune in Virginia. The execution of King Charles at Whitehall strengthened this resolve; accordingly, on September 23, 1649, he and two companions, Majors Morrison and Fox, set sail from Deal in *The Virginia Merchant,* a ship of three hundred tons carrying some three hundred and thirty colonists bound for Jamestown. After a long and eventful voyage, the details of which are graphically narrated in "A Voyage to Virginia," Norwood, Morrison, and a few followers were deserted on an island off the coast of what is now Maryland, and only after many hardships finally succeeded in reaching Jamestown. The fact that Norwood bore a letter of recommendation from the King to Governor Berkeley, and was himself a near relative of Berkeley, insured his favorable reception. Following the King to Scotland, Norwood received the coveted appointment and no doubt returned at once to America. He seems to have held office only a very short time, however, for in 1652 the colony surrendered to the Parliamentary fleet and the treasurer must have been deprived of his position.

We next hear of Norwood in 1654, when he was imprisoned in the Tower of London—probably for political reasons. Here he remained for four years. Upon the restoration of King Charles to the English throne, however, Norwood's fortunes took an upward turn; he seems to have been one of the squires at the coronation; he was given for his private purse the Virginia quit-rents, a tax of twelvepence per annum on every fifty acres of land; he was appointed captain of Sandow Castle, Kent, commissioned lieutenant-colonel in Lord Rutherford's regiment, and made deputy-governor of the garrison at Dunkirk, Scotland. Thenceforth he seems to have been a

person of considerable importance, though it is not easy to give an accurate account of his doings. Between 1662 and 1666 he spent his time chiefly in Tangier and in London, though he was present at the surrender of Manhattan to the English in 1664. In 1667 he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Tangier, and he is known to have held this office for at least two years. What then became of him is uncertain; there is a strong probability, however, that he returned to Virginia and there passed the rest of his life. The time, place, and circumstances of his death seem nowhere to be recorded.

"A Voyage to Virginia," the only production from Norwood's pen that has been preserved to us, is an extremely interesting account of the experience of the author and his companions from the time of their departure from England until their ultimate arrival at Jamestown. Nothing remarkable happened to the voyagers until they reached Cape Hatteras; there they were almost dashed to pieces on the breaches, or reefs, but managed to get clear, only to be caught in a terrific storm that swept them hundreds of leagues from shore, dismantled the ship, and reduced the crew to a state bordering on starvation. When the weather moderated, temporary masts and sails were fitted up, and the vessel was brought once more within sight of land. The mate's mistake as to their exact location, however, caused them to miss their chance of entering between Capes Charles and Henry, and a northwest gale again carried them far from land.

After six weeks of battling with contrary winds and struggling against actual famine, they once more found themselves near land—but where, they knew not. Norwood, Morrison, and a few others availed themselves of the first opportunity to go on shore, and were thereupon deserted by the ship. To add to the horrors of their situation, they presently discovered that they were upon an uninhabited island at some distance from the mainland. Living on birds, oysters, and finally the dead bodies of their companions, the little party remained here for about ten days, when they were discovered and taken to the mainland by a band of Indians. With great difficulty the Indians were made to understand that Norwood and his companions wished to be conducted to Accomac, in Virginia, but they would not allow their visitors to depart until constrained by the arrival of messengers who had been sent out by Governor Berkeley to look for these poor castaways. Under the guidance of the messengers, the party, sadly diminished in number, reached their destination without further noteworthy adventures. Here Norwood was most cordially welcomed by his kinsman, the Governor, and presently sent by him to Holland in quest of the appointment as treasurer of the colony.

So much for the story Norwood tells. As to his style, it may be said that it compares most favorably with that of Smith, Strachey, and the other literary colonists of the day. It has its faults, to be sure, but they are the faults largely common to the prose of the time. The sentences are often long, straggling, and hopelessly lacking in unity, but so are most of the sentences to be found in the writings of Norwood's contemporaries. If the diction seems at times strained and unnatural, it must be remembered that the euphuistic influence was still strongly to be felt in English literature. On the whole, however, Norwood's style is direct, vigorous, natural—Elizabethan in character if not in time. The story is related in an artless, straightforward manner, with few digressions; the descriptive passages are well proportioned and remarkably vivid. Frequent humorous touches relieve the generally somber coloring of the narrative, but they are not more humorous than the artless revelations that the author makes of his own character: his selfishness, self-esteem, and other equally reprehensible but equally human traits. Like most of the gentleman-adventurers of the day, he seems somewhat inclined to exaggerate; but the reader easily pardons the loss in accuracy because of the gain in vividness. Altogether, Norwood's prose, while not that of a skilled literary craftsman, does credit to a man of affairs who must have found little time for the study of belles-lettres.

Carol M. Newman.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY TO THE NEW WORLD

From 'A Voyage to Virginia.'

All the strength that remained unto us was employed in a heartless struggle to spin out life a little longer; for we still deemed ourselves doom'd to die by famine, from whose sharpest and most immediate darts tho' we seemed to be rescued for a small time, by meeting these contingent helps on shore, yet still we apprehended (and that on too great probability) they only served to reprieve us for a little longer day of execution, with all the dreadful circumstances of a lingering death.

For the south-west winds had carry'd away the fowl, brought store of rain; which meeting with a spring-tide, our

chief magazine, the oyster bank, was overflown; and as they became more inaccessible, our bodies also decayed so sensibly; that we could hardly pull them out of their muddy beds they grew on. And from this time forward we rarely saw the fowl; they now grew shy and kept aloof when they saw us contriving against their lives.

Add to this, our guns most of them unfix'd and out of order, and our powder much decayed, insomuch that nothing did now remain to prolong life, but what is counted rather sauce to whet, than substance to satisfy the appetite; I mean the oysters, which were not easily gotten by our crazy bodies after the quantity was spent that lay most commodious to be reach'd, and which had fed us for the first six days we had been on the island. And thus we wish'd every day to by the last of our lives, (if God had so pleased) so hopeless and desperate was our condition, all expectation of human succour being vanished and gone.

Of the three weak women before mentioned, one had the envied happiness to die about this time; and it was my advice to the survivors, who were following her apace, to endeavour their own preservation by converting her dead carcase into food, as they did to good effect. The same counsel was embrac'd by those of our sex; the living fed upon the dead; four of our company having the happiness to end their miserable lives on Sunday night the —— day of January. Their chief distemper, 'tis true, was hunger; but it pleased God to hasten their exit by an immoderate access of cold, caused by a most terrible storm of hail and snow at north-west, on the Sunday aforesaid, which did not only dispatch those four to their long homes, but did sorely threaten all that remained alive, to perish by the same fate.

Great was the toil that lay on my hands (as the strongest to labour) to get fuel together sufficient for our preservation. In the first place I divested myself of my great gown, which I spread at large, and extended against the wind in nature of a screen, having first shifted our quarters to the most calm commodious place that could be found to keep us, as much as possible, from the inclemency of that prodigious storm.

Under the shelter of this traverse, I took as many of my comrades as could be comprehended in so small a space; where-

as those who could not partake of that accommodation, and were enabled to make provision for themselves, were forced to suffer for it. And it was remarkable, that notwithstanding all the provision that could possibly be made against the sharpness of this cold, either by a well-burning fire consisting of two or three loads of wood, or shelter of their great gown to the windward, we could not be warm. That side of our wearing cloaths was singed and burnt which lay towards the flames, whilst the other side that was from the fire, became frozen and congeal'd. Those who lay to the leeward of the flame, could not stay long to enjoy the warmth so necessary to life, but were forced to quit and be gone to avoid suffocation by the smoke and flame.

When the day appeared, and the sun got up to dissipate the clouds, with downcast looks and dejected, the survivors of us entered into a final deliberation of what remained to be done on our parts (besides our prayers to Almighty God) to spin out a little longer time of life, and wait a further providence from heaven for our better relief. There were still some hands that retained vigour, tho' not in proportion to those difficulties we were to encounter, which humanly did seem insuperable. The unhappy circumstances of our being coop'd up in an island, was that which took from us all probable hopes of escaping this terrible death that did threaten us every hour. Major Morrison, on whose counsel I had reason to rely most, was extremely decayed in his strength, his legs not being able to support him. It was a wonderful mercy that mine remained in competent strength, for our common good, which I resolved by God's help, to employ for that end to the last gasp.

In this last resolution we had to make, I could not think on any thing worthy my proposal, but by an attempt to cross the creek, and swim to the main, (which was not above an hundred yards over) and being there to coast along the woods to the south-west (which was the bearing of Virginia) until I should meet Indians, who would either relieve or destroy us. I fancied the former would be our lot when they should see our conditions, and that no hurt was intended to them; or if they should prove inhuman, and of a bloody nature and would not give us quarter, why even in that case it would be

worth this labor of mine to procure a sudden period to all our miseries.

I open'd my thoughts to this purpose to the company, who were sadly surprised at the motion; but being fully convinc'd in their judgment, that this was the only course that could be depended on (humanly speaking) for our relief, they all agreed it must be done.

* * * * * *

The next morning, being the ninth or tenth of our being there, I fell to work afresh, hoping to be ready to begin my journey that day; and being very busy, intelligence was brought, that a canoe was seen to lie on the broken ground to the south of our island, which was not discovered till now, since our being there; but this I thought might be a mistake cast in the same mould of many others that had deceived those discoverers, who fancy'd all things real according to their own wishes. But when it was told me, that Indians had been at the poor women's cabbin in the night, and had given them shell-fish to eat, that was a demonstration of reality beyond all suspicion. I went immediately to be inform'd from themselves, and they both avowed it for truth, shewing the shells, (the like whereof I ne'er had seen) and this I took for proof of what they said.

The further account these women gave of the Indians, was, that they pointed to the south-east with their hands, which they know not how to interpret, but did imagine by their several gestures, they would be with them again to-morrow. Their pointing to the south-east was like to be the time they would come, meaning nine o'clock to be their hour, where the sun will be at that time. Had the women understood their language, they could not have learned the time of the day by any other computation than pointing at the sun. It is all the clock they have for the day, as the coming and going of the Cabuncks (the geese) is their almanack or prognostick for the winter and summer seasons.

This news gave us all new life, almost working miracles amongst us, by making those who desponded, and totally yielded themselves up to the weight of despair, and lay down with an intent never more to rise again, to take up their beds and walk. This friendly charitable visit of the Indians did

also put a stop to my preparations to seek them, who had so humanely prevented me, by their seeking ways to preserve and save our lives.

Instead of those preparations for my march which had cost me so much pains, I passed my time now in contriving the fittest posture our present condition would allow us to put on when these angels of light should appear again with the glad tidings of our relief; and the result was, that every able man should have his gun lying by his side, laden with shot, and as fit for use as possible, but not to be handled unless the Indians came to us like enemies, (which was very unlikely, the premises considered) and then to sell our lives at as dear a rate as we could; but if they came in an amicable posture, then would we meet them unarm'd, cheerfully, which the Indians like, and hate to see a melancholy face.

In these joyful hopes of unexpected deliverance by these Indians, did we pass the interval of their absence. Every eye look'd sharply out when the sun was at south-east, to peep thro' the avenues of the wood to discover the approaches of our new friends. When the sun came to the south we thought ourselves forgotten by them, and began to doubt the worst, as losing gamesters, at play for their last estate, suspect some stabcast to defeat the hopes of the fairest game. We feared some miscarriage, either from their inconstancy by change of their mind, or that some unlook'd-for misfortune that our evil fates reserved for us, had interposed for our ruin.

Scouts were sent out to the right and left hands, without discovery of any body all the forenoon; and then, considering our case admitted no delay, I began to resume my former resolution of swimming to them that would not come to us. But how wholesome soever this counsel might seem in itself, it was most difficult to be put in practice, in regard of the cold time.

The northerly wind that in these climates does blow very cold in the heat of summer, does much more distemper the air in the winter season (as our poor comrades felt that Sunday night to their cost) and did send so cold a gale upon the surface of the water in the creek I was to pass, that, in the general opinion of all the concern'd, it was not a thing to be attempted; and that if I did, I must surely perish in the act. I was easily

perswaded to forbear an action so dangerous, and the rather, because I verily believed the Indians would bring us off, if our patience would hold out.

About the hours of two or three o'clock it pleased God to change the face of our condition for the best; for whilst I was busy at the fire in preparations to wait on them, the Indians, who had placed themselves behind a very great tree, discovered their faces with most cheerful smiles, without any kind of arms, or appearance of evil design; the whole number of them (perhaps twenty or thirty in all) consisting of men, women and children; all that could speak accosting us with joyful countenances, shaking hands with every one they met. The words "Ny Top," often repeated by them, made us believe they bore a friendly signification, as they were soon interpreted to signify "my friend."

After many salutations and "Ny Tops" interchang'd, the night approaching, we fell to parley with each other; but performed it in signs more confounded and unintelligible than any other conversation I ever met withal; as hard to be interpreted as if they had express'd their thoughts in the Hebrew or Chaldean tongues.

They did me the honor to make all application to me, as being of largest dimensions, and equip'd in a camblet coat glittering with galoon lace of gold and silver, it being generally true, that where knowledge informs not, the habit qualifies.

The ears of Indian corn they gave us for present sustenance, needed no other interpreter to let them know how much more acceptable it was to us than the sight of dead and living corpses, which raised great compassion in them, especially in the women, who are observed to be of a soft tender nature.

One of them made me a present of the leg of a swan, which I eat as privately as it was given me, and thought it so much the more excellent, by how much it was larger than the greatest limb of any fowl I ever saw.

The Indians stayed with us about two hours, and parted not without a new appointment to see us again the next day; and the hour we were to expect them by their pointing to the sun, was to be at two o'clock in the afternoon. I made the chief of them presents of ribbon and other slight trade, which

they lov'd, designing, by mutual endearment, to let them see, it would gratify their interest as well as their charity, to treat us well. "Ha-na Haw" was their parting word, which is "farewell," pointing again at the place where the sun would be at our next meeting. We took leave in their own words "Ha-na Haw."

* * * * * *

When these Indians came up to us, this doubt was soon cleared. The good-natur'd king being inform'd of our bodily weakness, and inability to walk thro' the woods to his house on foot, (which might be about four miles distant from our setting out) had a real tenderness for us, and sent canoes to carry us to the place nearest his house, by the favor of another branch of the same creek; and to the end we might take no vain steps (as we were going to do) and exhaust our strength to no purpose, these Indians made this noise to stop us.

We entered the canoes that were mann'd, and lay ready to receive us. We had a pleasant passage in the shallow water, eat oysters all the way; for altho' the breakfast we had newly made, might well excuse a longer abstinence than we were like to be put to, our arrear to our stomachs was so great, that all we swallowed was soon concocted, and our appetite still fresh and craving more.

Having pass'd this new course for some three English miles in another branch of the creek, our landing place was contriv'd to be near the house of the queen then in waiting. She was a very plain lady to see to, not young, nor yet ill-favour'd. Her complexion was of a sad white; but the measures of beauty in those parts where they are exposed to the scorching sun from their infancy, are not taken from red and white, but from colors that will better lie upon their tawny skins, as hereafter will be seen.

The beauty of this queen's mind (which is more permanent than that of colour) was conspicuous in her charity and generosity to us poor starved weather-beaten creatures, who were the object of it. A mat was spread without the house, upon the ground, furnish'd with pone, homini, oysters, and other things. The queen made us sit down and eat, with gestures that shewed more of courtesy than majesty, but did speak as hearty welcome as could in silence be expected; and

these were the graces that, in our opinion, transcended all other beauties in the world, and did abundantly supply all defects of outward appearance in the person and garb of the queen. The southerly wind made the season tolerable; but that lasted but little, the north-west gale coming violently on us again.

When this collation of the queen was at an end, we took leave of her majesty with all the shews of gratitude that silence knew how to utter. We were now within half an hour's walk of the king's mansion, which we soon discovered by the smoak, and saw it was made of the same stuff with the other houses from which we had newly parted, namely, of mat and reed. Locust posts sunk in the ground at corners and partitions, was the strength of the whole fabrick. The roof was tied fast to the body with a sort of strong rushes that grow there, which supply'd the place of nails and pins, mortises and tenons.

The breadth of this palace was about eighteen or twenty foot, the length about twenty yards. The only furniture was several platforms for lodging, each about two yards long and more, plac'd on both sides of the house, distant from each other about five foot; the space in the middle was the chimney, which had a hole in the roof over it, to receive as much of the smoak as would naturally repair to it; the rest we shared amongst us, which was the greatest part; and the sitters divided to each side, as our soldiers do in their *corps de guarde*.

Fourteen great fires, thus situated, were burning all at once. The king's apartment had a distinction from the rest; it was twice as long, and the bank he sat on was adorn'd with deer skins finely dress'd, and the best furrs of otter and beaver that the country did produce.

The fire assign'd to us was suitable to our number, to which we were conducted, without intermixture of any Indian but such as came to do us offices of friendship. There we were permitted to take our rest until the king pleased to enter into communication with us. Previous to which he sent his daughter, a well-favour'd young girl of about ten or twelve years old, with a great wooden bowl full of homini (which is the corn of that country, beat and boiled to mash). She did in a most obliging manner give me the first taste of it, which I would have handed to my next neighbor after I had eaten, but

the young princess interposed her hand, and taking the bowl out of mine, delivered it to the same party I aimed to give it, and so to all the rest in order. Instead of a spoon there was a well-shap'd muscle-shell that accompanied the bowl.

The linen of that country grows ready made on the branches of oak trees (or pine); the English call it moss. It is like the threads of unwhited cotton-yarn ravelled, and hangs in parcels on the lower boughs, divine providence having so ordered it for the conveniency and sustenance of the deer, which is all the food they can get in times of snow. It is very soft, sweet and cleanly, and fit for the purpose of wiping clean the hands, and doing the duty of napkins.

About three hours after this meal was ended, the king sent to have me come to him. He called me "Ny a Mutt," which is to say, "My brother," and compelled me to sit down on the same bank with himself, which I had reason to look upon as a mighty favour. After I had sat there about half an hour, and taken notice of many earnest discourses and repartees betwixt the king and his "crotemen," (so the Indians call the king's council) I could plainly discover, that the debate they held was concerning our adventure and coming there. To make it more clear, the king address'd himself to me with many gestures of his body, his arms display'd in various postures, to explain what he had in his mind to utter for my better understanding. By all which motions I was not edify'd in the least, nor could imagine what return to make by voice or sign, to satisfy the king's demands in any thing that related to the present straights of our condition. In fine, I admir'd their patient sufferance of my dulness to comprehend what they meant, and shew'd myself to be troubled at it; which being perceiv'd by the king, he turn'd all into mirth and jollity, and never left till he made me laugh with him, tho' I knew not why.

I took this occasion to present the king with a sword and long shoulder-belt, which he received very kindly; and to witness his gracious acceptance, he threw off his "Mach coat," (or upper covering of skin) stood upright on his bank, and, with my aid, did accoutre his naked body with his new harness, which had no other apparel to adorn it, besides a few skins about his loyns to cover his nakedness. In this dress he

seem'd to be much delighted; but to me he appear'd a figure of such extraordinary shape, with sword and belt to set it off, that he needed now no other art to stir me up to laughter and mirth, than the sight of his own proper person.

Having made this short acquaintance with the king, I took leave, and returned to my comrades. In passing the spaces betwixt fire and fire, one space amongst the rest was blinded with a traverse of mat; and by the noise I heard from thence, like the beating of hemp, I took it to be some kind of elaboratory. To satisfy a curiosity I had to be more particularly inform'd, I edg'd close to the mat; and, by standing on tiptoe for a full discovery, I saw a sight that gave me no small trouble. The same specifical queen (whose courtesy for our kind usage the other day, can never be enough applauded) was now employed in the hard servile labour of beating corn for the king's dinner, which raised the noise that made me thus inquisitive. I wish'd myself in her place for her ease; but the queens of that country do esteem it a privilege to serve their husbands in all kinds of cookery, which they would be as loth to lose, as any Christian queen would be to take it from them.

Several Indians of the first rank followed me to our quarters, and used their best endeavours to sift something from us that might give them light into knowing what we were. They sought many ways to make their thoughts intelligible to us, but still we parted without knowing what to fix upon, or how to steer our course in advance of our way to Virginia.

* * * * * *

By better acquaintance with these our deliverers, we learned that we were about fifty English miles from Virginia. That part of it where Jenkin did govern, was call'd Littleton's Plantation, and was the first English ground we did expect to see. He gave me great encouragement to endure the length of the way, by assuring me I should not find either stone or shrub to hurt my feet thorow my thin-soaled boots, for the whole colony had neither stone nor underwood; and having thus satisfy'd my curiosity in the knowledge of what Jenkin Price could communicate, we deferred no longer to resolve how and when to begin our journey to Ackomack.

The Indian he had brought with him (who afterwards

lived and died my servant) was very expert, and a most incomparable guide in the woods we were to pass, being a native of those parts, so that he was as our sheet-anchor in this our peregrination. The king was loth to let us go till the weather was better temper'd for our bodies; but when he saw we were fully resolved, and had pitch'd upon the next morning to begin our journey, he found himself much defeated in a purpose he had taken to call together all the flower of his kingdom to entertain us with a dance, to the end that nothing might be omitted on his part for our divertisement, as well as our nourishment, which his small territory could produce. Most of our company would gladly have deferred our march a day longer, to see this masquerade, but I was wholly bent for Ackomack, to which place I was to dance almost on my bare feet, the thoughts of which took off the edge I might otherwise have had to novelties of that kind.

When the good old king saw that we were fully determined to be gone the next day, he desired as a pledge of my affection to him, that I would give him my camblet coat, which he vowed to wear whilst he lived for my sake; I shook hands to shew my willingness to please him in that or in any other thing he would command, and was the more willing to do myself the honour of compliance in this particular, because he was the first king I could call to mind that ever shew'd any inclinations to wear my old cloaths.

To the young princess, that had so signally obliged me, I presented a piece of two-penny scarlet ribbon, and a French tweezer, that I had in my pocket, which made her skip for joy, and to shew how little she fancy'd our way of carrying them concealed, she retired apart for some time, and taking out every individual piece of which it was furnished, she tied a snip of ribbon to each, and so came back with scissars, knives and bodkins hanging at her ears, neck and hair. The case itself was not excus'd, but bore a part in this new dress: and to the end we might not part without leaving deep impressions of her beauty in our minds, she had prepared on her forefingers, a lick of paint on each, the colours (to my best remembrance) green and yellow, which at one motion she discharg'd on her face, beginning upon her temples, and continu-

ing it in an oval line downwards as far as it would hold out. I could have wished this young princess would have contented herself with what nature had done for her, without this addition of paint (which, I thought, made her more fulsome than handsome); but I had reason to imagine the royal family were only to use this ornament exclusive of all others, for that I saw none other of her sex so set off; and this conceit made it turn again, and appear lovely, as all things should do that are honour'd with the royal stamp.

I was not furnish'd with anything upon the place, fit to make a return to the two queens for the great charity they used to feed and warm me; but when I came into a place where I could be supply'd, I was not wanting that way, according to my power.

Early next morning we put our selves in posture to be gone, *viz.* Major Stephens, myself, and three or four more, whose names are worn out of my mind. Major Morrison was so far recovered as to be heart-whole, but he wanted strength to go thro' so great a labour as this was like to prove. We left him with some others to be brought in boats that the governor had order'd for their accommodation; and with them the two weak women, who were much recovered by the good care and nourishment they receiv'd in the poor fisherman's house.

Breakfast being done, and our pilot Jack ready to set out, we took a solemn leave of the good king. He enclosed me in his arms with kind embraces, not without expressions of sorrow to part, beyond the common rate of new acquaintance. I made Jack pump up his best compliments, which at present was all I was capable to return to the king's kindness; and so, after many "Ha-na Haws," we parted.

* * * * * *

It pleased God to send us dry weather, and not excessive cold. We had made provision of Pone to bait on by the way, and we found good water to refresh us; but all this did not hinder my being tir'd and spent almost to the last degree. Jack very kindly offer'd his service to carry me on his shoulders (for I was brought to a moderate weight by the strict diet I had been in) but that would have been more uneasy to me, in contemplation of his more than double pains, and so I re-

solved to try my utmost strength, without placing so great a weight on his shoulders.

The hopes of seeing English ground in America, and that in so short a time as they made us expect, did animate my spirits to the utmost point. Jack fearing the worst, was of opinion, that we should call at his aunt's town, the queen of Pomunkin, not far out of the way; but Jenkin Price opposed that motion, and did assure me that our journey's end was at hand. His words and my own inclination carried the question, and I resolved, by God's help that night to sleep at Jenkin's house.

But the distance proving yet greater than had been described, and my boots trashing me almost beyond all sufferance, I became desperate, and ready to sink and lie down. Jenkin lull'd me on still with words that spurr'd me to the quick; and would demonstrate the little distance betwixt us and his plantation, by the sight of hogs and cattle, of which species the Indians were not masters. I was fully convinc'd of what he said, but would however, have consented to a motion of lying without doors on the ground, within two or three flights shot of the place, to save the labour of so small a remainder.

The close of the evening, and a little more patience (thro' the infinite goodness of the Almighty) did put a happy period to our cross adventure. A large bed of sweet straw was spread ready in Jenkin's house for our reception, upon which I did hasten to extend and stretch my wearied limbs. And being thus brought into safe harbour by the many miracles of divine mercy, from all the storms and fatigues, perils and necessities to which he had been exposed by sea and land for almost the space of four months, I cannot conclude this voyage in more proper terms, than the words that are the burthen of that psalm of providence, "O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wondrous works unto the children of men!"

Our landlord Jenkin Price, and conductor Jack took care to provide meat for us; and there being a dairy and hens, we could not want. As for our stomachs, they were open at all hours to eat whatever was set before us, as soon as our wear-

ied bodies were refresh'd with sleep. It was on Saturday the —— day of January, that we ended this our wearisome pilgrimage, and entered into our King's dominion at Achomat, called by the English Northampton county, which is the only county on that side of the bay belonging to the colony of Virginia, and is the best of the whole for all sorts of necessaries for human life.

HENRY JUNIUS NOTT

[1797—1837]

ST. JAMES CUMMINGS, JR.

HENRY JUNIUS NOTT, the son of Judge Abraham Nott and Angelica Michell, his wife, was born in the Union District on the Pacolet River, South Carolina, November 4, 1797. When the boy was seven years old the family removed to Columbia, South Carolina, and Henry soon afterward became a student at the Columbia Academy. He entered the South Carolina College in 1810 and was graduated with the class of 1814. About this time he went with Mr. Ainslie Hall to Scotland, remaining a few months, during which time he visited London, where he gathered material for some of 'The Novelettes of a Traveler.'

He read law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1818. Having formed a law partnership with Colonel David J. McCord, he assisted in compiling the 'Nott and McCord Reports,' containing the decisions of the Constitutional Court from 1818 to 1820, inclusive.

In 1821 he went to Europe to pursue special studies in literature and philosophy. He spent most of his time in France and Holland, and returned to his home to fill the chair of criticism, logic, and the philosophy of languages in the South Carolina College, to which position he had been elected in December, 1824. From that date till his death, October 13, 1837, he served faithfully in promoting the welfare of his *alma mater*.

As a boy Professor Nott had shown an unusual fondness for literature. It is recorded in the family annals that he learned to read at the age of four. He had a remarkable memory; and one instance may be given of his mastery over his mental experiences. When nine or ten years old, after a severe illness, he was sent up the country to an aunt's to recuperate. Among the books he found there was 'Religious Courtship,' by DeFoe. When years afterward he undertook to review the works of DeFoe, he was not able to procure the book in the United States. Having ordered it from London, he gave his sister a detailed synopsis of its contents, to test his memory; and when she read the volume after its arrival she was surprised to note how perfectly he recalled it.* His youthful conversation was filled

*According to our author's niece, Mrs. Celina E. Means, of Shandon, Columbia, South Carolina, from whom much interesting information has been received.

with copious quotations from the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, and his other favorites. In fact, he lived with his authors, bringing in their opinions in support of his arguments on matters of daily interest.

He studied law because he thought a son ought to take up his father's profession. Still, the earnest attention he paid to it gave him a fair standing with his professional rivals, among whom were some of the best lawyers in the State; and in the three years of his legal experience he enjoyed a good practice. Then his father, seeing his great love for *belles-lettres,* made no objection to his abandoning law, and even encouraged him to go to Europe for special training. During several years he took advantage of his stimulating opportunities, and developed steadily in scholarly power.

As Dr. M. LaBorde writes in his account of Professor Nott: "He had read and mastered all that was valuable in polite literature, and studied most carefully the department of Criticism. His knowledge of the ancient languages, and more particularly of the Latin, was critical; and to these he added the most familiar acquaintance with the French, the German, and other modern languages. These were his favorite studies, but it would be great injustice to conclude that his knowledge did not extend beyond their limits. It is only true that his chief excellence was to be found in them."

Brilliant in conversational powers, he had the rare courtesy of being an encouraging listener; and, though a hearty lover of fun, he was considerate of the finer feelings of his acquaintances, and was innocent of the experience of having an enemy. The enjoyment of music sweetened his literary labors, and, like Sidney Lanier, he was a skilful flute-player. His work and influence as a professor gained him the admiration and the love of the trustees, the faculty, and the students of his college. He was Chairman of the Faculty from January, 1835, to January, 1836. In administrative ability, in zeal and success in teaching, in the graces and virtues of social intercourse, he was a representative of the best citizenship of his day. Though his life was short and filled with professional obligations, he found time to make a name for himself in two fields of literature—fiction and scholarly criticism.

'Novelettes of a Traveler; or, Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity, Journeyman Printer,' in two volumes, was published in New York, 1834. The author shows the fruits of his travels, not only in the variety of places used for the scenes of his stories, but by an enlightened sympathy for mankind in all conditions. The lines from Goethe on the title-page show that Nott himself realized his own catholicity:

"Was eine lange weite Strecke
Im Leben von einander stand,
Das kommt nun unter einer Decke
Dem guten Leser in die Hand."

It is believed that Thomas Singularity was suggested in several particulars by Nott's acquaintance with a printer in Columbia, whose name was Thomas Singletary. The biographical sketch of Thomas Singularity, the longest of the novelettes, is an exhibition of our author's charitable humor, that clothes with grace the vanity, the follies and vices of a roving ne'er-do-weel. The details in this story, and in some of the others in the two volumes, gave "offence to the religious community." It may easily be believed that there are some good people whose skirts have been kept clear of characters like Tommy. For these people to see him through the eyes of Professor Nott is certainly no misfortune: it is rather a refreshment. To deem Nott offensive in the breadth of his treatment is almost to impeach the sterling worth of the bulk of Southern humor long since taken home to our hearts.

The materials for another story, "Cock Robin," were gathered during Nott's early visit to Europe. Here is portrayed the unhappy existence of one who is made the sport of Nature and man in turn. Robert Wilson, or Cock Robin, is a mannikin, a dwarf gentleman. He is petted for his prettiness and brightness in boyhood. When he comes of age, and is still dwarfed, he finds that he is treated with kindly condescension or open mockery whenever he attempts to play the part of a man. In any of the relations of life this seems bad enough; but when he comes to love-making, and proposing to marry, he is horrified at his destiny. Every serious aim of his life is deflected from its object in the direction of those whose amusement it is to score every action of the little man in terms of their own mischief.

"The Andalusian Rope-dancer," the scene of which is laid in Spain, presents a simple and charming love story. Pastoral gallantry and modesty play in the sunshine and fragrance of old Spain. "The Traveler" here is very much at home.

During his residence in Europe, Professor Nott had married a French lady. On the thirteenth of October, 1837, he and his wife were lost in the wreck of the steamer *Home,* off the coast of North Carolina. He was a good swimmer, but ignored the entreaties of his wife and his friends to save himself, preferring to remain by her side to the last. A daughter, Amelia, survived them, and became the wife of William McKenzie Parker. This envelops with peculiar interest the story of "The Shipwreck," in which a father and a mother perish, but their little daughter is saved. The realistic details of the

disaster, and the searching attention directed to the subsequent fortunes of the orphan daughter, strike the reader with a suspicion of what might be called a vague instinct of literary premonition.

The other novelettes—"The Solitary," placed in South Carolina; "The Counterfeiters," in the mountains of North Carolina, and "The French Officer," in France—make up, with those described, a group of what to-day would be considered long short-stories, revealing a close study of environment and temperament, and all cast in a clear and finished literary mould.

In *The Southern Review* Professor Nott published his lives of the four great classical masters, Erasmus, Daniel Wyttenbach, Paul Louis Courier, and Dr. Samuel Parr. These men he treated as heroes of scholarship. Theologian, soldier, editor, reformer, or professor, each appealed to him as a man made admirable in power and dignity through the amelioration of learning. "Who can calculate," he writes, "how many of the rising generation are incited to mental culture by the contemplation of a richly gifted and richly stored understanding? . . . or how many of more mature age have their intellectual ardor kept alive by intercourse with those who can resolve doubts, confuse errors, communicate information, or give certainty to opinion?"

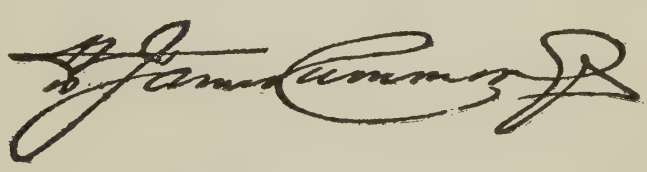
In the two articles on D'Aguesseau and Judge Jeffreys, Professor Nott has drawn at length the difference between the noble and the ignoble Chancellor. He balances praise and blame on a wise discrimination as to their character, and the services to which they applied the laws of their countries in almost the same period. The article on D'Aguesseau has been reprinted as the last paper in the collected works of Hugh Swinton Legaré, edited by his sister. But LaBorde and Duyckinck have credited it to Nott. We may concede collaboration in the authorship. A reading of the last few pages of Nott's article on 'Woolrych's Life of Judge Jeffreys' will tend to confirm the belief that its author had a fair share in the appraisal of D'Aguesseau.

The article 'Travels in China' contains interesting and instructive comments on a series of extracts from a journal of a traveler in China (1820-1821). His study of DeFoe was a work of love. He must have kept the books of that heroic figure in an ample alcove of his library. The labors of DeFoe the politician, historian, moralist, projector, romancer, and reformer, Nott interprets by the light of political and religious history, and the changeable social life of the times. He views with interest the energetic Englishman tilting against the conventionalities of prejudice, ignorance, slothfulness, cruelty and hypocrisy. He regards DeFoe as a man of "uncommon honesty and conscientiousness," and records that "during a period of thirty

years his pen never tired in the cause of liberty, though menaced by penalty, prison and poverty."

Where art and scholarship have joined to express the conceptions of one mind, individual taste must often decide the preference for the results. Perhaps fewer persons would succeed in writing the critical articles of Henry Junius Nott than in matching the stories he has given us. But the difference would not be in the language. For directness, simplicity, and clearness, he is almost a model. His humor in displaying the secret springs of man's actions, and the gentle craft with which he transcribes the beauties of natural scenery, shed a pleasing and varying light on his sentences; and the play of his sprightly phrases furnishes the reader with an enjoyment of delicate surprises.

A scholar, with a strong memory, and with a sincere devotion to other languages, he has treasured as his birthright the native excellences of his mother-tongue. Though stricken in his prime, he is not to be judged by his promise alone; for, by the work he accomplished, he remains a worthy representative of the Southern writers of a past generation.



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TOMMY THE COUNTERFEIT

Thomas Singularity was probably born in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, somewhere about January, 1795. I say probably, for like Homer and Cervantes, the date and place of his birth are somewhat uncertain. This much only is known. About the period just mentioned, as Mr. Zephaniah Hunt, a substantial grocer in that city, and his wife were seated at tea-table, just after nightfall, they were alarmed by a kind of screaming in the passage near the street door. Mrs. Hunt, after listening a little, said, "Husband, a child is certainly crying there." To which Mr. Hunt replied with infinite tranquillity, "I guess as how it's one of them kittens a-mewing" —for they had at that time a litter of kittens of the Angora breed, if I remember right. Hardly had the worthy grocer spoken when they heard such a squall as proved the correctness of his helpmate's supposition. Both husband and wife rushed into the passage, where, to their surprise, they beheld a basket containing a small, half-famished looking child of not more than a month old. This was my friend Singularity! The good couple looked at each other for some time in silence, and then began to wonder and guess, to no purpose, as to the origin of the stranger. One thing was sure—that they could not throw a helpless being like this into the street. Mrs. Hunt, however, declared that in conscience they ought, the very next day, to pack the brat off to the orphan-house, as she doubted not that it "had been conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity." Though in all cases a prudent, gainsaying kind of a man, Mr. Hunt's bowels for once yearned with pity, and he

pleaded with his spouse that, inasmuch as their marriage was barren, they should at least give the little unfortunate a domicile till they could make due perquisition about it. This request was proposed in a singularly bland tone, but with that peculiar propriety and force of emphasis he was wont to use when he might not be gainsaid.

From day to day the foundling increased in the affection of his protector, to whom, strange as it may seem, he exhibited a prodigious likeness. This was enough, in the present generation, to excite the surmises and gibes of wicked fancies and slanderous tongues, although it was well known that Zephaniah came from the land of steady habits, and was then a burning and a shining light of orthodox faith. True it was that, "in life's merry morn," he had cut his gambols as wildly as an ass's colt; but he had long ago eschewed his youthful follies, and especially since entering the holy bands of wedlock had been of staid, I had almost said, of saintly demeanor. He was regular every Sunday, or, as he always termed it, Sabbath, in attending morning and evening service, at the latter of which, of a verity, he generally took a comfortable snooze; belonged to the Tract Society, Missionary Society, Peace Society, Temperance Society, Abolition Society, and the Society for the Promotion of Psalmody, whereof he led the bass. But as the bard of Avon has said or sung, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." Various young men, that prowled about when honest people should be at home, abed and asleep, intimated, in what might be called Irish hints, that they had espied the worthy Mr. Hunt at irregular places and at irregular hours. The censorious, too, had expressed their suspicions, that as his helpmate was a good ten years older than himself, and had brought a substantial dowry, his match had proceeded more from a love of filthy lucre than from that ethereal flame which warmed the bosom of chivalry or inspired the lay of the troubadour. The perfect "counterfeit presentment" that the foundling exhibited to the honest man was a constant theme with those who wished to bring him to shame, and was eventually whispered by some kind friend into the ears of his spouse. Now although she had a "pretty considerable" belief in Zephaniah's marital faith and seraphic piety, still it must be confessed that she was but

a woman, and the monster, whom poets portray as green-eyed, communicated a beryl tinge to the cat-like visual ray of Mrs. Hunt, that rapidly assumed the deepest hue of the emerald. She boldly upbraided her husband for contaminating the sanctuary of married life with the unholy fruit of his wayward propensities, and required that the bantling should forthwith be sent a-packing, as one roof could no longer cover both of them. Mr. Hunt, after expressing some astonishment at this outrageous and unmerited attack, replied with marvelous mildness and composure, that, as for turning out of doors a helpless infant, cast, as it were, by Providence under his protection, he could not and would not do it; but as for her staying under the same roof, he, as a Christian, did not think himself authorized to employ any compulsion over one he had ever considered his equal, and that therefore she was at liberty to go when and where to her seemed meet. Upon this she burst into a flood of tears, calling him a cruel, perjured man, with many other such endearing epithets, and then fell into strong hysterics, accompanied by loud screams and violent kicks. As I have before noticed, he was a man of wondrously composed temperament, and not liking scenes of this kind, he slipped off easily into the shop, where he drank a pint of Philadelphia beer qualified with a gill of New England rum; then putting a quid of pigtail tobacco in his mouth, he bid his clerk to keep a tight eye on the shop, and walked off to attend a meeting of the Magdalen Society. Meanwhile the afflicted fair one, stealthily opening an eye, perceived that she was alone; and foreseeing that nothing was to be gained by a farther contest, got up, wiped off her tears with the corner of her apron, and made up her mind to remain rather by her own cozy fireside, than to run the risk of going farther and faring worse. Yet for a long tract of time she continued in the dumps, and poured forth her sorrows to the neighboring gossips, by all of whom her lord and master was vilipended as a barbarous husband and most salacious old heathen. He, perhaps thinking, according to the proverb, that the least said is soonest mended, held "the noiseless tenor of his way" with as much composure as a veteran porker amid the impotent attacks of a nest of hornets, until, persuaded by his sober carriage, one-half of his enemies began to doubt, and the other, turning fairly round,

declared his wife a jealous, weak-minded body, and him an injured saint.

If Mrs. Hunt could not root out this sprout of bad odor that flourished under her very nose, she made up for it by worrying and misusing the infant as much as she could, unbeknown to the vigilant gaze of her husband; and, as business often carried him out of the way, Tommy, it may be supposed, "glinted forth amid the storm." For a long time the little one was without a name, till at length the lady of the house, from the singular leanness and oddity of his exterior, or the singularity of his first appearance under her roof, or malice, called him "Singularity"; and Tom, or Thomas, after a huge tom-cat, to which she found out a striking similarity. Her husband, knowing that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," quietly acquiesced. So Thomas Singularity was he called, and as Thomas Singularity will he go down to posterity.

Up to the age of twelve, Singularity was carefully instructed in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, and history, and made as good progress as could be expected. With his pen he was so successful that even then he began to be celebrated for the beautiful hand that he so much perfected afterward. I have often seen him write the Lord's Prayer on a piece of paper not so large as the thumb nail, the letters of which could only be read with a magnifying glass. He seemed to have had a kind of instinctive love for reading; for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hunt had any turn that way, nor did they try to infuse the taste into him. Among other books, he informed that he had read at this period, 'Jack Sheppard,' the famous pickpocket and housebreaker; Sternhold and Hopkins's 'Version of the Psalms,' a poetical 'Life of John Wesley,' the 'Newgate Calendar,' 'Life of Captain Boyle,' Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Life of Jonathan Wild,' 'A Hard Shove,' Rochester's 'Poems,' 'Life of Donald M'Donald, the Highland Thief,' Alein's 'Alarm to the Unconverted,' 'George Buchanan,' 'Laugh and Be Fat,' Law's 'Serious Call,' 'Life of Bamfylde Moore Carew' (king of the gipsies), 'Joe Miller,' Cave's 'Lives of the Martyrs,' besides many dream-books, poems, novels and sermons, which had slipped from his memory. But what Tommy told me he prized not less, he picked up much practical wisdom in the ways of the world. He saw daily how

Mr. Hunt made genuine Southside Madeira by pouring Teneriffe into casks bearing the well-known names of Leacock, Newton, and Penfold, to which the custom-house brand had been affixed; how, by mixing old butter with new, he added to the quantity of Goshen; how, by percolation, he took out the peculiar flavor of cider, and by adding thereto a little sugar-candy and cream of tartar, it was converted into Sillery Mousseux; how, by infusing a proper proportion of the required article into neutral spirits, he made Cognac brandy, Jamaica rum, Scheidam, and eke Cologne gin; how he filled bottles, stamped Château Margaux, Hautbrion, and Latour, all out of one tun of St. Estèphe; and how the vintages of the Moselle were dignified with the appellations of Steinberger, Johannesberger, Hochheimer Dom-Dechant, and Rudesheimer Bergwein.

That his principles might be well formed, he was drilled into the longer and shorter Catechisms, and taken regularly to church—I say regularly, though sometimes he had to remain at home for the purpose of assisting the clerk, when business was flush. As Sunday is the only day for the negroes to carry on their little mercantile transactions, and as trading with them, except under particular restrictions, is forbidden by law, Mr. Hunt kept an entrance by the back way, through which these poor creatures could be accommodated without any interruption from a prying and troublesome police. On these occasions Tommy worked cheerfully; for he could now and then, unobserved, fill his pockets with raisins, prunes, or sugar-plums, and frequently play at marbles with the little blackamoors.

Maugre some discomforts from an ill-disposed landlady, Tommy's life had latterly begun to assume a halcyon aspect. But, to make a quotation that we will not mar by retrenchment,

> Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-falls in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever;
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm.

One cold winter evening Mr. Hunt requested his clerk to bring him a pint of Madeira, which, just before going to bed, he sipped at intervals while discussing a peck of raw oysters. About two hours afterward he was seized with a violent colic, accompanied with qualms, cold shiverings, and shooting pains in the epigastrium; and sending in great haste for the clerk, he inquired out of what cask he had drawn the wine. When the young man had described the vessel and its locality, poor Hunt exclaimed, with a look of horror and despair, "Oh, it's as I feared! You have given me the sour wine that I sweetened with sugar of lead. Run this moment for Dr. Ramsay." The clerk did as directed; but the doctor just arrived in time to see the sick man breathe his last.

Shortly after this melancholy event, the widow, who, as we have before intimated, never cherished very kindly feelings toward Tommy, sent him to the orphan-house, declaring that in her destitute situation charity began at home; though it was notorious that the stock of wine was sold, by auction, at enormous prices, as old and rare. In the institution just named he remained a couple of years, during which he gave his guardians not a little trouble. He was positively slovenly, comparatively lazy, and superlatively mischievous; which, instead of being viewed as the frequent concomitants of genius, were most unwisely punished. I must confess, too, that from wanting parental admonition, and from the example of bad companions, such as must be met with in similar large and promiscuous collections, he exhibited some little defects that rather detracted from the amiability of his character. He was not quite as observant of truth as could have been wished; he would cheat in his traffickings, and even some suspicions were entertained that he had now and then appropriated the loose change of his companions, when a safe occasion offered. All vices, we have ever thought, are in fact virtues, warped from their original destination. An accurate observer of human nature, and one skilled in mental philosophy, might, in the falsehoods of Singularity, have discovered invention and a talent for fiction; in his cheating, the activity of intellect, calculation, and foresight, necessary for making our way in the world; and in his petty thefts, an astute thriftiness that could readily have been matured into a wholesome economy. His

guardians should have directed into their proper channels the tendencies alluded to, whenever their course became erratic, instead of attempting to dry up the gushing well-heads supplied by nature.

At an examination of the orphan-boys, when Tommy had attained the age of fourteen, Mr. Shepherd, then editor of the *Times,* struck by his uncommonly beautiful penmanship, made some inquiries about him; and hearing that he read well, and had made good progress in arithmetic, etc., without more ado desired to have the lad as an apprentice. Thoroughly rejoiced to get rid of him, the managers said nothing of his various little aberrations, and he was accordingly bound out to the printing business.

It was in the establishment of Mr. Shepherd that my acquaintance with Thomas Singularity commenced. Being about the same age, working side by side for nearly five years, and with a considerable congeniality of disposition, we became like two brothers. To be sure there were points in which we differed broadly, and at times we had those little bickerings incident to human intercourse. As for friendship's being founded on sympathy, mutual esteem, and all that sort of stuff, I have ever considered it as downright fudge. It is nothing more than a kind of habit by which we learn to bear with each other's frailties, and to feel the necessity of each other's society and assistance. Two of the worst disposed horses in the world, after having been a while driven in the same carriage, get on quietly, though at first they kick and bite: so dogs in the same yard live together on a very comfortable footing. And I have always thought that, to obtain true ideas of mankind, we should go down to the brute creation, where animal nature is seen in its unsophisticated forms. Eventually I may say that I got into Tommy's very heart and soul. Not that he evinced the imprudent, thriftless management of his thoughts and actions by the world termed candor; on the contrary, he generally exhibited a most cat-like cunning in conceiving and executing his projects. But from constant intercourse and observation, I saw deep into his nature, and often discovered the concealed springs of his actions, when he flattered himself that he had proceeded the most warily. For his prudence, far be it from me to blame him, knowing that I my-

self in similar circumstances would have used the same well-measured reserve. As self-preservation is the first law of nature, small indeed must be the sagacity of the man that turns a dagger against himself, from misty, suicidal notions, erected into the semblance of a virtue under the name of frankness.

"SNAKE BIT, SNAKE BIT!"

During 1814 the war was going on between the United States and Great Britain, and Charleston was filled with officers beating up for volunteers. One day Singularity had been missing the whole morning, to the no small vexation of Mr. Shepherd, as we had a great press of work. While he was abusing my friend for an idle, dissipated vagabond, we heard military music passing under the window, and looking out, we descried Lieutenant Abram Miller marching before a number of new recruits. I was just withdrawing my head to resume my work, when in spite of the uniform and military cap, I deciphered the features of Tommy himself. Lost in amazement, I exclaimed, "Mercy alive! there's Tom Singularity among 'em." Mr. Shepherd, as soon as he saw that it was in fact he, said, "Good luck to their fishing; they may keep him and welcome. He may make good food for gunpowder, but I am sure he's fit for nothing else."

That night Singularity came to see me, and told me his reasons for embracing the career of arms. He said that he had always felt a martial disposition, but especially at this juncture, when patriotism demanded the services of every true-born American. Moreover, he talked a great deal about glory, chivalry, and other lofty things, all of which I pretended to take for current coin, as I saw that he was much excited by liberal potations. It was clear that poor Tommy had been beguiled by Bacchus into the service of Mars, though he then and ever afterwards spoke of his enlistment as caused alone by his indomitable spirit and thirst for renown. He had courage enough, I think, excepting as to dogs and snakes, and I have seen many men undoubtedly brave that resembled him in this respect.

Singularity made some attempts to draw me into the army,

but finding that I refused with great firmness, he troubled me no more about it. I refused for various reasons. First and foremost, I had conscientious scruples about breaking my indentures, as I had been well treated. I feared also for my religious principles among the swearing, drinking, Sabbath-breaking roisterers that abound in every army; lastly, I had a constitutional relaxation of fiber at the sight of blood, so uncontrollable that I was sure to faint if a physician attempted to bleed me. Such idiosyncrasies are not uncommon, as scientific men well know, though the ignorant and malicious have often charged me with cowardice for this defect of my organization. Are there not persons who cannot endure the sight of a cat, or sicken at the smell of a rose even in the "Persian atargul's perfume"?

In a short time Tommy, to our mutual regret, was ordered off to Canada, and during a couple of years I heard nothing of him; for he always had a mortal aversion to writing letters of mere friendship. If I mistake not, he was attached to Scott's brigade. He had not been long at headquarters before he was employed as secretary to his captain, and eventually, as his talents were known, he in fact did the writing of the whole regiment. In this manner his life was far from being disagreeable. His time was mostly spent with the officers, from whom, for his services in writing, copying, and making out accounts, together with his pay, he received enough to live comfortably and dress genteelly. He did not content himself with wielding the pen only, but, like Cæsar, wished to serve his country with the sword at the same time. He was in the bloody battles of Chippewa, Erie, and Niagara, and performed unheard-of feats of valor. I may say *unheard-of*, literally; because I freely admit that he is not mentioned in the official accounts of those battles, and that his merits, like those of many other valiant private soldiers, have been, with heartless apathy, consigned to oblivion. Neither did he get any promotion during his term of service. The latter circumstance might have been owing to his fondness for artificial stimulation, and his consequent neglect of the petty formalities of military routine. I state his heroic conduct from his own mouth, and I do so with the more particularity, as some mali-

cious persons have very openly expressed their skepticism respecting it.

At the close of the war he obtained his discharge, and resumed his old trade of printing. He worked, coming on gradually to the South, in the offices of the Boston *Sentinel,* New York *Gazette,* Philadelphia *Aurora, Niles's Register* (in Baltimore), Norfolk *Herald,* and Raleigh *Star.* Some of these places he quit of his own accord, and from some he was turned away. In 1816, Thomas Wright Lorrain had established the *Telescope* in Columbia (South Carolina), of which paper I was the foreman. I was one day very busily employed in setting up a handbill about the famous horse "Hephestion," when a man in soiled and tattered attire, with a knapsack on his back, entered the office and looked about composedly at the different parts of the establishment. As it was common enough for country people to step in, out of curiosity, to see printing, the entrance of the man excited so little attention that I continued setting without giving him a second look. By and by he approached where I was, and after looking attentively at me, began to ask me questions that left me in doubt whether they arose from ignorance or a wish to quiz me. I gave him very short answers, without even turning my head, hoping to thus get rid of him. It was useless. He kept interrupting and worrying me till I lost all patience, and stopping short, looked him full in the face. In spite of a beard almost patriarchal, and the bronzing from exposure, I retraced the features of my long-lost friend. Needing journeymen, I proposed to Tommy to remain with us, which he cheerfully consented to, as he was at low-water-mark in money. In some things I perceived a considerable change in him. He regularly took a night-cap, as he called it, that is, a stiff drink of grog before going to bed, not unfrequently stimulated in the day, and sometimes indulged in a week's frolicking. His disposition for games of hazard, particularly cards, had increased, and he had caught the mania of buying lottery tickets. In other respects he was the very man he used to be. His old propensity to falling in love, and of thinking all the girls were in love with him, was in no whit diminished. And that my readers may have some idea of this gallant, gay young Lothario, I will try to portray him. He was about five feet four

inches high, not badly put together, but of a leanness altogether wonderful, and a slight tendency to being knock-kneed; his face was pale, and somewhat marked with the smallpox; he had light blue eyes, with a very slight squint; a well-shaped nose, and a mouth not amiss, except a disposition to drop the underlip, which, with the obliquity of his vision, gave to his countenance rather a sinister expression. What he mainly prided himself on was his hair. It was abundant and curly, of a flaxen color, verging towards red. He always let it grow to a considerable length, combing it with great care, and madefacting it with pomatums and perfumed oils. Adown either cheek hung a corkscrew curl, that he cherished and nourished with especial affection.

On Sundays and holidays he delighted to exhibit himself in attire more remarkable, in my opinion, for the dandyism of the cut and colors than elegance of taste. Frock-coats he particularly affected, adorned with frogs and worked all over with braid, which he would button up to his chin to set off his form to advantage. "Yet though on pleasure he was bent, still frugal was his mind"; his showy wardrobe was usually of pelisse cloth, or some equally common stuff, in which the workmanship exceeded the material. Though foppish, something always seemed wanting. He would be without gloves, have a rusty hat, foxy boots, or a rumpled collar. Never was he so happy as when attired for conquest, and mounted on some goat of a horse that would kick, plunge, and curvet (for he was proud of his horsemanship), he could exhibit himself to the fair sex. He wrote *billets doux* and poetry to all the millinergirls and mantua-makers in the place to little purpose; though he was thoroughly satisfied with his success, and related to me some new victory every day.

Our time went on so much to our minds for a few months that we calculated on a long and pleasant sojourn in Columbia. Some untoward circumstances changed all our projects. One Sunday morning, four of us belonging to the *Telescope* office, and one from the office of the *State Gazette,* agreed to set out on a hunting expedition. It is with some shame that I mention the day, as, according to the prejudices and usages of the community, our conduct was anything but proper; still, whatever faults I may have committed, I think it better to leave

them fairly to the mercy and forbearance of the world, than to create any distrust of my narrative by a suppression of circumstances well known to many living witnesses. We had passed the back of the college without encountering any game, when some one proposed crossing a marsh at the foot of the hill, and pushing on for the old fields beyond. Singularity objected to the difficulty and almost impossibility of traversing a quagmire, where we could only get along by stepping, and often jumping, on tussocks, which afforded but a narrow and insecure footing. He also faintly intimated there might be snakes, which in fact I readily saw was his only fear. The majority, however, resolved to bulge through. Tommy yielded a most reluctant assent, on one of the young men's agreeing to take his gun over, as he declared he would not undertake it otherwise. He was somewhat under the influence of liquor, or I am sure he would never have consented. I wished to see how the others succeeded, and therefore waited the last, my friend only excepted. By cautious stepping and an occasional spring, the advance got on pretty well through the bog and bushes, and at length we ascertained from their shouts that they were fairly over. Tommy and myself proceeded more cautiously. I had nearly accomplished my journey over, when, making too short a leap, I sank up to my chest in a soft adhesive mud. A few struggles to disengage myself only plunged me a little deeper. Tommy, who was not far from me, burst into a most immoderate fit of laughter, and had I been within striking distance, I could willingly have knocked his teeth down his throat. I told him his merriment was ill timed, but that when he had helped me out, he might laugh his fill. Instead of aiding me, he hallooed as loud as he could to our companions to come and enjoy the sight. Probably they did not hear him, for no one came. Meanwhile I most earnestly entreated him to lay aside his jesting and assist me, as I was afraid of being smothered. It pleased him eventually to yield to my entreaties, and he was approaching me when he suddenly sprang up and shouted, or rather yelled out, "Snake bit, snake bit!" At the same time I beheld a sight that congealed my blood with horror. Not more than ten yards from me lay, coiled for action, a rattlesnake of the most enormous size. His glittering eyes were fixed on my

friend, his mouth, from which quivered a forked tongue, hissed in the most venomous manner, while his tail, raised aloft, sounded the horrid rattle with a din that stupefied me. I saw that should I be attacked I had no probability of escaping. "I am a dead man," said Tommy; "for he has bitten me twice on the legs, and the poison will work before I can get to a doctor. But," said he, excited by rage and rum, "I'll not die unrevenged." He thereupon, after looking round, tried to break a small dead sapling which seemed of a suitable size for a pole. With much labor he wrenched it off, and rushed onwards with all the impetuosity of desperate passion. In his trepidation he not only struck beyond where he intended, but hit the ground with such violence that the stick snapped in twain, and, yielding him no support, he pitched forwards at full length, and received, in the twinkling of an eye, another bite on the arm. The serpent never moved from his position, but after each attack again resumed his coil for battle. Doubly sure of death, Tommy now approached more carefully. With the fragment of stick which he retained in his hand, he aimed deliberately a most violent blow at the head of his enemy. The stick did not break this time, but his hand was brought near the ground, and the agile animal, shifting his position as quick as lightning, avoided the danger and struck Singularity on the wrist. Glowing with anger, and stirred up to desperation, he drew out his knife and cut a cudgel that appeared sufficiently long and strong to ensure his purpose. Approaching cautiously, he reconnoitered the locality exactly, and was aiming a stroke with a deadly certainty, when the ground on which his front foot was planted gave way, he sank into the bog, and fell so near the snake that he was bitten full on the cheek. Utterly astounded at this succession of mishaps, and exhausted by his exertions, Singularity desisted from the fight and withdrew some steps. He hallooed again for our companions, who instantly answered, as in fact they were returning in search of us.

The serpent, no longer seeing an enemy in front, turned round as if to retreat. This movement brought him within a few feet of where I stood immovable in the mud. I quickly put my gun almost touching him, and pulled trigger. No report followed. The priming had got wet. The horrible

reptile was no sooner aware of my presence than he was thrown into a coil. Again he hissed, his rattle sounded, and he was evidently in the very action of assailing me, when, rallying my strength and raising my gun above my head, I struck him so forcibly that he dropped his head, stunned and disabled. Again he collected his forces and tried to advance, but was stopped by a second blow. From the yielding nature of the bog, my strokes could not have their full effect, and I was becoming more and more exhausted, as much from the intensity of my feelings as the physical exertion. I earnestly implored Singularity to come to my rescue; but he refused positively to venture near the snake again, as he said he felt himself dying. The power of defending myself, and even hope, was lost, when one of my companions came up running, and put an end to my enemy with a load of buckshot. I was speedily extricated from my disagreeable thraldom and set on dry ground.

Before attending to me, Tommy had been laid under a shade-tree, and appeared to be in the last agony. We deliberated whether it would be better to construct an extemporaneous palanquin and bear him into town, or keep him quiet and send for a physician, when one of the young men, who had been examining the snake, cried out, "Halloo, Tom Singularity, get up and take a dram. Why, man, you are more scared than hurt. The snake has not a tooth in his head." And so the fact turned out. The animal from age had lost its fangs, and of course was perfectly harmless. As soon as certified of the truth, Tommy sprang on his feet, and after a swallow from the gin-flask of one of our friends, was himself again. Our joy was not of long duration; for the merciless rascals now commenced a round of jokes on my muddied clothes and Tommy's battle, not much to our comfort. The matter was quickly told in town, with embellishments certainly laughable enough to any but the sufferers.

AT FRASCATI'S AND SCHMALBAUCH'S

In spite of my entreaties, he shouldered his knapsack, and bade adieu to Norfolk. I would have gone with him, but he positively refused, and only begged me to lend him some money, which he promised to repay as soon as possible. I gave him all I had, that is, a ten-dollar bill and four dollars in silver. These things I mention with some particularity, as they are necessary to his history. He either refused to let me go with him, because in spite of our reconciliation, he doubted me, or feared that I might blab his numerous mishaps.

Perhaps two weeks after his departure, a couple of young merchants told me that they had sailed from Norfolk to Charleston with Tommy, in a small coasting schooner; that he had paid four dollars for his passage, because, as he said, he had no more; and that on his arrival they had gone with him to a lottery office, where he had, to their surprise, paid ten dollars for a ticket (my ten-dollar bill, by the by, for he had no other). They further stated that since that time they had not seen Singularity, but that it was reported he had drawn a large prize and gone to the north, New Orleans, or Europe.

Three years after, that is to say, in February, 1823, while I was engaged in the Georgia *Journal* at Milledgeville, I received a letter postmarked Augusta; and who should it be from but Singularity himself. He begged me to try and get him employment, and to send him a few dollars to help him, as he was totally out of funds. As we needed journeymen, I readily got him an engagement, and by the next mail sent him money enough to bring him on.

In his meager face and tattered appearance I saw no trace of European elegance. Yet he had traveled. Even in constructing air castles, the idea of visiting foreign parts had never floated across his brain. The report was true that he had gained a prize in the lottery of five thousand dollars, and the very evening he received his money, falling in with Messrs. Brown and Disney, the first and second mates of the *Boyne,* a Liverpool trader, he invited them to the Carolina coffee-house to take a bowl of punch. They finished the punch and several bottles of champagne, when Mr. Stewart informed them it was time to lock up. The two friends walked with

Tommy to his lodgings, where, finding him shut out from the lateness of the hour, they took him, half-unconscious of his situation, on board the vessel to pass the night. Towards morning he waked up with a feeling of intolerable nausea, and without any distinct remembrance of where he was. The wind springing up about daybreak, the captain had put to sea; and the two mates, aroused suddenly from their slumbers, had entirely forgotten their friend. For ten days Singularity was too sick to think much of his situation. When he began to feel more at ease, the officers comforted him by an assurance that his passage should cost him but a trifle, and that he could return with them. The good understanding did not last long. The captain, Mr. Hunt, was a very temperate man, and kept Tom under a regimen not at all to his mind. The two mates also fell out with him. In consequence of all this, Singularity cut them as soon as he arrived in Liverpool.

England took his fancy so much, that what he at first thought a misfortune he now viewed as providential. An American merchant exchanged his money at par, and he started off for London. "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," says the proverb. Singularity, elated with the state of his finances, struck out into the world like an inexperienced young heir who has just taken possession of a rich heritage. A fine hired equipage, servants in livery, and a free expenditure of money soon got him into fashionable, if not choice society. Perhaps he may have resorted to some little allowable *finesse* to give himself *éclat;* but this I cannot positively assert. Two different English agents in this country mentioned to me that they had seen in London a great Carolina rice-planter, of the name of Singularity, and once, in looking over one of my friend's books, a card dropped out, on which was engraved, "Colonel Singularity." Every one knows the respectability of this title in Europe; and if Tommy had assumed it, it would have been almost impossible for anybody to have gainsaid him, as under our militia system there is little difficulty in obtaining rank in the staff or line, and he had been so long connected with the army that the details of tactics and fortification were familiar to him. Finding that his money disappeared rapidly in Great Britain, he passed over to the

Continent, where, according to his own account, he visited nearly every hole and corner.

It was difficult to say, in many instances, whether he had seen the places he spoke of, or whether his knowledge was gained from books. I do not say he wilfully romanced; yet from the discrepancies of his stories, I know that his memory was rather treacherous in this respect, though its tenacity was otherwise remarkable. How often do all of us doubt whether a thing was read, dreamed, or really occurred; and thus I can easily conceive that one like Tom, who had read and traveled much, might confuse reminiscences so very similar. It is well known also how vividly the reality of mere mental elusions seems imprinted on the minds of persons laboring under *mania à potu*. Not that I would insinuate that my friend was ever entirely *non compos* from drinking—far from it—but the stimulation to which he often resorted might give a more vivid play to fancy, and paint the mere creations of the brain more durably on the memory. How far or how long he traveled matters but little to my purpose; suffice it to say, he certainly had traveled.

Cut off from his usual companions and avocations, and thrown into a different sphere of action, he had adapted himself to the society in which he moved; nor was this very difficult for him. His manners were always specious to strangers. He possessed much confidence, and a skill in imitation that would have suited the stage. Changing from place to place, he could not fall under very exact scrutiny. It is not then wonderful that he got on a good footing with much genteel company, especially when aided by a full purse.

With his curious, restless disposition, he had picked up much knowledge from seeing, hearing, and reading. Few could converse more fluently of the drama, architecture, the sculpture of Canova, or Thorvaldsen, the schools of painting, the engraving of Morghens or Sharpe, and the music of Gretry, Beethoven, Cimarosa, or Rossini. Many things he had studied attentively, though the universality of his pretensions was questionable. He had acquired a better taste in the toilet and his apparel sat about him more debonairly.

The last place at which he remained any time was Paris. Thus far he had had the discretion to avoid play; that is, he had

avoided it except in society, where he had been moderately successful. One night he ventured into the celebrated gaming-house of Frascati, out of mere idleness. Curiosity prompted him to throw down a few napoleons, and in the course of half an hour he had picked up a hundred. Even then, mistrusting his luck, he went away, determined not to put himself a second time in the way of temptation; yet he returned the next evening, and won a more considerable sum. His fate was now fixed. Scarcely could he tear himself from the fascinating spot for a single night, and the constant run of good luck still lured him on. As the playing is perfectly fair, except certain known advantages in favor of the table, a long succession of prosperous fortune is not unfrequent. He had at one time amassed a sum so large that he thought of returning home and buying a cotton plantation. A few thousands were still wanting to do things properly; but he doubted not that he could very easily win them, conceiving that he had acquired a perfect insight into the game. With this idea he hied once more to Frascati's, intending in future to forswear all such ventures. After alternately winning and losing, he began to fall behindhand. He now resorted to what is usually called the English game—that is, doubling your bet every time you lose, on the supposition that it is impossible to lose every time for a number of successive games. A single evening swept off half his gains. In spite of this warning, he dared his fate again. He laid down a considerable sum and lost; he doubled once, twice, thrice—fortune was still adverse; he still went on, ten, eleven, twelve times—he was penniless. I cannot pretend to give the number of times with absolute certainty; that he won largely, and lost speedily, I know from more than one. In his happier days he had made a number of English and American acquaintances, who, having always seen him full-handed, took him for at least a Carolina rice-planter, or Louisiana sugar-maker. From these he borrowed until his repeated applications, together with rumors of his devotion to play, cut off all further hopes in that quarter. He had still in possession a quantity of rings, chains, breastpins, snuff-boxes, and other nick-nacks, which he sold for half their original cost. The additional sums thus raised disappeared immediately at the all-devouring *rouge et noir* table of Frascati. Tommy was now on his last

legs. He pawned his rich and rare wardrobe to the Mont de Piété—lost the money, and could not redeem. Nothing remained but his watch—one of Berthoud's best. This, which cost him three hundred dollars a week before, he was forced to sacrifice for one hundred and fifty. Even then he doubted whether he should not try his fortune once more; but his run of reverses had taught him a little momentary prudence. Having borrowed from all that would lend, that resource was exhausted. He was much in arrears for his lodgings, and to the tradespeople in the Palais Royal, and he foresaw that he was in danger of being left a beggar, where he had none to assist him or any way of assisting himself.

Singularity resolved to return to his own country. She had received him into the world naked, and he therefore trusted she would not reject him should he appear again in that situation.

Not to excite any troublesome inquiries, he pretended a visit to Versailles for three or four days, of which the people of the hotel doubted not, as he often made short excursions, and as he had left everything but a portmanteau. I have before mentioned that his clothes were in pawn, so that in truth he only left empty trunks. He did in fact go to Versailles; but without stopping took the diligence, and pushed on for Havre, whence he embarked for Charleston. The passage-money was a hundred and fifty dollars, of which he could only pay a hundred down, but promised faithfully to make up the remainder the moment he landed; a promise which he did not perform, for the very sufficient reason that he could not. He returned to his old lodgings, inquired for his knapsack—after much search it was, to his great joy, discovered in the garret. Having transferred his slender wardrobe from his portmanteau into his old traveling companion, he set out for the interior without giving himself a second thought about the captain.

When he joined me at Milledgeville he had not a cent in his pocket, nor a second garment to his back. I am almost, for the credit of my country, ashamed to mention his extreme indigence. While many a thing that boasted the mere shape of a man, with neither the soul nor culture that raises him in the scale of creation above the beast that wants discourse of reason, rolled by in his chariot attired in all the taste and elegance that

the foreign tailor could combine, the talented but poor Singularity, draped in tatters, footed his way over the scorching sands of Georgia, unknown, unnoticed.

I may literally say footed; for so torn were his shoes, that his feet were really on the ground. Often have I seen a prodigious fuss made about sending a big man's son to Europe, and every one after his return would talk in raptures of the vast improvement of the young man—no, I beg pardon, of the young gentleman; God save the mark! Tommy had no aristocracy, no wealth to plead for him, and the appeals of talent are too feeble to be heard when every fool can drown them with the chink of dollars.

No one hailed his return. No one spoke of the polish his manners had received, nor the vast funds of knowledge he had picked up. Luckily, his "limber and lightsome spirit bounded up against affliction with the elasticity of a well bent bow." The rude rebuffs he had met with from a merciless world had excited, not depressed him, and he hurled back indignantly the scorn the community had cast on him. Many a time, with a true Byronic elevation of character, has he repeated to me thus:

> Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
> Nor the war of the many with one;
> If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
> 'Twas folly not sooner to shun.

Somehow he had got a notion that he resembled Byron in appearance as well as genius, and, I think, seriously meditated at one time laming a foot to complete the resemblance. Even had he been married, I feel convinced that he would have left his wife, merely to render the portrait more striking. I have remarked the same notion in a number of vain, ill-tempered young men, who have very well succeeded in imitating the moodiness of the great bard, and only failed in the intellectual exhibitions.

Many would suppose that after the splendor and luxury Singularity had enjoyed in Europe, he would return with regret to his former humble station. Exactly the contrary. If ever he expressed any longing after his bygone glory, it was the idle wish of a moment. He was like the actor who struts his hour on the stage as sceptered monarch, and who rejoices

when he can escape from the empty pageant to the substantial and homely comforts of a beefsteak or oyster house. He had got into great society, and a kind of pride kept him there; but he told me that often he willingly could have quitted the artificial life of gilded saloons, and slipped amid the hearty mirth and unrestrained manners of a smoky kitchen. His heart sighed after the gin-shops and beer-cellars. In short, "Richard was himself again," with little change. He had assumed rather more of the philosopher. He now rejoiced that he had been so brought up in early life that no fixed principles were instilled into him. "For what," said he, "are they but prejudices that reason has afterwards to correct or modify. Virtue is only what people choose to call so! The thief who pilfers the stranger receives the lash, while the wily gambler who filches his unsuspecting friends is received in every circle. Midnight murder is stigmatized as a crime, yet the duelist with unerring skill takes the life of his unpractised opponent in the face of day, and is greeted as a man of chivalrous honor. Nay, stealing, murder, and prostitution have received the sanction of entire nations!"

His reason for drinking was rather singular, viz., that he loved it. It was like a natural taste for music. He thought that as the Creator wills the happiness of His creatures, all inclinations are implanted to be gratified, and not to use them would look like spurning the blessings placed before us.

Since Singularity's trip to Europe, his estimation of his personal appearance and fascination over the fair sex had wonderfully increased, though it was not small before. Nor would this be astonishing, if he had made half the conquests he boasted of. Some of his most brilliant achievements among the fair sex had happened while his pockets were well lined with gold, which undoubtedly has some influence with the needy female adventurers abounding in all the large cities of Europe.

That his purse had bled freely, my friend sometimes let escape in moments of unguarded conversation; but nothing vexed him more than the base insinuation, that the lovely creatures for whom he had sighed had prized his paltry pelf. Be this as it may, it shows the high estimation in which he held nature's noblest work.

It was not in his nature to be long without some love adventure on hand, nor did ill success in one affair ever discourage him, as his mind was immediately engaged in another. He had made acquaintance with a Dutch farmer of the name of Geiermann Schmalbauch, a man of very sufficient property. The farmer had been lately made major in the militia, and finding out that Tommy had a knowledge of tactics, applied to him for instruction.

"Come and spend next Sunday with me, Mr. Singularity," said he, "and I'll treat you to such watermelons as you never saw in all your travels." Tom consented willingly, expecting, reasonably enough, a good dinner for his visit. When he arrived, he not only found good cheer, but two good-looking daughters, full of life and humor. They treated him with so much kindness that he flattered himself he had made a double conquest, and therefore tried to merit a second invitation. Accordingly he drilled his pupil through the manual exercise, till he could shoulder, present, ground, etc., with great satisfaction to himself. In spite of explanation, the old gentleman's head was in an utter whirl with wheeling, deploying, and echelons; for Tommy had mystified as much as possible.

"Ah! Mr. Singularity," sighed he, in despair, "I can work the exercise famously; but I am afraid them there other matters are too hard for a man at my time of life."

"By no means, Major. You have a prodigious military turn, and if I had a little more time to draw out some diagrams on paper, I could make it all as clear as daylight."

"My dear friend, how kind you are! It's but a short ride. Could you not spend a night occasionally at my house, and *insense* me about it?"

Though his heart bounded for joy, Singularity only consented after much persuasion, and starting many difficulties. No week now passed without two or three visits, as he could go in the evening and return early in the morning, without losing time from his work. But the great difficulty with Tommy was to make a choice. Both girls were pretty and might expect equal fortunes, and both he was sure were smitten with him. In every respect the house was a pleasant one to visit. As the girls were belles they had much company, and kept up a constant round of good cheer and gaiety.

One Sunday morning, about the last of July, Tom set out for the Major's with a parcel of drawings, to illustrate the maneuvers for reviewing a battalion, done with great clearness and beauty. He had also agreed to squire on horseback the young ladies to a camp-meeting. As the day was exceedingly warm and dusty, he was afraid of discomposing and rumpling his shirt-collar and bosom on the way: he therefore put the needful articles for a change in his valise. When within half a mile of the house, he rode aside into a thick wood for the purpose of *adonizing,* as he had often done on the same spot. The ground was muddy, from a shower that had lately fallen, and he thought it would be the better plan to make the adjustments of his toilet without leaving the saddle. His horse, though young and spirited, was docile, and usually stood with great composure during the operation.

Singularity had denuded himself—stowed away the soiled vestments in the valise—a garment of snowy hue, plaited in front most symmetrically, and ironed till it resembled polished ivory, was raised aloft on his arms, and had just enveloped his head, when a colony of yellow-jackets, or small wasps, whose domains had been invaded by his horse's hoofs, assailed the animal *en masse.* Alarmed at the fierce assault, his courser bounded off like lightning, kicking and plunging in vain to disembarrass himself. Tommy could manage any horse without difficulty; but taken by surprise, with his head effectually muffled, all he could do was to seize the mane with both hands. Away went the steed, peppered by myriads of the irritated insects—away he went, with a speed that would have distanced Gilpin, young Lochinvar, or Burger's Bridegroom. From the steed the yellow-jackets extended their attacks to the rider, who now, with fright, surprise, and bodily agony, clung on instinctively with convulsive energy, almost unconscious of anything. The road was crowded with people, thronging to the camp-meeting—ladies and gentlemen, young and old, black and white, tag, rag, and bobtail, in chaises, carriages, and wagons, on horseback, muleback, and footback. Everything cleared the road for the flying horseman, and stood gazing with wonder at the unseemly sight. Accustomed to stop at Schmalbauch's house, the horse dashed through the gate that was standing open, and halted suddenly before the door. The mo-

ment he felt a pause, Tom rid his head of the encumbrance, just in time to see the young ladies escaping from a window. The Major, who was smoking his pipe in the piazza, inquired of Tom, in astonishment, the meaning of his extraordinary and indecent appearance at midday, before a gentleman's house. When Tommy had explained the nature of his misfortune, which threw the old man into a convulsed fit of laughter, he took my friend into the house, where his inconvenient head-dress was restored to its proper location. But what between pain and shame, his gallantry had received a damper for the day. He sent an excuse to the girls and wended his way back. To me he gave some indifferent reason, I remember not what, for returning, but never breathed a word of his mishap. Next day, however, I got fifty versions of it, as the people he had passed on the road learned at Geiermann Schmalbauch's who the equestrian was.

THEODORE O'HARA

[1820—1867]

ROBERT BURNS WILSON

THEODORE O'HARA, soldier, poet, and journalist, was born in Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820. He was the son of Kane O'Hara, an Irish gentleman who, having left his own land on account of political oppression, became distinguished in Kentucky as an educator of great learning and ability. The family finally settled in the vicinity of Frankfort, Kentucky. After being prepared under the teaching of his father, Theodore was sent to St. Joseph's College at Bardstown, Kentucky, where he was graduated with high honors. After this he practiced law for a time, but in 1845 he held a position in the Treasury Department at Washington, and the next year was appointed captain in the United States Army.

He served through the Mexican War and was breveted major on the field for gallantry and meritorious conduct. After this war he practiced law in Washington for a time, but when Lopez attempted the liberation of Cuba, O'Hara joined the expedition and led a regiment at Cardenas, in which battle he was severely wounded. Subsequently he was concerned in Walker's adventurous expedition to Central America. He afterward conducted several newspapers in the South with great ability and brilliancy, among them the *Mobile Register*.

At the beginning of the Civil War he joined the service at once, and was put in command of the fort at the entrance of Mobile Bay, which he bravely defended until ordered to retire. After this he served on Albert Sidney Johnston's staff, and was beside that officer when he fell at Shiloh. Later he was chief-of-staff to General John C. Breckinridge, and was in the famous charge at Stone River. He served as chief-of-staff until the end of the war. After the war he engaged in some commercial transactions in Columbus, Georgia, but finally retired to a plantation on the Alabama side of the Chattahooche River, where he died of fever June 7, 1867. In 1873 the Legislature of Kentucky provided for the bringing back of his body to his native State, and in 1874 he was buried with military honors in the State Cemetery at Frankfort.

Fond of adventure, full of restless energy, and of a daring disposition, O'Hara was essentially the soldier of fortune, possessed of the impulsive spirit which induces one to stake all on the hazard of

a die rather than to attain by painful and persistent effort. But, rich as he seems to have been in the great and many gifts of mind and heart which distinguished him, I cannot see that O'Hara was ambitious—unless for military distinction. It may be that the Muses did haunt his every step, weaving about each scene the witchery of idealism and romance so enchanting to the poetic mind; but they certainly did not compel him to put into living verse the varied and picturesque experiences through which he must have passed. He wrote but little. What dreams and fancies he may have failed to transcribe one can only conjecture, and these conjectures must be entertained in silence. The age is impatient of mysteries, and listens with incredulous ear to speculations about unknown possibilities, or to intuitive guesses which it does not understand. The world is a stickler for the tangibility of actual performance. It is, therefore, with actual performance that one must deal here.

O'Hara wrote only two poems which have been preserved to history—one entitled "The Bivouac of the Dead," the other "A Dirge for the Brave Old Pioneer." These are identical in constructive style, and both are elegiac and commemorative. He seems to have written only when special demand was made upon him, and then only in this one vein. It is upon this first mentioned poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," that O'Hara's claim for immortality must rest. It was written to commemorate the death of his comrades who fell in Mexico, and was read by him upon the occasion of their burial in the plot of ground set apart by the State for their reception in the cemetery at Frankfort. O'Hara now sleeps within the same ground, and may be said to have sung his own memorial, standing upon his unmade grave. The opening stanza of this poem, especially the second quatrain of it, remains unsurpassed in its own field:

> The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
> The soldier's last tattoo;
> No more on life's parade shall meet
> The brave and fallen few.
> On Fame's eternal camping-ground
> Their silent tents are spread,
> But Glory guards, with solemn round,
> The bivouac of the dead.

In my opinion, no amount of tinkering could improve these last four lines. They have been found fault with by some, who contend that there is no truth in the similes presented; that soldiers do not pitch their tents when they bivouac for the night; but as the first couplet plainly points the mind to an ideal and eternal camping-ground,

the image of the "silent tents" follows naturally, while the second couplet refers to the sleeping bodies when they bivouac for the night of death, only until the réveille shall sound. The technical correctness of these similes is beyond question; and, as to their higher poetic sense, their ideal beauty must be apparent to every appreciative mind. To one who cannot perceive this, arguments on the subject can mean nothing.

Some incidents of interest naturally attach themselves to the history of this poem. There is a peculiar completeness to the circle of events pertaining to it. O'Hara—himself a soldier—commemorates in it the death of his companions in battle, and reads it at their burial. After long years, when he had served through another war, he is himself gathered to rest beside them, and his poem, which consecrated the spot, has become a fitting and enduring monument for himself. It is not of equal merit throughout, but there are many lines only less stirring and impressive than those already given.

> The neighing troop, the flashing blade
> The bugle's stirring blast,
> The charge, the dreadful cannonade. . . .

These lines suggest the onward, resistless rush of a mountain torrent; the images which appear before the mind are quickly replaced. The picture is fleeting but vivid, and the touch is broad and masterful. Note how the emphasis is thrown upon the word "charge"; one can hear the command ringing along the expectant lines, and can well imagine how the thrill of battle must have shot through hearts within

> Those breasts that never more may feel
> The rapture of the fight.

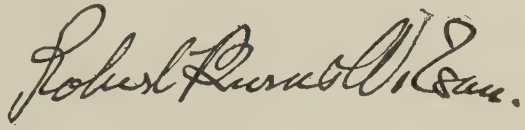
The other poem contains nothing approaching the verses I have quoted.

The place of O'Hara's burial is worth describing. I will, however, attempt but a glimpse of it here. At the moment in which I write, the slanting sunlight of a waning November day comes across the marble-dotted slopes and mounds, which are as green as an April hill, and the soft south wind makes a low moaning in the needled branches of the pines, whose dark clusters are here and there relieved by the pale dead-gold of the changing cypress, the deeper color of the shimmering beech, and at rarer intervals by leafless dogwood trees all aglow with scarlet berries. Out under the darkening masses, through the half-open barrier of tree trunks, one may catch glimpses of the far-off hills, above which burns the golden glory of the sinking sun. At times comes the faint tinkling of distant

bells from the cattle returning to the valley, in which sleeps the unseen city. Far up above the fine tracing of the naked elms, gold-tipped clouds of delicate purple drift through the gray-green of the sky. Close by—beside the tomb of O'Hara, with its sculptured sword and scabbard and encircling wreath of oak and laurel—bends a rose-bush, whose late blooms touch listlessly with their pale lips the cold and unresponsive marble. At a little distance rises the great memorial shaft surmounted by marble cannons and flags, and above these by the winged figure of Victory; and here, among the graves of those who once listened to their angry roar, stand the blackened and silent guns that belched forth death and flame at Buena Vista and Chapultepec—grim guardians now of the quiet warriors who have met the last enemy. A soft radiance suffuses the scene, and the last rays of the sun just touch the wings of Victory where she seems to sway against the clouds. It is here that the full import and beauty of O'Hara's lines may be felt; for, as the hush of evening deepens, one can fancy he hears the slow and measured tread as the majestic figure of Glory keeps on her ceaseless round by this bivouac of the dead, and afar on the eternal camping-ground of Fame the imagination pictures the "silent tents" in which the departed souls rest forever upon the peaceful fields of the hereafter.

O'Hara is lovingly remembered by thousands who knew him personally. He was genial and generous in disposition, and, possessing a mind well stored both from books and with the experiences of an adventurous life, he is said to have been exceedingly happy and brilliant in conversation, having a clear sense of humor, a nimble wit, and a quick tongue at repartee. He was the life and soul of many camp-fire circles in the wars, and the many varied incidents of his life—which cannot be given here, for lack of space—all show him to have been utterly fearless. His impulsive and daring nature made him thirst continually for the excitements of danger, and gave him relish for the chances of the fight. Sensitive and refined himself, his manner toward others, while characterized by an inherent, self-respecting pride, was sufficiently unreserved and hearty, and without the tinge of any belittling vanity or shadow of ostentation. He was something above the medium in stature, slender, graceful, and well proportioned in figure, very erect and military in his bearing, and quick, wiry, and decisive in his movements. His hair was jet black, and his eyes so nearly so that there was but a shade of difference. They were full of alert intelligence, indicating in every glance the vital force and restlessness of his nature. His nose was straight and his mouth was somewhat small; the lips, seeming always close pressed together or slightly "pursed," were almost feminine in their

clearness and delicacy of outline, but showed great firmness and determination as well as refinement. His head was nicely poised and well set on his shoulders, and his hands and feet were very small and well cared for. He died seemingly unconscious of his highest gifts, his greatest fault being his neglecting to follow steadily some definite aim—if that be a fault. Since then the hand of Time, grappling for hidden treasure amidst the ruins of lost and buried incident and circumstance, has saved from the wreck of his life a few lines only, written when he was thinking more of others than of himself, but lines of such transcendent merit that they have fixed the name of Theodore O'Hara in history.



THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
But Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.

And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was "Victory or Death."

Long has the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his belovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their father's gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain—
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above the mouldering slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

THE OLD PIONEER

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and flood;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal;
The dews of many a vanish'd year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin-door;
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain's crest.
Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race,
He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquer'd strand;
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle-ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.
Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
His pilgrimage is done;
He hunts no more the grizzly bear
About the setting sun.
Weary at last of chase and life,
He laid him here to rest,
Nor recks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further west.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame.*

*The last stanza of this ode was written before Daniel Boone's monument had been erected.

CLARENCE OUSLEY

[1863—]

W. M. HARRIS

CLARENCE OUSLEY was born in 1863, in Lowndes County, Georgia. He was educated at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama at Auburn, "loveliest village of the plain," taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts, the institution being at that time a literary school in fact if not in name.

He had expected to devote himself to the law, but not being favorably impressed with the apprenticeship to patience and poverty through which his young lawyer friends were passing, he went to Texas, where things are not so long in coming to pass, and where neither one's youth nor the fact that he is a stranger stand in the way of his promotion. He soon learned to love Texas—all of it, from the blue tide of the Gulf to the tideless blue of the Panhandle —and has made it his lifetime home.

Having arrived in his adopted State, the work readiest to hand was not law but school-teaching, and at it he went. But the "divinity that shapes our ends" directed his steps to the field of journalism, and he became editor of *Farm and Ranch,* in which capacity he served for two years, at the end of which time he was made managing editor of the *Galveston News.* In 1893 he became manager of the *Galveston Tribune,* an afternoon paper. His successful conduct of this enterprise continued until 1900, when the Galveston storm destroyed almost everything he possessed. His cozy home was in the area of total destruction, and when he came with his family out from its ruins he had to begin life anew.

Having disposed of his interest in the *Tribune,* he was promptly offered, and accepted, the lucrative and important position of managing editor of the *Houston Post,* one of the great dailies of the West.

Ousley's ambitions and independent spirit could not be satisfied with a subordinate position, however prominent; and with that rare courage which, like that of the Puritans, trusts in God and itself and takes the initiative, he proceeded to the great task of founding a morning daily. The result of this effort was the *Fort Worth Record,* which at once took its place in the front rank of Texas dailies, a position which it continues to hold with increasing confidence and success.

While Ousley has thus been a successful business man, he is at heart a literary man. His editorials have a literary quality far above the demands of journalism. Every cultured reader is struck with the purity, propriety, and precision of his language. And yet his editorials are not academic. His clear thought and terse style always carry a message on the practical things of the world in this our day.

But we have not reached this man's heart of hearts when we have found in him the business man and the journalist. We see the real Ousley when the world has retired, the fire in the grate burns low, "the pipe purrs lovingly down in the bowl," and he gives himself to poetry and to us:

"It isn't so bad—this bachelor life—
With a pipe and a book and a fire,
You don't feel the need of a doll of a wife
To talk to, caress and admire.

My friends of the novel don't mind if I yawn
And turn me to memory's throng,
While the pipe purrs lovingly down in the bowl
And the back log is singing a song.

Here are photos and trinkets and trifles galore—
Each prized for a day or an hour
Like sea-weeds and shells from the ebb of the tide,
Or the scent of a tropical flower.

There's Mary, who's married; there's Bess, the old maid;
There's Laura who's gone on the stage,
There's—ah, how the past we imagined was sealed—
Is agape at the tearfullest page.

There's a song that the lips will not form into sound
Though the heart be atune with the air;
The quick will not look on the face of the dead,
Though it clings to the corpse in despair.

There's a presence that deepens the loneliness here,
Like the hush of the uttermost skies—
* * * * * *
The back log's in ashes, the fire has gone out,
And the smoke of the pipe's in my eyes."

But when in the golden hours of the day he looks on the "deep and dark blue ocean," and up into the pale blue peace of "the utter-

most skies," he finds an inspiration as compelling as in that witching hour when "the back log is singing a song":

"The peace of the sky lies light on the sea
With a wind that is as soft as a song,
And the spray of the ocean perfuming the air,
As the proud ship races along.

And the eye of a painter or poet ne'er saw
A vision of sweeter content
Than the blue of the sky and the gray of the wind,
In the hues of the green wave blent.

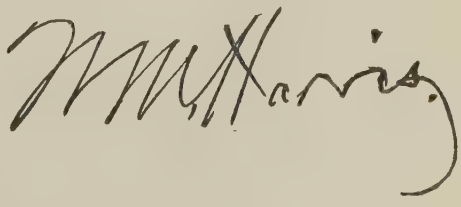
But down in the heart of the fathomless deep,
The grim old mariner knows
There's a moan that the breakers will sound on the shore;
For the sea, though it smiles, hath its woes."

If I must use adjectives, if I must describe Ousley's poetry, I will say that it is intellectual, ethical, spiritual, pathetic. One of his poems, "When Love Saw Duty Clearly," may be designated as embodying all these characteristics. There is in it one single, definite, dominant thought; it has a lofty moral tone; its spiritual beauty is decided and serene; and certainly no one who has known the struggle between love and duty can read it without tears.

It is well-nigh impossible to quote fragments of Ousley's poems, for the reason that they are not made up of jewels of different kinds hung at random on a string; every poem has a single dominant thought running through it and binding it into unity. This is the characteristic to which I allude when I say that he is an intellectual poet: he thinks and he gives us a thought.

Matthew Arnold says, in his introduction to Ward's 'English Poets,' that "the characters of a high quality of poetry . . . . are in the matter and substance of the poetry . . . . and in its manner and style." He adds that "the substance and quality of the best poetry acquire their special character from possessing in an eminent degree, truth and seriousness."

These canons of the great critic accepted, and applied to Ousley's poetry, clearly establish the latter's claim to a place in the anthology of the South.



WHEN LOVE SAW DUTY CLEARLY

Two narrow ways, by merging lines,
  Approached the land of Beauty.
To one, all bowered, Love pursued;
  The other, open, Duty.

And Love was laughing, tripping on,
  With maiden thoughts beguiling
The tedious miles to Beauty land
  Where Sweetheart Hope was smiling—

While Duty walked with measured tread,
  By long, unhalting paces,
As one who looks nor right nor left,
  But forward ever faces.

At length a sound arrested Love,
  And, through the tangle peering,
She spied the form of Duty there,
  The fateful juncture nearing.

In fear she halted, crouching low
  Beside the fragrant brambles,
As Duty paused to view the land
  Of restful, shady rambles.

Then Love sped on; but Duty, too,
  As if by instinct, started.
Love thought to stop; the thought at once
  To Duty was imparted.

For, through the tangle, tearful Love
  Saw Duty only dimly—
A fierce, relentless, monstrous thing,
  Blear-eyed and leering grimly.

At last in anger Love rushed on,
  Resolved on sheer defiance.
If that should fail, there still was choice
  Of death before compliance.

She neared the fateful meeting place,
And stood a moment trembling,
Then nerved herself to face her foe,
Her passion ill-dissembling.

But, lo! his look, though firm, was mild,
And even kindly seeming.
About his lofty, handsome head
The light of peace was streaming.

Then Love, discerning, true to self,
Stretched out her hand to Duty,
And, leaning on his arm, went forth
Into the land of Beauty.

THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN

They say it is foolish—perhaps it is queer—
But it's certain as knowing at all:
There's a fine young horseman in buckles and kilts
Goes galloping down in the hall.
I hear him at night, though the noise is less
Than the sound of a scampering mouse;
It is rather the patter of velveted feet
In a solemn old tenantless house.
He is dressed like the boy in the picture up there,
Who was buried in buckles and kilts,
And he varies his pleasure by stalking at times
On dangerous, shadowy stilts;
But mostly he mounts to his good stick horse
With a bit of a string for a rein,
And gallops and canters in cavalier
And canters and gallops again.

I open the door and creep to the stairs,
Sometimes when they think I'm asleep,
And I see him as plain as the picture up there—
Do you wonder I never should weep?
Why I should be grieving when night after night,
As certain as knowing at all,
My fine young horseman in buckles and kilts
Goes galloping down in the hall?

MY GRANDFATHER'S FIG STEM PIPE

An old-fashioned man in a straight back chair
As high as the crown of his thick, white hair—
A tall old man with a Puritan face,
A fine old man with a Cavalier's grace—
Awaiting the harvest of years grown ripe,
Sits peacefully smoking his fig stem pipe.

Anon as his memory traces the years
To the struggles of youth with its fanciful fears,
He smiles at the children who bower the way
From the snow-capped Now to the green Yesterday,
And smiling forgets that the years grow ripe,
And the fire is out in his fig stem pipe.

A woman beside him with gray-streaked hair,
The daughter of her who was wont to sit there,
Has twisted a taper and proffers a flame
As the old man rouses and whispers the name
Of one who was garnered in years grown ripe,
And sends up a prayer with the smoke of his pipe.

A patient old man with an old-fashioned air
Sits calmly awaiting the answer to prayer—
A sweet old man with a beautiful face
Aglow with a faith as enduring as grace—
And the Father is sweetening the years grown ripe,
As smoking is sweetening the fig stem pipe.

WHEN THE MINT IS IN THE LIQUOR

When the mint is in the liquor and its fragrance on the glass
It breathes a recollection that can never, never pass—
When the South was in the glory of a never-ending June,
The strings were on the banjo and the fiddle was in tune,
And we reveled in the plenty that we thought could never pass
And lingered at the julep in the ever-brimming glass.

There was mettle in the morning and adventure in the chase
And Beauty sat the saddle with the poetry of grace;
And the singing of the darkies in the cotton and the corn
Was chorused with the echo of the old familiar horn.
There was splendor in the glamour of the canopy at noon,
And sweetness in the languor of the lazy afternoon,
And the breezes of the evening were the breathings of romance
That quickened into whispers in the rapture of the dance,
While the banjo in the cabin and the fiddle in the hall
With music filled the measure of the night's ecstatic thrall.

O, the beauty of the Southland in the splendor of its prime,
The fragrance and the plenty of a radiant summer time,
When we reveled in the glory that we thought could never pass,
And lingered at the julep in the ever-brimming glass.

A SONG OF THE SIMPLER THINGS

O! sing me a song of the simpler things—
  Of the lives that love and laugh,
I'm tired of War and the song of sweat
  That tells but the Bitter Half.
The earth is strong and the world is well—
  'Tis the singer that's all awry.
The sun is up and will never go down
  'Till the stars are in the sky.

O! sing me a song of the manly man
  Who knows his burden's his own,
The man who laughs in the rain or shine
  While he swings his hoe alone.

It isn't the thing that's done to us
  That burns like a red-hot brand—
It's the thing we do or leave undone
  Because we don't understand.

O! sing me a song of fruits and flowers—
  The tints of the peach and rose,
Of the blush that grows on the virgin cheek,
  Of the fairest thing that grows.
I'm tired of Wars and Alarum Bells
  And the Light That Flames the Sky,
O! sing me a song of the Simpler Things
  That live and love and die.

DIMPLES AND WRINKLES

The deepest of dimples to wrinkles have run
Since Mary was twenty and I twenty-one;
But dimpled or wrinkled, my sweetheart's the same,
From the sunburst of life to its last little flame.

The cheeks that were roses are shrunken and pale,
But their velvety purity never will fail;
And lips that were flushed with the red blood of youth
Are warm with a love as undying as truth.

The blue of her eyes is fading to gray
And the gold of her hair is silver to-day;
But the soul is the same that was orbed in the blue,
And silvern is golden when love lights the view.

And dimpled or wrinkled, a blush will confess
The happiness born of a lover's caress.
For the heart of a woman is tender as true
And the passion it cherishes ever is new.

With Mary at twenty and me twenty-one,
Than dimples naught sweeter was under the sun;
With Mary at sixty and me sixty-one,
Why, dimples were made so that wrinkles might run.

THE SEA HATH ITS WOES

The peace of the sky lies light on the sea
With a wind that is soft as a song,
And the spray of the ocean perfuming the air,
As the proud ship races along.
And the eye of a painter or a poet ne'er saw
A vision of sweeter content
Than the blue of the sky and the gray of the wind,
In the hues of the green wave blent.
But down in the heart of the fathomless deep,
The grim old mariner knows,
There's a moan that the breakers will sound on the shore;
For the sea, though it smiles, has its woes.

The song of the surf as it romps on the beach
Is a joy to the children at play,
For it splashes and dashes and dimples the sand
In a daring and frolicsome way.
And the maiden who watches the sail dip low
On the rim of the sky-kissed sea,
Hears a message of love on the gossiping waves
And the chimes of a wedding to be.
But the crone at her side hears a sad undertone,
For in sorrow her old heart knows
There's a moan in the sound that the surf brings home;
For the sea, though it laughs, hath its woes.

As the sun rides high or the moon swings low,
And the wind sweeps the harp of the sea,
The children will play or the maiden will sing
And the waves lap low in the lea.
But the grim old mariner out on the main
Sees down in the fathomless deep,
And the gray old crone hears the moan in the surf
And the twain and the sad sea weep.

* * * * * *

The peace of the sky lies over it all;
The wind unerringly blows;
The sailors come home and the crone is consoled,
But forever the sea hath its woes.

RUBÁIYÁT OF FAITH

After reading Omar

Where the far east ribbons the new flung day,
  Where the warm west flecks it with gold,
Where the cold north hides in the adamant ice
  And the south in the weird gray wold,
At the corners of earth, in the uttermost parts,
  In the sky and the innermost core,
The psychic may search till his soul wear out
  And seeking but question the more.
But ever the world swings under the law,
And ever the spirit looks upward in awe.

No traveler hence turns hither again,
  Nor the lighting can sunder the veil;
Not a sound comes out of the silence of night—
  On the sea not a sign of a sail—
But deep in the heart of the savage and saint
  The same sweet hope is stirred;
In the listening ear of the spirit sense
  A still small voice is heard.
For never a being went under the sod
But reckoned on seeing the face of his God.

"To-morrow we die," is the coward's excuse
  For the wanton abuse of to-day.
The cup that was given to wassail and wine
  Will never be finer than clay.
The Potter who fashioned the vessels at will
  Can gather the pieces at last,
Transforming the evil, transfixing the good,
  From the wreck of a profligate past.
And ever the mortal is liker the mold,
Forever the crucible betters the gold.

GOO-GOO LAND

Oh! Goo-Goo Land is a long way off,
  On the other side of the moon,
Where the sun is bright and the shade is soft
  And the fields are green as June.

And Goo-Goo folks are the queerest sort
  That ever were seen in dreams;
They cannot walk and they cannot talk,
  And they dress in pink sunbeams.

They roll in the grass and they kick their heels,
  And frolic and laugh alway,
For it never is night in Goo-Goo Land
  But one long holiday.

And no man knows the way up there—
  Not even the man in the moon,
Nor the star that shines in the farthest sky,
  Nor the sun at highest noon.

But now and then a Goo-Goo falls
  From the unknown land above,
And, swift as a meteor, drops unharmed,
  In the waiting arms of love.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

[1853—]

CHARLES W. KENT

THOMAS NELSON PAGE was born in Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853. Both the time and the place of his birth made signal contributions to his preparation for authorship by giving tone and color to his best productions. The county was one of those old East Virginian counties that had developed a settled and sedate civilization, with class distinctions marked but not galling, and class responsibilities less onerous because clearly recognized and cheerfully accepted. Important names, such as those of Henry and Clay, were connected with his county, and in contrast with these renowned products of the yeoman class were the Nelsons and the Pages, for example, that contributed their aristocratic blood to the make-up of their distinguished representative.

Page was born between the date of the Clay Compromise, which delayed a civil struggle, and the outbreak of hostilities that could not be avoided. Premonitions of impending war, with alternating hopes dashed with bravado and fears tinged with regret, were in the air. Feverish anxiety quickened the sensibilities and gave *verve* and vividness to the imagination. Not even the playtime of children was free from the new excitement. The stirring events of war fell between the lad's seventh and twelfth years, perhaps the most impressionable of all life. Therefore, the impressions made upon his childish mind were not vague, indistinct, light, and transient, readily obscured by the flight of time or effaced by the accumulation of later experiences; but sharp, well-defined, and so persistent that they seem to-day the joys and woes of yesterday.

No five years in that century could have better matched the plastic five years of a romanticist than those. To the sensitive, thoughtful soul of an alert, quick-witted boy, the eventful progress of this period, with its thickening tragedies and dramatic reliefs, with its mysterious merriment and self-suspecting light-heartedness, would present a spectacle unparalleled both in interest and intensity. Just as he was passing into his teens his State was entering upon the throes of that dire and inexcusable period of Reconstruction, with its unforeseen terrors and its inevitable blight. The exhilaration of hopeful combat had surrendered to the deepening despair of un-

aided helplessness; so soon was the discipline of defeat followed by the sterner discipline of poverty without prospects, and dejection without hope. Thus Page became a part of his State's experiences and they, in turn, an essential part of his mental life and equipment.

The schooldays in Hanover during these years may have offered no especial advantages for academic training, but they taught lessons that gave a firmer texture and a finer finish to life. Fresh from these experiences of vital interest, and with a mind charged with startling events and momentous changes, this scion of a noble house entered Washington College clad in drab homespun, the somber badge of poverty, honest and unabashed. A new spirit had entered the old college when Lee, solemnized by the triumph of a stainless submission, had renounced all hope of a career and dedicated himself to the living youth whose elder brothers had followed him to grim and yawning death. This new spirit was the spirit of adjustment—an adjustment less difficult for Lee because of his unshaken confidence in an overruling righteousness and of his sane trust in self-reliant effort. This spirit breathed upon the young collegian and so informed his life that to-day he is a loyal American, from whom, however, no swelling nationalism obscures the entrancing vision of his native State.

In due time young Page left behind him this favored institution which, bearing the name of a hero who foresaw its origin, had added that of another hero who forestalled its decline and invested it with a new power and a wider prestige. After a brief apprenticeship in the schoolroom, he spent a short time in old Hanover, knitting the broken threads of that experience through which he had learned so well, because so lovingly, the life of his own neighborhood, and forming anew the ties of boyish companionship, for it was Page's good fortune to know with the intimacy of playmates the negroes of his own generation, and with a sort of respectful awe those to whom greater age had brought the lore of woodland and barnyard.

Because under the altered conditions young Page could not look forward to a landlord's ease on far-sweeping acres, or to large opportunities for unremunerated, though not unappreciated, public services, he entered the University of Virginia as a student of law. He sat at the feet of that occidental Gamaliel, John B. Minor, who, for fifty years teaching "the law and the reasons thereof" taught larger lessons of high principles and purpose and impressed upon his numerous disciples his own personality. To the pursuit of the law, ever a jealous mistress, Page devoted himself with such assiduity and success as to win his University's commendation and honors. Succeeding years found him in musty court-rooms in Virginia

counties and cities, learning and practicing law; or on refreshing court greens, meeting and learning men. Here, as well as in drawing-rooms and in public gatherings, he was developing his social nature.

Beneath the substantial accretion of the law lay silent the untroubled depth of his rich and varied experience, awaiting the touch of the art-angel. When subtle memory, quivering emotion, and literary impulse met, then were these depths mightily stirred. It is not surprising, therefore, that his first production was not the initial effort of a tyro, but rather the spontaneous culmination of a training almost ideally suited to effect it. If, then, it be stoutly contended that Page never has surpassed "Marse Chan," it is not meant that his powers have declined, but that never again could he write in similar vein without reminding himself and us of that first golden truth of fancy that poured at white heat and *aus einem Guss* into the matchless mould of well-nigh perfect form. If full destruction should threaten the tasteful Plantation Edition of his works that confronts me as I write, I should impulsively rescue that first volume, 'In Ole Virginia,' for it is the heart of the series. Page is preëminently a short-story writer, and his best short stories are those that record in true Hanover negro dialect war times in Old Virginia. Indeed, whether as stories of local color, human interest, or constructive art, or all combined, Page's short stories are so excellent in degree and kind as to tempt the critic to extravagant laudation, for their style surpasses the style of his longer and more studied productions in naturalness, harmony with subject-matter, and instinctive appreciation of artistic effects.

'On Newfound River: a Love Story of Simple Country Life in Old Virginia,' a story of length but not avowedly a novel, marks Page's transition from short-story writer to novelist. As a novelist he has written 'Red Rock,' 'Gordon Keith,' and the serial now running in *Scribner's Magazine,* entitled 'John Marvel, Assistant.'

Into Page's novels goes so much of personal experience that it is well to inquire here what that later experience has been. Until 1893 he lived in Richmond, enjoying the companionship of his earlier friends and adding to them by travel in this country and in Europe. He married, in 1886, Anne Seddon Bruce of Staunton Hill, Charlotte County, Virginia, to whom he dedicated, of right, the love story of Old Virginia. With her his married happiness was of brief duration, for in 1888 she died and was buried in beautiful Hollywood. He continued his residence and law practice in Richmond for five years and then married Florence Lathrop Field and moved to Washington, his present residence. They have spent much time in their summer home on the Maine coast and in distant travel.

He is a member of several clubs in New York, and a welcome guest at those of many other American as well as English cities. His life is, therefore, cosmopolitan, and has broadened without losing its fixed rooting in his native soil. It is not unlikely, then, that Page's novels have more value as human documents than as pure fiction. They are great recitals of actual life, with its whirlpools, its rapids, its confused currents, and its unfathomed depths. It is fidelity to fact, substantial accord with truth, particularly of conditions, that add to their genuine significance as records of the place and period they portray. Yet these carefully wrought novels of life and manners are not merely historical; they involve dramatic situations and interactions of characters, and give room for subtle character analyses and delineations.

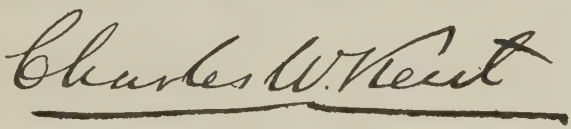
As an essayist, Page enlarges the work of his novels, supplementing their narrative and descriptive elements by expository and argumentative restatements of the same or of similar facts, and passing to other themes that lend themselves less happily to fiction. If the essays lose something in interest by the sacrifice of the imaginative element, they gain distinctly in incontestable accuracy and logical presentation. That the great significance of these essays is in their subject-matter and not in their literary form, means that the author seriously concerns himself with impressing the truth, especially the unknown or the half-known truth, rather than with attracting attention to his acknowledged craftsmanship. The literary charm that permeates his stories like a rare flavor or an impalpable odor may not be detected in these essays, but in them is his ardent and undeterred loyalty to a land and its best traditions.

Perhaps this seriousness verges on overseriousness in his first excursion into the fascinating field of biography. That Page, the romantic idealist of our Southern war-time, was writing the 'Life of Lee,' whom he knew so well in the buoyant college days, piqued expectation; for would not the chivalrous romance of that hero of war and peace be at last adequately realized if not epically idealized? That Page elected, in barrister fashion, to hold a brief for a great client rather than, in artist fashion, to limn a great portrait, was our disappointment but his right. No one can gainsay his success in establishing his two fundamental propositions; that Lee was above all else a Virginian, and that he was an offensive general, splendid in the vigorous audacity of his unconventional campaigning. In this book, too, Page was successful, through his own widespread popularity, in presenting Lee without apology or reserve to the Northern public.

To have achieved notable success as an essayist, biographer, novelist, and short-story writer is certainly a record of distinction;

to have filled with complete worthiness many engagements for historical and patriotic addresses of far more than transient import marks him as gifted in tongue as well as with pen; to be valued most by his friends as a man of large heart and generous sympathy, of clear head and sound judgment, of bountiful gifts as companion and conversationalist, and of high conceptions of right living and religious faith, rank him as more than writer and nothing less than a full-orbed man.

But may not one further word be uttered? Page, at his best, is not a literary craftsman, but a literary artist. This needs no proof for those who know his stories, but further proof may be had in a province where he is perhaps least known—in the realm of poetry. The one hundred and more pages given to his poems furnish a sufficient basis for a fair judgment, and the judgment will pronounce the form varied, the poetic ideal clear and lofty, the workmanship in the main careful and delicate, the poetic quality simple and unstrained; in fine, the whole as worthy of an author whose reading gives him the companionship of the best, whose standards permit no compromises, and whose attainments place him among the best known and most admired of America's living writers.



The Plantation Edition of Page's books is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, his sole publishers.

ESTABLISHING A PROTECTORATE

Extract from "Meh Lady: A Story of the War." From 'In Ole Virginia'; Copyright, 1887, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

. . . "TELL 'long in de spring Meh Lady she done breck down, what wid teachin' school, an' settin' up, an' bein' so po', stintin' for Mistis, an' her face gittin' real white 'stid o' pink like peach-blossom, as it used to be, on'y her eyes dee bigger an' prettier'n ever, 'sep' dee look tired when she come out o' Mistis' chahmber an' lean 'g'inst de do', lookin' out down de lonesome road; an' de doctor whar come from Richmon' to see Mistis, 'cause de ain' no doctor in de neighborhood sence de war, tell Hannah when he went 'way de larst time 'tain' no hope for Mistis, she mos' gone, an' she better look mighty good after Meh Lady too; he say she mos' sick as Mistis, an' fust thing she know she'll be gone too. Dat 'sturb Hannah might'ly. Well, so 'twuz tell in de spring. I had done plant meh corn, an' it hed done come up right good; 'bout mos' eight acres, right below the barn whar de lan' strong (I couldn' put in no mo' 'cause de mule he wuz mighty ole); an' come a man down heah one mornin', riding a sway-back sorrel horse, an' say dee gwine sell de place in 'bout a mon'. Meh Lady hed gone to school, an' I ain' le' him see Mistis, nor tell him whar Meh Lady is nuther; I jes' teck de message an' call Hannah so as she kin git it straight; an' when Meh Lady come home dat evenin' I tell her. She sut'n'y did tu'n white, an' dat night she ain' sleep a wink. After she put her ma to sleep, she come out to her mammy' house, an' fling herself on Hannah' bed an' cry an' cry. 'Twuz jes' as ef her heart gwine breck; she say 'twould kill her ma, an' hit did.

"Mistis she boun' to heah 'bout it, 'cause Meh Lady 'bleeged to breck it to her now; and at fust it 'peared like she got better on it, she teck mo' noticement o' ev'ything, an' her eyes look bright and shiny. She ain' know not yit 'bout how hard Meh Lady been had to scuffle; she say she keep on after her to git herse'f some new clo'es, a dress an' things, an' she oont; an' Meh Lady would jes' smile, tired like, an' say she teachin' now, and don' want no mo' 'n she got, an' her smile meck me mos' sorry like she cryin'.

"So hit went on tell jes befo' de sale. An' one day Meh Lady she done lef' her ma settin' in her cheer by de winder, whar she done fix her good wid pillows, an' she done gone to school, an' Hannah come out whar I grazin' de mule on de ditch-bank, an' say Mistis wan' see me toreckly. I gi' Hannah de lines, an' I went in an' knock at de do', an' when Mistis ain' heah, I went an' knock at de chahmber do' an' she tell me to come in; an' I ax her how she is, an' she say she ain' got long to stay wid us, an' she wan' ax me some'n, and she wan' me tell her de truth, an' she say I al'ays been mighty faithful an' kind to her an' hern, an' she hope Gord will erward me an' Hannah for it, an' she wan' me now to tell her de truth. When she talk dat way, hit sut'n'y hu't me, an' I tole her I sut'n'y would tell her faithful. Den she went on an' ax me how we wuz gettin' on, an' ef we ain' been mighty po', an' ef Meh Lady ain' done stint herse'f more'n she ever know; an' I tell her all 'bout it, ev'ything jes' like it wuz—de fatal truth, 'cause I done promised her; an' she sut'n'y was grieved, I tell you, and de tears roll down an' drap off her face on de pillow; an' pres'n'y she say she hope Gord would forgive her, an' she teck out her breast dem little rocks Marster gi' her when she married, whar hed been ole Mistis', an' she say she gin up all the urrs, but dese she keep to gi' Meh Lady when she married, an' now she feared 'twuz pride, an' Gord done punish her, lettin' her chile starve, but she ain' know hit 'zactly, an' ign'ance he forgive; an' she went on an' talk 'bout Marster an' ole times when she fust come home a bride, an' 'bout Marse Phil an' Meh Lady, tell she leetle mo' breck my heart, an' de tears rain down my face on de flo'. She sut'n'y talk beautiful. Den she gi' me de diamonds, an' dee shine like a handful of lightning-bugs! an' she tell me to teck 'em an' teck keer on 'em, an' gi' 'em to Meh Lady some time after she gone, an' not le' nobody else have 'em, an' would n' me an' Hannah teck good keer o' her, an' stay wid her, and not le' her wuck so hard, an' I tell her we sut'n'y would do dat. Den her voice mos' gin out an' she 'peared mighty tired, but hit look like she got some'n still on her min', an' pres'n'y she say I mus' come close, she mighty tired; an' I sort o' ben' todes her, an' she say she wan' me after she gone, as soon as I kin, to get the wud to Meh Lady's cousin whar wuz heah wounded

indurin' o' de war dat *she* dead, an' dat ef he kin help her chile, an' be her pertector, she know he'll do it; an' I ain' to le' Meh Lady know nuttin' 'bout it, not nuttin' 't all, an' to tell him he been mighty good to her, an' she lef' him her blessin'. Den she git so faint, I run an' call Hannah, an' she come runnin' an' gi' her some sperrits, an' tell me to teck de mule an' go after Meh Lady toreckly, an' so I did. When she got dyah, do', Mistis done mos' speechless; Hannah hed done git her in de bed, which wan't no trouble, she so light. She know Meh Lady, do', an' try to speak to her two or th'ee times, but dee ain' meck out much mo' 'n Gord would bless her and teck keer on her; an' she die right easy jes' befo' mornin'. An' Meh Lady ax me to pray, an' I did. She sut'n'y die peaceful, an' she look jes' like she smilin' after she dead; she sut'n'y wuz ready to go.

"Well, Hannah and Meh Lady lay her out in her bes' frock, an' she sho'ly look younger'n I ever see her look sence Richmon' fell, ef she ain' look younger'n she look sence befo' de war; an' de neighbors, de few dat's left, an' de black folks roun' cum, an' we bury her de evenin' after in the gyardin' right side Marse Phil, her fust-born, whar we know she wan' be; an' her mammy she went in de house after dat to stay at night in the room wid Meh Lady, an' I sleep on the front po'ch to teck keer de house. 'Cause we sut'n'y wuz 'sturbed 'bout de chile; she ain' sleep an' she ain' eat an' she ain' cry none, an' Hannah say dat ain' reasonable, which 'taint, 'cause womens dee cry sort o' 'natchel.

"But so 'twuz; de larst time she cry wuz dat evenin' she come in Hannah' house, an' fling herse'f on de bed, an' cry so grievous 'cause dee gwine sell de place, an' 'twould kill her ma. She ain' cry no mo'!

"Well, after we done bury Mistis, as I wuz sayin', we sut'n'y wuz natchelly tossified 'bout Meh Lady. Hit look like what de doctor say wuz sut'n'y so, an' she gwine right after her ma.

"I try to meck her ride de mule to school, an' tell her I ain' got no use for him, I got to thin de corn; but she oodn't; she say he so po' she don' like to gi' him no mo' wuck 'n necessary; an' dat's de fact, he wuz mighty po' 'bout den, 'cause de feed done gi' out an' de grass ain' come good yit

an' when mule bline an' ole he mighty hard to git up; but he been a good mule in he time, an' he a good mule yit.

"So she'd go to school of a mornin', an' me or Hannah one 'd go to meet her of a evenin' to tote her books, 'cause she hardly able to tote herse'f den; an' she do right well at school (de chil'un all love her); twuz when she got home she so sufferin'; den her mind sort o' wrastlin wid itself, an' she jes' set down an' think an' study an' look so grieved. Hit sut'n'y did hut me an' Hannah to see her settin' dyah at de winder o' Mistis' chahmber, leanin' her head on her han' an' jes' lookin' out, lookin' out all de evenin' so lonesome, and she look beautiful too. Hannah say she grievin' herself to death.

"Well, dat went on for mo' 'n six weeks, and de chile jes' settin' dyah ev'y night all by herse'f wid de moonlight shinin' all over her, meckin' her look so pale. Hannah she tell me one night I got to do some'n, an' I say, 'What 'tis?' An' she say I got to git de wud dat Mistis say to de Cap'n, dat de chile need a pertector, an' I say, 'How?' And she say I got to write a letter. Den I say, 'I cyarn' neither read nor write, but I can get Meh Lady to write it;' an' she say, nor I cyarn', 'cause ain' Mistis done spressify partic'lar Meh Lady ain' to know nuttin' 'bout it? Den I say, 'I kin git somebody at de postoffice to write it, an' I kin pay 'em in eggs;' an' she say she ain' gwine have no po' white folks writin' an' speakin' 'bout Mistis' business. Den I say, 'How I gwine do den?' An' she study a little while, an' den she say I got to teck de mule an' go fine him. I say, 'Hi! Good Gord! Hannah, how I gwine fine him? De Cap'n live 'way up yander in New York, or somewhar or nuther, an' dat's further 'n Lynchbu'g, an' I'll ride de mule to death befo' I git dyah; besides I ain' got nothin' to feed him.'

"But Hannah got argiment to all dem wuds; she say I got tongue in meh head, an' I kin fine de way; an' as to ridin' de mule to death, I kin git down an' le' him res', or I kin lead him, an' I kin graze him side de road ef nobody oon le' me graze him in dee pahsture. Den she study little while, an' den say she got it now—I must go to Richmon' an' sell de mule, an' teck de money an' git on de kyars an' fine him. Hannah, I know, she gwine wuck it, 'cause she al'ays a powerful

han' to 'ravel anything. But it sut'n'y did hu't me to part wid dat mule, he sich a ambitious mule, an' I tell Hannah I ain' done sidin' meh corn; an' she say dat ain' meck no diff'unce, she gwine hoe de corn after I gone, and de chile grievin' so she feared she'll die, an' what good sidin' corn gwine do den? she grievin' mo'n she 'quainted wid, Hannah say. So I wuz to go to Richmon' nex' mornin' but one, befo' light, an' Hannah she wash meh shu't nex' day, an' cook meh rations while Meh Lady at school. Well, I knock off wuck right early nex' evenin' 'bout two hours be sun, 'cause I wan' rest de mule, an' after grazin' him for a while in de yard, I put him in he stall, an' gi' him a half-peck o' meal, 'cause dat de lahst night I gwine feed him; and soon as I went in wid de meal he swi'ch his tail an' hump hese'f jes' like he gwine kick me; dat's de way he al'ays do when he got anything 'g'inst you, 'cause you sich a fool or anything, 'cause mule got a heap o' sense when you know' em. Well, I think he jes' aggrivated 'cause I gwine sell him, an' I holler at him right ambitious like I gwine cut him in two, to fool him ef I kin, an' meck him b'lieve 'tain' nothin' de matter.

"An' jes' den I heah a horse steppin' 'long right brisk, an' I stop an' listen, an' de horse come 'long de pahf right study an' up todes de stable. I say, 'Hi! who dat?' an' when I went to de stall do', dyah wuz a gent'man settin' on a strange horse wid two white foots, an' a beard on he face, an' he hat pulled over he eyes to keep de sun out'n em; an' when he see me, he ride on up to de stable, an' ax me is Meh Lady at de house, an' how she is, an' a whole parecel o' questions; an' he so p'inted in he quiration I ain' had time to study ef I ever see him befo', but I don' think I is. He a mighty straight, fine-lookin' gent'man do', wid he face right brown like he been wuckin', an' I ain' able to fix him no ways. Den he tell me he heah o' Mistis' death, an' he jes' come 'cross de ocean, an' he wan' see Meh Lady partic'lar; an' I tell him she at school, but it mos' time for her come back; an' he ax whichaways, an' I show him de pahf, an' he git down an' ax me ef I cyarn feed he horse, an' I tell him of co'se, do' Gord knows I ain' got nuttin' to feed him wid 'sep' grahss; but I ain' gwine le' him know dat, so I ax him to walk to de house an' teck a seat on de po'ch tell Meh Lady come, an' I teck de horse and cyar

him in de stable like I got de corn-house full o' corn. An' when I come out I look, an' dyah he gwine stridin' 'way 'cross de fiel' 'long de pahf whar Meh Lady comin'.

"Well, I say, 'Hi! now he gwine to meet Meh Lady, an' I ain' know he name nur what he want,' an' I study a little while wherr I should go an' fin' Hannah or hurry myse'f an' meet Meh Lady. Not dat I b'lieve he gwine speak out de way to Meh Lady, 'cause he sut'n'y waz quality, I see dat; I know hit time I look at him settin' dyah so straight on he horse, 'mindin' me of Marse Phil, and he voice hit sholy wuz easy when he name Meh Lady's name and Mistis'; but I ain' know but what he somebody wan' to buy de place, an' I know Meh Lady ain' wan' talk 'bout dat, an' ain' wan' see strangers no way; so I jes' lip out 'cross de fiel' th'oo a nigher way to hit de pahf at dis ve'y place whar de gap wuz, an' whar I thought Meh Lady mighty apt to res' ef she tired or grievin'.

"An' I hurry 'long right swift to git heah befo' de white gent'man kin git heah, an' all de time I tu'nnin' in meh min' whar I heah anybody got voice sound deep an' cl'ar like dat, an' ax questions ef Meh Lady well, dat anxious, an' I cyarn' git it. An' by dat time I wuz done got right to de tu'n in de pahf dyah, mos out o' breaf, an' jes' as I tu'nned round dat clump o' bushes I see Meh Lady settin' right dyah, on de 'bankment whar de gap use' to be, wid her books by her side on de groun', her hat off at her feet, an' her head leanin' for'ard in her han's, an' her hyah mos' tumble down, an' de sun jes' techin' it th'oo de bushes; an' hit all come to me in a minute, jes' as clear as ef she jes' settin' on de gap dyah yis-tidy wid de rose-leaves done shatter all on de groun' by her, an' Cap'n Wilton kissin' her han' to comfort her, an' axin' her oon' she le' him come back some time to love her. An' I say, 'Dyah! 'fo Gord! ef I ain' know him soon as I lay meh eyes on him! De pertector done come!' Den I know huccome dat mule act so 'sponsible.

"An' jes' den he come walkin' 'long down de pahf, wid he hat on de back o' he head an' he eyes on her right farst, an' he face look so tender hit look right sweet. She think hit me, an' she ain' move nor look up tell he call her name; den she mos' jump out her seat, an' look up right swift, an' give a sort o' cry, an' her face light up like she tu'n't to de sun,

an' he retch out bofe he han's to her; an' I slip' back so he couldn' see me, an' come 'long home right quick to tell Hannah.

"I tell her I know him soon as I see him, but she tell me I lie, 'cause ef I had I'd 'a' come an' tell her 'bout hit, an' not gone down dyah interferin' wid white folks; an' she say I ain' nuver gwine have no sense 'bout not knowin' folks, dat he couldn' fool her; an' I don' b'lieve he could, a'tho' I ain' 'low dat to Hannah, 'cause hit don' do to 'gree wid wimens too much; dee git mighty sot up by it, an' den dee ain' al'ays want it, nuther. Well, she went in de house, an' dus' ev'ything, an' fix all de furniture straight, an' set de table for two, a thing ain' been done not sence Mistis tooken sick; an' den I see her gwine 'roun' Meh Lady' rose-bush mighty busy, an' when she sont me in de dinin'-room, dyah a whole parecel o' flowers she done put in a blue dish in de middle o' de table. An' she jes' as 'sumptious 'bout dat thing as ef 'twuz a fifty-cents somebody done gi' her. Well, den she come out, an' sich a cookin' as she hed; ef she ain' got more skillets an' spiders on dat fire den I been see dyah fur I don' know how long. It fyah do' me good!

"Well, pres'n'y heah dee come walkin' mighty aged-like, an' I think it all right, an' dee went up on de po'ch an' shake hands a long time, an' den' meh Gord! you know he tu'n roun' an' come down de steps, an' she gone in de house wid her handcher to her eyes, cryin'. I call Hannah right quick an' say, 'Hi, Hannah, good Gord A'mighty! what de matter now?' an' Hannah she look; den widout a wu'd she tu'n roun' an' walk right straight 'long de pahf to de house, an' went in th'oo de dinin'-room an' into de hall, an' dyah she fine de chile done fling herself down on her face on de sofa cryin' like her heart broke; an' she ax her what de matter, an' she say nuttin', an' Hannah say, 'What he been sayin' to you?' an' she say, 'Nuttin';' an' Hannah say, 'You done sen' him 'way?' an' she say, 'Yes.' Den Hannah she tell her what Mistis tell me de day she die, an' she say she stop cryin' sort o', but she cotch hold de pillar right tight like she in agony, an' she say pres'n'y, 'Please go 'way,' an' Hannah come 'way an' come outdo's.

"An' de Cap'n, when he come down de steps, he went to Meh Lady' rose-bush an' pull a rose off it, an' put 't in a

little book in he pocket; an' den he come down todes we house, an' he face mighty pale an' 'strusted lookin', an' he sut'n'y wuz glad to see me, an' he laugh' a little bit at me for lettin' him fool me; but I tell him he done got so likely an' agreeable lookin', dat de reason I ain' know him. An' he ax me to git he horse, an' jes' den Hannah come out de house, an' she ax him whar he gwine; an' he 'spon' he gwine home, an' he don' reckon he'll ever see us no mo'; an' he say he thought when he come maybe 'twould be diff'unt, an' he had hoped maybe he'd 'a' been able to prove to Meh Lady some'n he wan' prove, an' get her to le' him teck keer o' her an' we all; dat's what he come ten thousand miles fur, he say; but she got some'n in her mine, he say, she cyarn' git over, an' now he got to go 'way, an' he say he want us to teck keer on her, an' stay wid her al'ays, and he gwine meck it right, an' he gwine lef' he name in Richmon' wid a gent'man, an' gi' me he 'dress, an' I mus' come up dyah ev'y month an' git what he gwine lef' dyah, and report how we all is; an' he say he ain' got nuttin' to do now but to try an' reward us all fur all our kindness to him, an' keep us easy, but he wa'n' nuver comin' back, he guess, 'cause he got no mo' hope now he know Meh Lady got dat on her mine he cyarn' git over. An' he look down in de gyardin todes the graveyard when he say dat, an' he voice sort o' broke. Hannah she heah him th'oo right study, an' he face look mighty sorrowful, an' he voice done mos' gin out when he say Meh Lady got that on her mine he cyarn' git over.

"Den Hannah she upped an' tole him he sut'n'y ain' got much sense ef he come all dat way he say, an' gwine 'way widout Meh Lady; dat de chile been dat pesterin' herse'f sence her ma die she ain' know what she wan' mos', an' got in her mine; an' ef he ain' got de dictation to meck her know, he better go 'long back whar he came fum, an' he better ain' never set he foot heah; an' she say he sut'n'y done gone back sence he driv dem Yankeys out de do' wid he s'o'de, an' settin' dyah on he horse at de gate so study, an' she say ef 'twuz dat man he'd be married dis evenin'. Oh! she was real savigrous to him, 'cause she sut'n'y wuz outdone; an' she tell him what Mistis tell me de day she 'ceasted, ev'y wud jes like I tell you settin' heah, an' she say now he can go 'long, 'cause

ef he ain' gwine be pertector to de chile de plenty mo' sufferin' to be, dat dee pesterin' her all de time, an' she jes' oon' have nuttin' 't all to do wid 'em, dat's all. Wid dat she tu'n 'roun' an' gone in her house like she ain' noticin' him, an' he, suh! he look like day done broke on 'im. I see darkness roll off him, an' he tu'n roun' an' stride 'long back to de house, an' went up de steps th'ee at a time.

"An' dee say when he went in, de chile was dyah on de sofa still wid her head in de pillow cryin', 'cause she sut'n'y did care for him all de time, an' ever sence he open he eyes an' look at her so cu'yus, settin' dyah by him fannin' him all night to keep him fum dyin', when he layin' dyah wounded in de war. An' de on'y thing is she ain' been able to get her premission to marry him 'cause he wuz fightin' g'inst we all, an' 'cause she got 't in her mine dat Mistis don' wan' her to marry him for dat account. An' now he gone she layin' dyah in de gre't hall cryin' on de sofa to herse'f, so she ain' heah him come up de steps, tell he went up to her, and kneel down by her, an' put he arm 'roun' her and talk to her lovin'.

"Hannah she went in th'oo de chahmber pres'n'y to peep an' see ef he got any sense yit, an' when she come back she ain' say much, but she sont me to de spring, an' set to cookin' ag'in mighty induschus, an' she say he tryin' to 'swade de chile to marry him to-morrow. She oon' tell me nuttin' mo' 'sep' dat de chile seem mighty peaceable, an' she don' know wherr she marry him toreckly or not, 'cause she heah her say she ain' gwine marry him *at all,* an' she cyarn' marry him to-morrow 'cause she got her school, an' she ain' got no dress; but she place heap o' 'pendence in him, Hannah say, an' he gone on talkin' mighty sensible, like he gwine marry her wherr or no, an' he dat protectin' he done got her head on he shoulder an' talk to her jes' as 'fectionate as ef she b'longst to him, an'—she ain' say he kiss her, but I done notice partic'lar she ain' say he ain'; an' she say de chile sut'n'y is might' satisfied, an' dat all she gwine recite, an' I better go 'long an' feed white folk's horse 'stid o' interferin' 'long dee business; an' so I did, an' I gi' him de larst half-peck o' meal Hannah got in de barrel.

"An' when I come back to de house, Hannah done cyar in de supper an' waitin' on de table, an' dee settin' opposite one

nurr talkin', an' she po'in' out he tea, an' he tellin' her things to make her laugh an' look pretty, 'cross Hannah' flowers in de blue bowl twix' 'em. Hit meck me feel right young.

"Well, after supper dee come out an' went to walk 'bout de yard, an' pres'n'y dee stop at dat red rose-bush, and I see him teck out he pocket-book an' teck some'n out it, and she say some'n, an' he put he arm—ne'm' mine, ef Hannah ain' say he kiss her, I know—'cause de moon come out a little piece right den an' res' on 'em, an' she sut'n'y look beautiful wid her face sort o' tu'nned up to him, smilin'.

"You mine, do', she keep on tellin' him she ain' promise to marry him, an' of co'se she cyarn' marry him to-morrow like he say; she ain' nuver move fum dat. But dat ain' 'sturb he mine now; he keep on laughin' study. Tell, 'bout right smart while after supper, he come out an' ax me cyarn' I git he horse. I say, 'Hi! what de matter? Whar you gwine? I done feed yo' horse.'

"He laugh real hearty, an' say he gwine to de Co'te House, an' he wan' me to go wid him; don' I think de mule kin stan' it? an' her mammy will teck keer Meh Lady.

"So in 'bout a hour we wuz on de road, an' de last thing Meh Lady say wuz she cyarn' marry him; but he come out de house laughin', an' he sut'n'y wuz happy, an' he ax me all sort o' questions 'bout Meh Lady, an' Marse Phil, an' de ole times.

"We went by de preacher's an' wake him up befo' day, an' he say he'll drive up dyah after breakfast; an' den we went on 'cross to de Co'te House, an' altogether 'twuz about twenty-five miles, an' hit sut'n'y did push ole George good, 'cause de Cun'l wuz a hard rider like all we all white folks; he come mighty nigh givin' out, I tell you.

"We got dyah befo' breakfast, an' wash up, an' pres'n'y de cluck, Mr. Taylor, come, an' de Cun'l went over to de office. In a minute he call me, an' I went over, an' soon as I git in de do' I see he mighty pestered. He say, 'Heah, Billy, you know you' young mistis' age, don't you? I want you to prove it.'

" 'Hi! yes, suh, co'se I knows it,' I says. 'Mistis got her an' Marse Phil bofe set down in de book at home.'

" 'Well, jes' meck oath to it,' says he, easy like. 'She's near twenty-three, ain't she?'

" 'Well, 'fo' Gord! Marster, I don' know 'bout dat,' says I. 'You know mo' 'bout dat 'n I does, 'cause you kin read. I know her age, 'cause I right dyah when she born; but how ole she is, I don' know,' I says.

" 'Cyarn' you swear she's twenty-one?' says he, right impatient.

" 'Well, nor, suh, dat I cyarn',' says I.

"Well, he sut'n'y looked aggrivated, but he ain' say nuttin', he jes' tu'n to Mr. Taylor an' say:

" 'Kin I get a fresh horse heah, suh? I kin ride home an' get de proof an' be back heah in five hours, ef I can get a fresh horse; I'll buy him and pay well for him too.'

" 'It's forty miles dyah an' back,' says Mr. Taylor.

" 'I kin do it; I'll be back heah at half-past twelve o'clock sharp,' says de Cun'l, puttin' up he watch an' pullin' on he gloves an' tu'nnin' to de do'.

"Well, he look so sure o' what he kin do, I feel like I 'bleeged to help him, an' I say:

" 'I ain't know wherr Meh Lady twenty-th'ee or twenty-one, 'cause I ain' got no learnin', but I know she born on Sunday de thrashin'-wheat time two years after Marse Phil wuz born, whar I cyar' in dese ahms on de horse when he wuz a baby, an' whar went in de ahmy, an' got kilt leadin' he bat'ry in de battle 'cross de oat-fiel' down todes Williamsbu'g, an' de gener'l say he ruther been him den President de Confederate States, an' he's 'sleep by he ma in de ole gyardin at home now; I bury him dyah, an' hit's "Cun'l" on he tombstone dyah now.'

"De Cun'l tu'n roun' an' look at Mr. Taylor, an' Mr. Taylor look out de winder ('cause he know 'twuz so, 'cause he wuz in Marse Phil' bat'ry).

" 'You needn' teck you' ride,' says he, sort o' whisperin'. An' de Cun'l pick up a pen an' write a little while, an' den he read it, an' he had done write jes' what I say, wud for wud; an' Mr. Taylor meck me kiss de book, 'cause 'twuz true, an' he say he gwine spread it in de 'Record' jes' so, for all de wull to see.

"Den we come on home, I ridin' a horse de Cun'l done

hire to rest de mule, an' I mos' tired as he, but de Cun'l he ridin' jes' as fresh as ef he jes' start; an' he bring me a nigh way whar he learnt in de war, he say, when he used to slip th'oo de lines an' come at night forty miles jes' to look at de house an' see de light shine in Meh Lady' winder.

"De preacher an' he wife wuz dyah when we git home; but you know Meh Lady ain' satisfied in her mine yit. She say she do love him, but she don' know wherr she ought to marry him, 'cause she ain' got nobody to 'vise her. But he says he gwine be her 'viser from dis time, an' he lead her to de do' an' kiss her; an' she went to git ready, an' de turr lady wid her, an' her mammy wait on her, while I wait on de Cun'l, an' be he body-servant, an' git he warm water to shave, an' he cut off all he beard 'sep' he mustache, 'cause Meh Lady jes' say de man she knew didn' hed no beard on he face. An' Hannah she sut'n'y wuz comical, she ironin' an' sewin' dyah so induschus she oon' le' me come in meh own house.

"Well, pres'n'y we wuz ready, an' we come out in de hall, an' de Cun'l went in de parlor whar dee wuz gwine be married, an' de preacher he wuz in dyah, an' dee chattin' while we waitin' fur Meh Lady; an' I jes' slip out an' got up in de j'ice an' git out dem little rocks whar Mistis gin' me an' blow de dust off 'em good, and good Gord! ef dee didn' shine! I put 'em in meh pocket an' put on meh clean shu't an' come 'long back to de house. Hit right late now, todes evenin', an' de sun wuz shinin' all 'cross de yard an' th'oo de house, an' de Cun'l he so impatient he cyarn' set still, he jes' champin' he bit; so he git up an' walk 'bout in de hall, an' he sut'n'y look handsome an' young, jes' like he did dat day he stand dyah wid he cap in he hand, an' Meh Lady say she ain' claim no kin wid him, an' he say he cyarn' intrude on ladies, an' back out de front do' wid he head straight up, an' ride to git her de letter, an' now he walkin' in de hall waitin' to marry her. An' all on a sudden Hannah fling de do' wide open, an' Meh Lady walk out!

"Gord! ef I didn' think 'twuz a angel.

"She stan' dyah jes' white as snow fum her head to way back down on de flo' behine her, an' her veil done fall roun' her like white mist, an' some roses in her han'. Ef it didn' look like de sun done come th'oo de chahmber do' wid her,

an' blaze all over de styars, an' de Cun'l he look like she bline him. An' twuz Hannah an' she, while we wuz 'way dat day, done fine Mistis' weddin' dress an' veil an' all, down to de fan an' little slippers 'bout big as two little white ears o' popcorn; an' de dress had sort o' cobwebs all over it, whar Hannah say was lace, an' hit jes' fit Meh Lady like Gord put it dyah in de trunk for her.

"Well, when de Cun'l done tell her how beautiful she is, an' done meck her walk 'bout de hall showin' her train, an' she lookin' over her shoulder at it an' den at de Cun'l to see ef he proud o' her, he gin her he arm; an' jes' den I walk up befo' her an' teck dem things out meh pocket, an' de Cun'l drap her arm an' stan' back, an' I put 'em 'roun' her thote an' on her arms, an' gin her de res', an' Hannah put 'em on her ears, an' dee shine like stars, but her face shine wus'n dem, an' she leetle mo' put bofe arms 'roun' meh neck, wid her eyes jes' runnin' over. An' den de Cun'l gi' her he arm, an' dee went in de parlor, an' Hannah an' me behine 'em. An' dyah facin' Mistis' picture an' Marse Phil's (tooken when he wuz a little boy), lookin' down at 'em bofe, dee wuz married.

"An' when de preacher git to dat part whar ax who give dis woman to de man, he sort o' wait an' he eye sort o' rove to me disconfused like he ax me ef I know; an' I don' know huccome 'twuz, but I think 'bout Marse Jeems an' Mistis when he ax me dat, an' Marse Phil, whar all dead, an' all de scufflin' we done been th'oo, an' how de chile ain' got no body to teck her part now 'sep jes' me; an' now, when he wait an' look at me dat way, an' ax me dat, I 'bleeged to speak up, I jes' step for'ard an' say:

" 'Ole Billy.'

"An' jes' den de sun crawl roun' de winder shetter an' res' on her like it pourin' light all over her.

"An' dat night when de preacher was gone wid he wife, an' Hannah done drapt off to sleep, I wuz settin' in de do' wid meh pipe, an' I heah 'em settin' dyah on de front steps, dee voices soun'in' low like bees, an' de moon sort o' meltin' over de yard, an' I sort o' got to studyin', an' hit 'pear like de plantation 'live once mo', an' de ain' no mo' scufflin', an' de ole times done come back ag'in, an' I heah meh kerridge-horses stompin' in de stalls, an' de place all cleared up ag'in, an'

fence all roun' de pahsture, an' I smell de wet clover-blossoms right good, an' Marse Phil an' Meh Lady done come back, an' runnin' all roun' me, climbin' up on meh knees, callin' me 'Unc' Billy,' an' pesterin' me to go fishin', while somehow Meh Lady an' de Cun'l, settin' dyah on de steps wid dee voice hummin' low like water runnin' in de' dark—

* * * * * *

"An' dat Phil, suh," he broke off, rising from the ground on which we had been seated for some time, "dat Phil, suh, he mo' like Marse Phil 'n he like he pa; an' Billy—he ain' so ole, but he ain' fur behine him."

"Billy," I said; "he's named after—"

"Go 'way, Marster," he said deprecatingly, "who gwine name gent'man after a ole nigger?"

THE ACCIDENT

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It is astonishing how one man can create a public sentiment. One woman can ruin a reputation as effectually as a churchful. One bullet can kill a man as dead as a bushel, if it hits him right. So Dick Rail injured Jim. For Dick was an authority. He swore the biggest oaths, wore the largest watch-chain, knew his engine better and sat it steadier than any man on the road. He had had a passenger train again and again, but he was too fond of whiskey. It was too risky. Dick affected Jim's standing: told stories about him: made his life a burden to him. "He shan't stay on the road," he used to say. "He's stingier'n——! Carries his victuals about with him—I b'lieve he sleeps with one o' them *I*-talians in a goods box." This was true—at least, about carrying his food with him. (The rest was Dick's humor.) Messing cost too much. The first two months' pay went to settle an old guano-bill; but the third month's pay was Jim's. The day he drew that he fattened a good deal. At least, he looked so. It was eighty-two dollars (for Jim ran extra runs—made double time whenever he could). Jim had never had so much money in his life; had hardly ever seen it. He walked about the

streets that night till nearly midnight, feeling the wad of notes in his breast-pocket. Next day a box went down the country, and a letter with it, and that night Jim could not have bought a chew of tobacco. The next letter he got from home was heavy. Jim smiled over it a good deal, and cried a little too. He wondered how Kitty looked in her new dress, and if the barrel of flour made good bread; and if his mother's shawl was warm.

One day he was changed to the passenger service, the express. It was a promotion, paid more, and relieved him from Dick Rail.

He had some queer experiences being ordered around, but he swallowed them all. He had not been there three weeks when Mrs. Wagoner was a passenger on the train. Carry was with her. They had moved to town. (Mr. Wagoner was interested in railroad development.) Mrs. Wagoner called him to her seat, and talked to him—in a loud voice. Mrs. Wagoner had a loud voice. It had the "carrying" quality. She did not shake hands; Carry did and said she was so glad to see him: she had been down home the week before—had seen his mother and Kitty. Mrs. Wagoner said, "We still keep our plantation as a country place." Carry said Kitty looked so well: her new dress was lovely. Mrs. Wagoner said his mother's eyes were worse. She and Kitty had walked over to see them, to show Kitty's new dress. She had promised that Mr. Wagoner would do what he could for him (Jim) on the road.

Next month Jim went back to the freight service. He preferred Dick Rail to Mrs. Wagoner. He got him. Dick was worse than ever, his appetite was whetted by abstinence; he returned to his attack with renewed zest. He never tired—never flagged. He was perpetual: he was remorseless. He made Jim's life a wilderness. Jim said nothing, just slouched along silenter than ever, quieter than ever, closer than ever. He took to going on Sunday to another church than the one he had attended, a more fashionable one than that. The Wagoners went there. Jim sat far back in the gallery, very far back, where he could just see the top of Carry's head, her big hat and her face, and could not see Mrs. Wagoner, who sat nearer the gallery. It had a curious effect on him; he never

went to sleep there. He took to going up-town walking by the stores—looking in at the windows of tailors and clothiers. Once he actually went into a shop and asked the price of a new suit of clothes. (He needed them badly.) The tailor unfolded many rolls of cloth and talked volubly; talked him dizzy. Jim looked wistfully at them, rubbed his hand over them softly, felt the money in his pocket; and came out. He said he thought he might come in again. Next day he did not have the money. Kitty wrote him she could not leave home to go to school on their mother's account, but she would buy books, and she was learning; she would learn fast, her mother was teaching her; and he was the best brother in the world, the whole world; and they had a secret, but he must wait.

One day Jim got a big bundle from down the country. It was a new suit of clothes. On top was a letter from Kitty. This was the secret. She and her mother had sent for the cloth and had made them; they hoped they would fit. They had cried over them. Jim cried a little too. He put them on. They did not fit, were much too large. Under Dick Rail's fire Jim had grown even thinner than before. But he wore them to church. He felt that it would have been untrue to his mother and Kitty not to wear them. He was sorry to meet Dick Rail on the street. Dick had on a black broadcloth coat, a velvet vest, and large-checked trousers. Dick looked Jim over. Jim winced, flushed a little: he was not so sunburned now. Dick saw it. Next week Dick caught Jim in a crowd in the "yard" waiting for their train. He told about the meeting. He made a double shot. He said, "Boys, Jim's in love, he's got new clothes! you ought to see 'em!" Dick was graphic; he wound up: "They hung on him like breechin' on his old mule. By ——! I b'lieve he was too —— stingy to buy 'em and made 'em himself." There was a shout from the crowd. Jim's face worked. He jumped for him. There was a handspike lying near and he seized it. Some one grabbed him, but he shook him off as if he had been a child. Why he did not kill Dick no one ever knew. He meant to do it. For some time they thought he was dead. He laid off for over a month. After that Jim wore what clothes he chose: no one ever troubled him.

So he went on in the same way: slow, sleepy, stuttering, thin, stingy, ill-dressed, lame.

He was made a fireman; preferred it to being a conductor, it led to being an engineer, which paid more. He ran extra trips whenever he could, up and double straight back. He could stand an immense amount of work. If he got sleepy he put tobacco in his eyes to keep them open. It was bad for the eyes, but waked him up. Kitty was going to take music next year, and that cost money. He had not been home for several months, but was going at Christmas.

They did not have any sight tests then. But the new Directory meant to be thorough. Mr. Wagoner had become a Director, had his eye on the presidency. Jim was one day sent for, and was asked about his eyes. They were bad. There was not a doubt about it. They were inflamed; he could not see a hundred yards. He did not tell them about the extra trips and putting the tobacco in them. Dick Rail must have told about him. They said he must go. Jim turned white. He went to his little room, close up under the roof of a little dingy house in a back street, and sat down in the dark; thought about his mother and Kitty, and dimly about some one else; wrote his mother and Kitty a letter; said he was coming home—called it "a visit"; cried over the letter, but was careful not to cry on it. He was a real cry-baby—Jim was.

"Just run to seed," he said to himself, bitterly, over and over; "just run to seed." Then he went to sleep.

The following day he went down to the railroad. That was the last day. Next day he would be "off." The train-master saw him and called him. A special was just going out. The Directors were going over the road in the officers' car. Dick Rail was the engineer, and his fireman had been taken sick. Jim must take the place. Jim had a mind not to do it. He hated Dick. He thought of how he had pursued him. But he heard a voice behind him and turned. Carry was standing down the platform, talking with some elderly gentlemen. She had on a travelling cap and ulster. She saw him and came forward—a step:

"How do you do?" she held out her little gloved hand. She was going out over the road with her father. Jim took off his hat and shook hands with her. Dick Rail saw him,

walked round the other side of the engine, and tried to take off his hat like that. It was not a success; Dick knew it.

Jim went.

"Who was that?" one of the elderly gentlemen asked Carry.

"An old friend of mine—a gentleman," she said.

"Rather run to seed—hey?" the old fellow quoted, without knowing exactly why; for he only half recognized Jim, if he recognized him at all.

They started.

It was a bad trip. The weather was bad, the road was bad, the engine bad; Dick bad—worse than all. Jim had a bad time: he was to be off when he got home. What would his mother and Kitty do?

Once Carry came (brought by the President) and rode in the engine for a little while. Jim helped her up and spread his coat for her to sit on, put his overcoat under her feet; his heart was in it. Dick was sullen, and Jim had to show her about the engine. When she got down to go back to the car she thanked him—she "had enjoyed it greatly"—she "would like to try it again." Jim smiled. He was almost good-looking when he smiled.

Dick was meaner than ever after that, sneered at Jim—swore; but Jim didn't mind it. He was thinking of some one else, and of the rain which would prevent her coming again.

They were on the return trip, and were half-way home when the accident happened. It was just "good dusk," and it had been raining all night and all day, and the road was as rotten as mud. The special was behind and was making up. She had the right of way, and she was flying. She rounded a curve just above a small "fill," under which was a little stream, nothing but a mere "branch." In good weather it would never be noticed. The gay party behind were at dinner. The first thing they knew was the sudden jerk which came from reversing the engine at full speed, and the grind as the wheels slid along under the brakes. Then they stopped with a bump which jerked them out of their seats, set the lamps to swinging, and sent the things on the table crashing on the floor. No one was hurt, only shaken, and they crowded out of the car to learn the cause. They found it. The en-

gine was half buried in wet earth on the other side of the little washout, with the tender jammed up into the cab. The whole was wrapped in a dense cloud of escaping steam. The roar was terrific. The big engineer, bare-headed and covered with mud, and with his face deadly white, was trying to get down to the engine. Some one was in there.

They got him out after a while (but it took some time), and laid him on the ground, while a mattress was got. It was Jim.

Carry had been weeping and praying. She sat down and took his head in her lap, and with her lace handkerchief wiped his blackened and bleeding face, and smoothed his wet hair.

The newspaper accounts, which are always reflections of what public sentiment is, or should be, spoke of it—some, as "a providential"—others, as "a miraculous"—and yet others as "a fortunate" escape on the part of the President and the Directors of the road, according to the tendencies, religious or otherwise, of their paragraphists.

They mentioned casually that "only one person was hurt—an employee, name not ascertained." And one or two had some gush about the devotion of the beautiful young lady, the daughter of one of the directors of the road, who happened to be on the train, and who, "like a ministering angel, held the head of the wounded man in her lap after he was taken from the wreck." A good deal was made of this picture, which was extensively copied.

Dick Rail's account, after he had come back from carrying the broken body down to the old Upton place in the country, and helping to lay it away in the old enclosure under the big trees on the hill, was this:

"By——!" he said, when he stood in the yard, with a solemn-faced group around him, "we were late, and I was just shaking 'em up. I had been meaner'n hell to Jim all the trip (I didn't know him, and you all didn't neither), and I was workin' him for all he was worth: I didn't give him a minute. The sweat was rolling off him, and I was damnin' him with every shovelful. We was runnin' under orders to make up, and we was just rounding the curve this side of Ridge Hill, when Jim hollered. He saw it as he raised up with the

shovel in his hand to wipe the sweat off his face, and he hollered to me, 'My God! Look, Dick! Jump!'

"I looked and Hell was right there. He caught the lever and reversed, and put on the air and sand before I saw it, and then grabbed me, and flung me clean out of the cab: 'Jump!' he says, as he give me a swing. I jumped, expectin' of course he was comin' too; and as I lit, I saw him turn and catch the lever. The old engine was jumpin' nigh off the track. But she was too near. In she went, and the tender right on her. You may talk about his eyes bein' bad; but by ——! when he gave me that swing, they looked to me like coals of fire. When we got him out 'twarn't Jim! He warn't nothin' but mud and ashes. He warn't quite dead; opened his eyes, and breathed onct or twict; but I don't think he knew anything, he was so mashed up. We laid him out on the grass, and that young lady took his head in her lap and cried over him (she had come and seed him in the engine), and said she knew his mother and sister down in the country (she used to live down there); they was gentle-folks; that Jim was all they had. And when one of them old director-fellows who had been swilling himself behind there come aroun', with his kid gloves on and his hands in his great-coat pockets, lookin' down, and sayin' something about, 'Poor fellow, couldn't he 'a jumped? Why didn't he jump?' I let him have it; I said, 'Yes, and if it hadn't been for him, you and I'd both been frizzin' in h—l this minute.' And the President standin' there said to some of them, 'That was the same young fellow who came into my office to get a place last year when you were down, and said he had "run to seed." 'But,' he says, 'Gentlemen, it was d—d good seed!' "

How good it was no one knew but two weeping women in a lonely house.

THE HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE

From 'Social Life in Old Virginia Before the War'; Copyright, 1897, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

. . . The life about the place was amazing. There were the busy children playing in groups, the boys of the family mingling with the little darkies as freely as any other young animals, and forming the associations which tempered slavery and made the relation one not to be understood save by those who saw it. There they were, stooping down and jumping up; turning and twisting, their heads close together, like chickens over an "invisible repast," their active bodies always in motion: busy over their little matters with that ceaseless energy of boyhood which could move the world could it but be concentrated and conserved. They were all over the place; in the orchard robbing birds' nests, getting into wild excitement over catbirds, which they ruthlessly murdered because they "called snakes"; in spring and summer fishing or "washing" in the creek, riding the plough-horses to and from the fields, running the calves and colts, and being as mischievous as the young mules they chased.

There were the little girls in their great sunbonnets, often sewed on to preserve the wonderful peach-blossom complexions, with their small female companions playing about the yard or garden, running with and wishing they were boys, and getting half scoldings from mammy for being tomboys and tearing their aprons and dresses. There, in the shade, near her "house," was the mammy with her assistants, her little charge in her arms, sleeping in her ample lap, or toddling about her, with broken, half-formed phrases, better understood than framed. There passed young negro girls, blue-habited, running about bearing messages; or older women moving at a statelier pace, doing with deliberation the little tasks which were "their work;" whilst about the office or smoke-house or dairy or wood-pile there was always some movement and life. The peace of it all was only emphasized by the sounds that broke upon it: the call of ploughers to their teams; the shrill shouts of children; the chant of women over their work, and as a bass the recurrent hum of spinning-wheels, like the drone

of some great insect, sounding from cabins where the turbaned spinners spun their fleecy rolls for the looms which were clacking in the loom-rooms making homespun for the plantation.

* * * * * *

Such was the outward scene. What was there within? That which has been much misunderstood—that which was like the roses, wasteful beyond measure in its unheeded growth and blowing, but sweet beyond measure, too, and filling with its fragrance not only the region round about, but sending it out unmeasuredly on every breeze that wandered by.

The life within was of its own kind. There were the master and the mistress: the old master and old mistress, the young masters and young mistresses, and the children; besides some aunts and cousins, and the relations or friends who did not live there, but were only always on visits.

Properly, the mistress should be mentioned first, as she was the most important personage about the home, the presence which pervaded the mansion, the centre of all that life, the queen of that realm; the master willingly and proudly yielding her entire management of all household matters and simply carrying out her directions, confining his ownership within the curtilage solely to his old "secretary," which on the mistress's part was as sacred from her touch as her bonnet was from his.

* * * * * *

The master might, by having a good overseer and reliable headmen, shift a portion of the burden from his shoulders; the mistress had no such means of relief. She was the necessary and invariable functionary; the keystone of the domestic economy which bound all the rest of the structure and gave it its strength and beauty. From early morn till morn again the most important and delicate concerns of the plantation were her charge and care. She gave out and directed all the work of the women. From superintending the setting of the turkeys to fighting a pestilence, there was nothing which was not her work. She was mistress, manager, doctor, nurse, counsellor, seamstress, teacher, housekeeper, slave, all at once. She was at the beck and call of every one, especially

of her husband, to whom she was "guide, philosopher, and friend."

One of them, being told of a broken gate by her husband, said, "Well, my dear, if I could sew it with my needle and thread, I would mend it for you."

What she was, only her husband divined, and even he stood before her in dumb, half-amazed admiration, as he might before the inscrutable vision of a superior being.

* * * * * *

As to the master himself, it is hard to generalize. Yet there were indeed certain generic characteristics, whether he was grave and severe, or jovial and easy. There was the foundation of a certain pride based on self-respect and consciousness of power. There were nearly always the firm mouth with its strong lines, the calm, placid, direct gaze, the quiet speech of one who is accustomed to command and have his command obeyed; there was a contemplative expression due to much communing alone, with weighty responsibilities resting upon him; there was absolute self-confidence, and often a look caused by tenacity of opinion. There was not a doubtful line in the face nor a doubtful tone in the voice; his opinions were convictions; he was a partisan to the backbone; and not infrequently he was incapable of seeing more than one side. This prevented breadth, but gave force. He was proud, but rarely haughty except to dishonor. To that he was inexorable. He believed in God, he believed in his wife, he believed in his blood. He was chivalrous, he was generous, he was usually incapable of fear or of meanness. To be a Virginia gentleman was the first duty; it embraced being a Christian and all the virtues. He lived as one; he left it as a heritage to his children. He was fully appreciative of both the honors and the responsibilities of his position. He believed in a democracy, but understood that the absence of a titled aristocracy had to be supplied by a class more virtuous than he believed any aristocracy to be. He purposed in his own person to prove that this was practicable. He established the fact that it was. This and other responsibilities made him grave. He had inherited gravity from his father and grandfather. The latter had been a performer in the greatest work of modern times, with the shadow of the

scaffold over him if he failed. The former had faced the weighty problems of the new government, with many unsolved questions ever to answer. He himself faced problems not less grave. The greatness of the past, the time when Virginia had been the mighty power of the New World, loomed ever above him. It increased his natural conservatism. He saw the change that was steadily creeping on. The conditions that had given his class their power and prestige had altered. The fields were worked down, and agriculture that had made his class rich no longer paid. The cloud was already gathering in the horizon; the shadow already was stretching towards him. He could foresee the danger that threatened Virginia. A peril ever sat beside his door. He was "holding the wolf by the ears." Outside influences hostile to his interest were being brought to bear. Any movement must work him injury. He sought the only refuge that appeared. He fell back behind the Constitution that his fathers had helped to establish, and became a strict constructionist for Virginia and his rights. These things made him grave. He reflected much. Out on the long verandas in the dusk of the summer nights, with his wide fields stretching away into the gloom, and "the woods" bounding the horizon, his thoughts dwelt upon serious things; he pondered causes and consequences; he resolved everything to prime principles. He communed with the Creator and his first work, Nature.

* * * * * *

Whether or not the sons were, as young men, peculiarly admirable may be a question. They possessed the faults and the virtues of young men of their kind and condition. They were given to self-indulgence; they were not broad in their limitations; they were apt to contemn what did not accord with their own established views (for their views were established before their mustaches); they were wasteful of time and energies beyond belief; they were addicted to the pursuit of pleasure. They exhibited the customary failings of their kind in a society of an aristocratic character. But they possessed in full measure the corresponding virtues. They were brave, they were generous, they were high-spirited. Indulgence in pleasure did not destroy them. It was the young French noblesse who affected to eschew exertion even to the

point of having themselves borne on litters on their boar-hunts, and who yet, with a hundred pounds of iron buckled on their frames, charged like furies at Fontenoy. So these same languid, philandering young gentlemen, when the crucial occasion came, suddenly appeared as the most dashing and indomitable soldiery of modern times. It was the Norfolk company known as the "Dandies" that was extirpated in a single day.

But, whatever may be thought of the sons, there can be no question as to the daughters. They were like the mother; made in her own image. They filled a peculiar place in the civilization; the key was set to them. They held by a universal consent the first place in the system, all social life revolving around them. So generally did the life shape itself about the young girl that it was almost as if a bit of the age of chivalry had been blown down the centuries and lodged in the old State. She instinctively adapted herself to it. In fact, she was made for it. She was gently bred: her people for generations (since they had come to Virginia) were gentlefolk. They were so well satisfied that they had been the same in the mother country that they had never taken the trouble to investigate it. She was the incontestable proof of their gentility. In right of her blood (the beautiful Saxon, tempered by the influences of the genial Southern clime), she was exquisite, fine, beautiful; a creature of peach-blossom and snow; languid, delicate, saucy; now imperious, now melting, always bewitching. She was not versed in the ways of the world, but she had no need to be; she was better than that; she was well bred. She had not to learn to be a lady, because she was born one. Generations had given her that by heredity. She grew up apart from the great world. But ignorance of the world did not make her provincial. Her instinct was an infallible guide. When a child she had in her sunbonnet and apron met the visitors at the front steps and entertained them in the parlor until her mother was ready to appear. Thus she had grown up to the duties of hostess. Her manners were as perfectly formed as her mother's, with perhaps a shade more self-possession. Her beauty was a title which gave her a graciousness that well befitted her. She never "came out," because she had never been "in;" and the line between girlhood

and young-ladyhood was never known. She began to have beaux certainly before she reached the line; but it did her no harm: she would herself long walk "fancy free." A protracted devotion was required of her lovers, and they began early. They were willing to serve long, for she was a prize worth the service. Her beauty, though it was often dazzling, was not her chief attraction. That was herself: that indefinable charm; the result of many attractions, in combination and perfect harmony, which made her herself. She was delicate, she was dainty, she was sweet. She lived in an atmosphere created for her—the pure, clean, sweet atmosphere of her country home. She made its sunshine. She was generally a coquette, often an outrageous flirt. It did not imply heartlessness. It was said that the worst flirts made the most devoted wives. It was simply an instinct, an inheritance; it was in the life. Her heart was tender towards every living thing but her lovers; even to them it was soft in every way but one. Had they had a finger-ache, she would have sympathized with them. But in the matter of love she was inexorable, remorseless. She played upon every chord of the heart. Perhaps it was because, when she gave up, the surrender was to be absolute. From the moment of marriage she was the worshipper. Truly she was a strange being. In her muslin and lawn; with her delicious, low, slow, musical speech; accustomed to be waited on at every turn, with servants to do her every bidding; unhabituated often even to putting on her dainty slippers or combing her soft hair—she possessed a reserve force which was astounding. She was accustomed to have her wishes obeyed as commands. It did not make her imperious; it simply gave her the habit of control. At marriage she was prepared to assume the duties of mistress of her establishment, whether it were great or small.

Thus, when the time came, the class at the South which had been deemed the most supine suddenly appeared as the most efficient and the most indomitable. The courage which the men displayed in battle was wonderful; but it was nothing to what the Southern women exemplified at home. There was, perhaps, not a doubtful woman within the limits of the Confederacy. Whilst their lovers and husbands fought in the field, they performed the harder part of waiting at home.

With more than a soldier's courage they bore more than a soldier's hardship. For four long years they listened to the noise of the guns, awaiting with blanched faces but undaunted hearts the news of battle after battle; buried their beloved dead with tears, and still amid their tears encouraged the survivors to fight on. It was a force which has not been duly estimated. It was in the blood.

She was indeed a strange creature, that delicate, dainty, mischievous, tender, God-fearing, inexplicable Southern girl. With her fine grain, her silken hair, her satiny skin, her musical speech; pleasure-loving, saucy, bewitching—deep down lay the bedrock foundation of innate virtue, piety, and womanliness, on which were planted all for which human nature can hope, and all to which it can aspire. Words fail to convey an idea of what she was; as well try to describe the beauty of the rose or the perfume of the violet. To appreciate her one must have seen her, have known her, have loved her.

THE DRAGON OF THE SEAS

(April, 1898)

From 'The Coast of Bohemia'; Copyright, 1888, 1906, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

They say the Spanish ships are out
  To seize the Spanish Main;
Reach down the volume, Boy, and read
  The story o'er again:

How when the Spaniard had the might,
  He drenched the Earth, like rain,
With Saxon blood and made it Death
  To sail the Spanish Main.

With torch and steel; with stake and rack
  He trampled out God's Truce
Until Queen Bess her leashes slip't
  And let her sea-dogs loose.

God! how they sprang and how they tore!
The Gilberts, Hawkins, Drake!
Remember, Boy, they were your sires:
They made the Spaniard quake.

Dick Grenville with a single ship
Struck all the Spanish line:
One Devon knight to the Spanish Dons:
One ship to fifty and nine.

When Spain in San Ulloa's Bay
Her sacred treaty broke,
Stout Hawkins fought his way through fire
And gave her stroke for stroke.

A bitter malt Spain brewed that day,
She drained it to the lees:
The thunder of her guns awoke
The Dragon of The Seas.

From coast to coast he ravaged far,
A scourge with flaming breath:
Where'er the Spaniard sailed his ships,
Sailed Francis Drake and Death.

No coast was safe against his ire;
Secure no furthest shore;
The fairest day oft sank in fire
Before the Dragon's roar.

He made th' Atlantic surges red
Round every Spanish keel,
Piled Spanish decks with Spanish dead,
The noblest of Castile.

From Del Fuego's beetling coast
To sleety Hebrides
He hounded down the Spanish host
And swept the flaming seas.

He fought till on Spain's inmost lakes
'Mid Orange bowers set,
La Mancha's maidens feared to sail
Lest they the Dragon met.*

King Philip, of his ravin' reft,
Called for "the Pirate's" head;
The great Queen laughed his wrath to scorn
And knighted Drake instead.

And gave him ships and sent him forth
To sweep the Spanish Main,
For England and for England's brood,
And sink the fleets of Spain.

And well he wrought his mighty work,
Till on that fatal day
He met his only conqueror,
In Nombre Dios Bay.

There in his shotted hammock swung
Amid the surges' sweep,
He waits the look-out's signal cry
Across the quiet deep.

And dreams of dark Ulloa's bar,
And Spanish treachery,
And how he tracked Magellan far
Across the unknown sea.

But if Spain fire a single shot
Upon the Spanish Main,
She 'll come to deem the Dragon dead
Has waked to life again.

*Note. It is related that King Philip one day invited a lady to sail with him on a lake, and she replied that she was afraid they might meet "the Dragon."

UNCLE GABE'S WHITE FOLKS

From 'Befo' the War'; Copyright, 1888, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

Sarvent, Marster! Yes, sah, dat's me—
  Ole Unc' Gabe's my name;
I thankee, Marster, I'm 'bout yo' see.
  "An' de olt 'ooman?" She's much de same,
Po'ly an' 'plainin', thank de Lord!
But de Marster's gwine ter come back from 'broad.

"Fine ole place?" Yes, sah, 'tis so;
  An' mighty fine people my white folks war—
But you oughter 'a' seen it years ago,
  When de Marster an' de Mistis lived up dyah;
When de niggers 'd stan' all roun' de do',
Like grains o' corn on de cornhouse flo'.

"Live mons'ous high?" Yes, Marster, yes;
  Cut'n' onroyal 'n' gordly dash;
Eat an' drink till you couldn' res'.
  My folks war'n' none o' yo' po'-white-trash;
Nor, sah, dey was ob high degree—
Dis heah nigger am quality!

"Tell you 'bout 'em?" You mus' 'a' hearn
  'Bout my ole white folks, sho'!
I tell you, suh, dey was gre't an' stern;
D' didn' have nuttin' at all to learn;
  D' knowed all dar was to know;
Gol' ober dey head an' onder dey feet;
An' silber! dey sowed 't like folks sows wheat.
"Use ter be rich?" Dat warn' de wud!
  Jes' wallowed an' roll' in wealf.
Why, none o' my white folks ever stir'd
  Ter lif' a han' for d'self;
De niggers use ter be stan'in' roun'
Jes' d' same ez leaves when dey fus' fall down;
De stable-stalls up heah at home
Looked like teef in a fine-toof comb;

De cattle was p'digious—mus' tell de fac'!
An' de hogs mecked de hill-sides look like black;
An' de flocks ob sheep was so gr'et an' white
Dey 'peared like clouds on a moonshine night.
An' when my ole Mistis use' ter walk—
  Jes' ter her kerridge (dat was fur
  Ez ever she walked)—I tell you, sir,
You could almos' heah her silk dress talk;
Hit use' ter soun' like de mornin' breeze,
When it wakes an' rustles de Gre't House trees.
An' de Marster's face!—de Marster's face,
  Whenever de Marster got right pleased—
Well, I 'clar' ter Gord, 'twould shine wid grace
  De same ez his countenance had been greased.
De cellar, too, had de bes' ob wine,
An' brandy, an' sperrits dat yo' could fine;
An' ev'ything in dyah was stored,
'Skusin' de Glory of de Lord!
"Warn' dyah a son?" Yes, sah, you knows
  He's de young Marster now;
But we heah dat dey tooken he very clo'es
  Ter pay what ole Marster owe;
He's done been gone ten year, I s'pose.
But he's comin' back some day, of co'se;
An' my ole 'ooman is aluz pyard,
  An' meckin' de Blue-Room baid;
An' ev'ry day dem sheets is ayard,
  An' will be till *she's* daid;
An' de styars she'll scour,
  An' dat room she'll ten',
  Ev'y blessed day dat de Lord do sen'!

What say, Marster? Yo' say, you knows—?
  He's young an' slender-like an' fyah;
Better-lookin' 'n you, of co'se!
Hi! you's he? 'Fo' Gord, 'tis him!
  'Tis de very voice an' eyes an' hyah,
An' mouf an' smile, on'y yo' ain' so slim—
I wonder whah—whah's de ole 'ooman?

Now let my soul
  Depart in peace,
For I behol'
Dy glory, Lord!—I knowed you, chile—
  I knowed you soon's I see'd your face!
Whar has you been dis blessed while?
  Done come back an' buy de place?
  Oh, bless de Lord for all His grace!
De ravins shell hunger, an' shell not lack
De Marster, de young Marster's done come back!

ONE MOURNER

From 'Befo' the War'; Copyright, 1888, Charles Scribner's Sons, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers.

(*For Irwin Russell, who died in New Orleans in great destitution, on Christmas Eve, 1879.*)

Well, well, I declar'! I is sorry.
  He's 'ceasted, yo' say, Marse Joe?—
Dat gent'man down in New Orleans,
  Whar writ 'bout 'n niggers so,

An' tole, in all dat poetry
  You read some time lars' year,
'Bout niggers, an' 'coons, an' 'possums,
  An' ole times, an' mules an' gear?

Jes' name dat ag'in, seh, please, seh;
  Destrıcution's de word yo' said?
Dat signifies he wuz mons'us *po'*,
  Yo' say—want meat an' bread?

Hit mout: I never knowed him
  Or hearn on him, 'sep' when you
Read me dem valentines o' his'n;
  But I lay you, dis, seh's true—

Dat he wuz a rael gent'man,
Bright fire dat burns, not smokes;
An' ef he did die *destricute,*
He warn't no po'-white-folks.

Dat gent'man knowed 'bout niggers.
Heah me! when niggers wuz
Ez good ez white-folks mos', seh,
I knows dat thing, I does.

An' he could 'a' tetched his hat, seh,
To me jes' de same ez you;
An' folks gwine to see what a gent'man
He wuz, an' I wuz, too.

He couldn' 'a' talked so natchal
'Bout niggers in sorrow an' joy,
Widdouten he had a black mammy
To sing to him 'long ez a boy.

An' I think, when he tole 'bout black-folks
An' ole-times, an' all so sweet,
Some nigh him mout 'a' acted de ravins
An' gin him a mouf-ful to eat,

An' not let him starve at Christmas,
When things ain't sca'ce nowhar—
Ef he hed been a dog, young Marster,
I'd 'a' feeded him den, I 'clar'!

But wait! Maybe Gord, when thinkin'
How po' he'd been himself,
Cotch sight dat gent'man scufflin',
An' 'lowed fur to see what wealf

Hit mout be de bes' to gin him,
Ez a Christmas-gif', yo' know;
So he jes' took him up to heaven,
Whar he carn' be po' no mo'.

An' jes' call his name ag'in, seh.
How?—Irwin Russell—so?
I'se gwine fur to tell it to Nancy,
So ef I'd furgit, she'd know.

An' I hopes dey'll lay him to sleep, seh,
Somewhar, whar de birds will sing
About him de live-long day, seh,
An' de flowers will bloom in Spring.

An' I wish, young Marster, you'd meck out
To write down to whar you said,
An' sey, dyar's a nigger in Richmond
Whar's sorry Marse Irwin's dead.

FRANKLIN VERZELIUS NEWTON PAINTER

[1852—]

RICHARD HENRY HUDNALL

THE Painters, who early settled in the valley of Virginia and whose descendants have exerted a notable influence in the commonwealth, were of German descent and Lutheran faith. Franklin Verzelius Newton Painter was born of German and Scotch ancestry in Hampshire County, Virginia (now West Virginia), April 12, 1852. He was reared in the village of Aurora, West Virginia; and after preparatory training in the public schools of the county, he entered (1870) Roanoke College at Salem, Virginia, from which he was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts four years later as the first honor man in his class, receiving also a gold medal for proficiency in metaphysics. He was married in 1875 to Laura Trimble Shickel. Eight children have been born into the home, seven of whom are now (1909) living.

Upon completion of a three years' course at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Salem, Franklin Painter began his career as a Lutheran clergyman. In the same year, 1878, he was elected professor of modern languages and literature in Roanoke College, a position he held with honor for twenty-eight years. Since 1906 he has been lecturer on pedagogy and the history of education at his *alma mater,* and has devoted much of his time to literary work.

In 1882 he went abroad and pursued his studies, chiefly in Paris and Bonn. In 1885 he established the Virginia Teachers' Reading Association. Roanoke College conferred upon him the degree of A.M. (1877); Pennsylvania College, the degree of D.D. (1895); and Susquehanna University, the degree of Litt. D. (1908).

From this sketch it will be seen that Dr. Painter has been long connected with Roanoke College at Salem. His quiet, beautiful, and attractive home life there has been conducive to study, culture, and authorship. His diversity of gifts, opportunities for study and travel, and intense application, have won for him distinction as scholar, teacher, educator, clergyman, author, and poet. His work and influence have extended far beyond the walls of the class-room. Sermons, literary addresses, and magazine articles are here passed over for a general review of his works of greater scope and compass.

The first of his publications, in point of time and importance, was the 'History of Education' (1886). This appeared in the International Education Series, and includes a comprehensive study of: (1) The Oriental Nations; (2) The Ancient Classical Nations; (3) Christian Education before the Reformation; (4) Education from the Reformation to the Present Time. The great educational ideals and movements of each country and age are traced in the light of social, religious, and political conditions. In consulting original sources, in scholarly grasp of subject-matter, and in the skilful management of details, Dr. Painter exhibits German patience and thoroughness. The book has rendered an eminent service, both to teacher and student, has enjoyed a wide circulation, and is still one of the most popular books of its kind.

In this connection is to be mentioned also his 'Great Pedagogical Essays' (1905), in the main a compilation of original documents in educational history from Plato to Herbert Spencer. Brief biographical sketches of the great educators are followed by representative selections from their works. Critical estimates of the various teachers and educational reformers are to be found in the 'History of Education.' These two works are of great pedagogical value, and can be used together with advantage.

Martin Luther and his work has long been a theme upon which Dr. Painter has delighted to speak and write. His 'Luther on Education' (1889) shows a sympathetic study of the great reformer, and discusses his important contributions to educational history. Former United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. William T. Harris, pronounced this work "a classic on education."

'The History of Christian Worship' (1891), prepared in collaboration with Dr. J. W. Richard of Gettysburg, is of particular interest to the theological student and to the minister. The small volume bearing the suggestive title, 'The Reformation Dawn' (1901), discusses the papal system and reviews somewhat in detail the conditions leading up to the Protestant Reformation.

'Introduction to English Literature' (1894) was followed in 1897 by a companion volume, 'Introduction to American Literature.' Revised and enlarged editions of these admirable text-books, their extensive use by the general reader as well as by students in schools and colleges in all sections of the country, well attest their popularity and usefulness. Two features in particular of these books are to be noted: the first is the great emphasis given to the historic conditions under which the literature of each period is produced; the other recognizes the vital importance of studying literature itself rather than *about* literature. To this end, the author has given prominence only to the great representative writers of each period, which are to be

studied along with the accompanying illustrative selections and critical notes. Biographical details, while given with sufficient fulness, are largely subordinated to a critical study of the aim, value, spirit, and general literary estimate of the works themselves. The 'History of English Literature' (1900) is a considerably enlarged work prepared on the same general plan as the 'Introduction.' The inclusion of a greater number of prominent authors treated at length necessitated the omission of the 'Selections.' The increased amount of material on the historical and social conditions of each period, the literary map and numerous illustrations, add greatly to the usefulness of the book. While designed primarily for the student, yet no better works than these can be recommended to the general reader who wishes a clear, comprehensive, and sympathetic grasp of the history of our literature.

'The Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism' (1903) is a valuable little laboratory manual designed to aid the student in the critical interpretation of literary work. It discusses in the main fundamental principles of literary criticism and the leading kinds of literature. Each chapter concludes with review questions and illustrative and practical exercises.

In 'Poets of the South' (1904), Dr. Painter directs special attention to Poe, Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, and Ryan. Minor poets also receive due consideration. Illustrative selections with critical notes enhance greatly the value of the work.

A larger volume than the preceding, but of more restricted title, is 'Poets of Virginia' (1907). This is an entertaining and instructive account of the Virginia poets, from the occasional, crude poetic effusions of Captain John Smith to the more polished verses of Mrs. Virginia Armistead Garber's "Pocahontas." The author's general plan is to set forth the historic conditions of each period, then name the poets with some biographical facts, and give brief selections with critical comments thereupon. Hence, the work is "not simply a record of individual verse writers, but in part at least, a culture-history of the State." Dr. Painter has done a splendid work here. He is peculiarly fitted for such a task, calling for critical ability, discriminating judgment, a cultivated taste, a poetic temperament, and broad human sympathies. Fitting is it indeed that this attractive volume, with the clear-cut illustrations, opening with the beginning of American literature on Virginia soil and closing with the heroic story in verse of Pocahontas (written in 1907), should have appeared coincident with the tercentennial celebration at Jamestown.

The above-named volume suffers by reason of the modest exclusion of Dr. Painter's own name. Not only has he written much about poets and poetry, but his own lyre has been inspired by the Muse.

'Lyrical Vignettes' (1900) is the title of a neat little volume of "114 poems on 114 pages." In the poetical "Prologue" the singer indicates the purpose and spirit of his work: he would not use "old Homer's martial strain nor Virgil's splendid lyre," nor join the "jingling school of Poe"; but with Wordsworth he would humbly sing "the simple joys and woes that fill our days," and

> "Would reveal with Burns' observant eye
> And sympathetic heart,
> The mystic charms of home, and field, and sky,
> With chaste and reverent art."

Dr. Painter deals here with a variety of themes. A few of the poems of autobiographic interest are tender reflections upon home, family, and early associations. Two poems of four stanzas each give praise to two early English poets—Caedmon, "the first of English bards sublime," and Chaucer, "the poet of the morn." Three of the sad and sweet singers of the South (Hayne, Timrod, and Lanier)—"a chastened but exalted band"—receive a touching and tender tribute. Dr. Painter moves in a happy vein when he sings of nature. "A Morning in the Country," "Camping Out," "Beauty," "With Nature," "A Morning Walk," "The Brooklet," and others, overflow with refreshing breezes, the songs of birds, the running brook, and all the charms of outdoor life, which give fresh inspiration for the duties of the hour. In delicate little touches here and there one notes a marked Wordsworthian flavor.

Taken as a whole, the poems mirror the writer and reveal to us, in a variety of measures, the natural expressions of a kind and pure heart. In general, they are marked by simple thought and diction, refined feeling, melody, and a distinct pervasive ethical quality. A critic of this volume well says: "Dr. Painter is more than a skilled verse-maker—he is a poet. These lyrics are not an organ nor an orchestra, nor an oratorio: but they are the smiles and tears, the singing and the sighing of a soul, sincere, pure, true; that loves nature, that loves man, that loves God."

Two other works of Dr. Painter, 'An Ancient History' and 'An Introduction to Bible Study,' are expected from the press at an early date. In the future he will devote his time largely to literary work. The generally recognized value of his past publications is a guaranty that forthcoming contributions from his pen will be welcomed gladly. His resourcefulness, keen observing faculty, critical acumen, and wide culture have eminently fitted him for a large field of usefulness. The care bestowed upon his literary productions, and the strong impress of his personality and exalted Christian character,

endow his work with power and permanence. His literary style is simple, clear, vigorous, and polished. His thought finds expression in the simple, crisp, short sentence, of which he is a master. His contributions on educational and religious subjects are of permanent value, and have placed teachers under lasting obligations to him. In the preparation of text-books, for which he seems to have a special gift, he has done a good work. He has the faculty of seizing upon vital points and principles and of presenting them with remarkable clearness and vigor. His sermons and literary addresses are characterized by clear-cut thought, breadth of view, apt and appropriate illustration, and convincing logic. His verse shows marked poetic gifts and facility in handling various metrical forms. In all that he writes there is a loftiness of aim and purpose, dignity of tone, and literary finish. Dr. Johnson's splendid tribute to Goldsmith applies well to Dr. Painter—"whatever he touches he adorns."

With a scholar's love for learning, and the art of thinking the thoughts of the wise and using the language of the simple; with the power of gathering what is best and noblest from nature and art, literature and life, Dr. Painter has by word and pen done a noble work, comprehensive in scope, and far-reaching in importance and influence.

Richard Henry Hudnall

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THE AUTHOR AND HIS WORK

From 'The Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism.'

Every literary work reveals, to a greater or less degree, the personality of the author. Every literary production may be regarded as the fruitage of the writer's spirit; and there is good authority for saying that "men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles." A book exhibits not only the attainments, culture, and literary art of the writer but also his intellectual force, emotional nature, and moral character. Wide attainments are revealed in breadth of view and in mastery of large resources. Culture is exhibited in a general delicacy of thought, feeling, and expression. Literary art is shown in the choice of words and in their arrangement in sentences and paragraphs. The artistic sense, without which a finished excellence is not attainable, reveals itself in the proportion, symmetry, and completeness of a work.

The intellectual and the emotional nature of a writer is clearly reflected in his works. Intellectual force, for example, is recognized in the firm grasp of a subject, in the marshaling of details toward a predetermined end, and in the vigor of utterance. The Essays of Macaulay, however much they may lack in delicate refinement of thought and feeling, display a virile force of intellect; and many a page of Carlyle fairly throbs with energy of spirit. A large, sensitive soul manifests itself in sympathy with nature and human life. The "wee, modest, crimson-tippèd" daisy, and the limping wounded hare have touched the tender sympathies of Burns; and it was Wordsworth who said:

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

There is no class of society, from kings to beggars, from queens to hags, with which Shakespeare has not entered into sympathy, thinking their thoughts and speaking their words.

The moral character of an author appears in his general attitude toward truth and life. A strong moral sense appears in a firm adherence to right and an unblinded condemnation of wrong. A genial, charitable spirit is shown in a kindly disposition to overlook the weaknesses of men and to magnify their virtues. Life may be looked upon as something earnest, exalted, divine; or it may be regarded as insignificant, wretched, and ending at death.

It is character that gives fundamental tone to literature; and, as Matthew Arnold has said, the best results are not attainable without "high seriousness." The difference between the flippant and the earnest writer is easily and instinctively recognized. No one can read Ruskin, for instance, without feeling his sincerity and integrity, even in his most impracticable vagaries. In Addison, Goldsmith, and Irving we find a genial, uplifting amiability; and Whittier, in his deep love of human freedom and justice, appears as a resolute iconoclast and reformer.

It is sometimes supposed that the art of authorship can be divined from the personality of the writer. In serious authorship this supposition is a mistake. The best writing is more than grace of rhetoric and refinement of intellectual culture. Back of all outward graces there is need of a right-thinking and truth-loving soul. One of the essential things in the training of a great writer is the development of an upright, noble character. Milton was right in maintaining that the great poet should make his life a noble poem. As a rule the writers of the world's greatest classics have been men of sincerity, truth, and honor. Such was the character of Plato, Virgil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and many others. Our best American writers, almost without exception, have been distinguished for moral worth. In men like Burns, Byron, and Heine, the absence of a high moral purpose has detracted, in spite of their unquestioned intellectual power, from the excellence of a large part of their writings.

Our knowledge is of two kinds: the first comes from our

own experience; the other, from the experience and testimony of our fellow-men. Personal experience carries with it a conviction and power that do not usually belong to the knowledge received from the testimony of others. What we have experienced has become a part of our lives. The writers of vitality and power are those who draw largely on their individual resources—the treasures of their own experience. They write, not from the memory, but from the heart. If they borrow from others, they assimilate the information, and thus vitalize it before giving it out again.

The best part of our knowledge is that which comes to us through experience and assimilation. It is a permanent possession. When an author's experience, either in an ideal or a realistic form, is introduced in his work, it becomes an interesting biographical element. It presents a part of his life, and often it exhibits the transforming and glorifying power of his genius. In the drama "She Stoops to Conquer," for example, Goldsmith has turned to excellent account a humiliating incident of his youth. His "Deserted Village" is full of childhood reminiscences. Scott's poems and novels are in large measure only an expansion of the mediæval and other lore that he enthusiastically collected in his youth and early manhood. George Eliot's earlier novels are filled with the scenes and characters of her early life; and Dickens's best novel, 'David Copperfield,' is largely autobiographical. An author's best work—that which possesses the greatest degree of interest and vitality—is generally that which springs from the treasure of his deepest experience, and is the fullest expression of his individual thought and feeling.

Every writer of originality and power takes a fundamental view of life. He has settled convictions of some sort in regard to the world in which he lives. Sometimes this view comes from religion and sometimes from philosophy or science, though in any case it is apt to be influenced by the writer's physical condition. German philosophy has influenced many able writers—Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, and others in England and America; and at the present time the theory of evolution is leaving a deep impress on literature.

Whence came this magnificent universe? What is the origin and destiny of man? Is the general drift of human

affairs upward or downward? These are great fundamental questions, and the answers we give them lie at the bottom of our thinking and give tone to our writing. The world is not the same to the Christian theist and to the agnostic. Human life has a deeper significance to the man who believes in the loving providence of God than to the man who believes only in the existence of matter and natural law. The man who believes in the presence and sovereignty of God in all things looks hopefully to the future. He is optimistic rather than pessimistic. The presence of an exuberant vitality reveals itself in a cheerful, buoyant tone. Scott's exuberant spirit forms a pleasing contrast with Carlyle's dyspeptic cynicism.

It is often highly important to understand the fundamental beliefs of a writer. His works may be in a measure unintelligible till his standpoint is fully understood. Sometimes his various writings are only an expansion and application of one or two great fundamental principles. The works of Herbert Spencer, for example, are in the main an elaboration of the theory of evolution. Byron represented a skeptical reaction against the conventional manners and beliefs of his day. The essential feature of Emerson's work is found in a single sentence in "Nature." "We learn," he says, "that the Highest is present to the soul of man, that the dread universal Essence, which is not wisdom, or love, or beauty, or power, but all in one, and each entirely, is that for which all things exist, and that by which they are; that spirit creates; that behind nature, throughout nature, spirit is present; that spirit is one, and not compound; that spirit does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves."

In like manner it is interesting and sometimes illumining to know the literary school or tendency to which a writer belongs. Every author has his limitations and idiosyncrasies. First of all, he may be a writer of prose alone or of poetry alone. In prose he may confine himself to a single department, as fiction or history; or in poetry he may be chiefly lyric, didactic, or dramatic. Within these narrower spheres he may identify himself with a single tendency or group of writers. In history he may be philosophic or narrative; in fiction he may be a romanticist or a realist; in poetry he may be sub-

jective or objective in his treatment of themes. Scott's romanticism, for instance, which delights in mediæval scenes and incidents, is very unlike Dickens's realism, which depicts the scenes and incidents of actual contemporary life. George Eliot's psychologic novels are different from those of either Scott or Dickens. Bryant's clear descriptions of nature stand in striking contrast with Poe's mystical melodies.

It is important to understand the mood and purpose of an author. We are not in a position fairly to judge a work until we know its spirit and object. Until we know whether the writer is playful or earnest, joyous or sad, satirical or serious, we cannot give his words the right tone and value; and until we see clearly what he is driving at, we cannot properly estimate the successive steps in his production nor judge of its worth as a whole.

The moods expressed in literature are exceedingly various. Since literature is the expression of the intellectual life of man, it embodies the various moods and passions to which human nature is subject. Sometimes, for example, there is laughing humor, as in Holmes's "The Deacon's Masterpiece." Sometimes there is violent anger, as in Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." We feel his unrestrained wrath, as he exclaims:

> Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong;
> Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Sometimes the mood is one of pensive meditation, as when Gray sits alone in the country churchyard amid deepening twilight:

> The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
> The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
> The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
> And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Sometimes it is a righteous indignation that blazes and burns, as when Carlyle exclaims, in the presence of selfishness and wrong: "Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice but an accidental one, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is

many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is as sure as death! In the center of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just.*"

Often the mood or spirit of gifted writers is something too intangible to be firmly grasped, yet its presence is felt as a pervasive and delightful atmosphere. A work is sometimes suffused with the divine touch of genius, as the delicate and indescribable hues of autumn glorify the valleys and mountains. While hovering near the earth for a time, the spirit of genius, as in Shakespeare and Ruskin, sometimes suddenly and spontaneously soars to regions of supernal splendor—altitudes of beauty absolutely inaccessible to ordinary and unaided mortals.

The purpose of a literary work, like its mood or spirit, may be various. In a measure it varies with the department of literature to which the work belongs. The purpose of history, which brings before us the achievements of the past, is chiefly instruction. The oratory of the pulpit and the forum aims at persuasion. Fiction aims primarily at entertainment, though it may also be made the vehicle for religious, sociological, or moral teachings. Poetry aims at pleasure by means of melody, felicity of expression, the picturing of moods and scenes, and the narration of interesting incidents or important events. When the purpose of a production is clearly apprehended we are prepared to judge of the wisdom of the author in his choice and adaptation of means.

The foregoing considerations show us the value of an acquaintance with an author's life. Without this acquaintance we are not prepared, in many cases, to understand or judge his productions. A good biography will acquaint us with the circumstances in which his talents were developed, and disclose to us the autobiographic materials which have been embodied in his works. It will reveal to us his views of life and his principles of art. It will show us, in short, the man behind the work, and thus help us to grasp the full significance of his utterance.

No one is absolutely independent of his surroundings. Men are frequently led, and sometimes driven by them, into the lines of work which they pursue. Hawthorne's stories,

for the most part, grew out of his New England life. Had he been brought up south of the Potomac, they would have been different. Had Irving never gone to England, he would not have written 'Bracebridge Hall'; and had he not sojourned in Spain, he would not have written 'Alhambra' and the 'Life of Columbus.' Byron's 'Childe Harold' is but a poetic record of his travels. Thus it is seen that an author's work, in large measure, grows out of his surroundings and experience, and cannot be thoroughly understood without an acquaintance with his life. It sometimes happens, as Shelley has sung in his interesting "Julian and Maddalo," that

> Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong;
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

PROLOGUE

The following poems are from 'Lyrical Vignettes.'

I would not use old Homer's martial strain,
  Nor Virgil's splendid lyre,
Whose tones heroic stir men's hearts amain,
  And deathless deeds inspire.

I would not sound throughout earth's mighty sphere,
  With Milton's thunderous roll,
The Titan deeds of Heaven or Hades drear,
  To awe the startled soul.

I would not stalk across the stage of fame
  With Byron's posing mien,
Nor seek to win the poet's honored name
  With misanthropic spleen.

I would not soar too high above the earth,
  In ether regions rare,
Where Shelley's wraith-like fancies have their birth,
  Unreal though most fair.

I would not join the empty, jingling school,
Which, in the name of art,
Like Poe, makes hazy, tuneful lines its rule,
While thrusting truth apart.

I would with Wordsworth sing in humble lays,
But true in every tone,
The simple joys and woes that fill our days
With merriment or moan.

I would reveal, with Burns's observant eye
And sympathetic heart,
The mystic charms of home, and field, and sky,
With chaste and reverent art.

I would not sing alone the outward grace
That lights our beaming eyes,
But something of that Spirit's meaning trace
Who fills the earth and skies.

I care not if the Pharisees of song
Withhold their critic praise,
If here and there, among the common throng,
A glad heart greets my lays.

FADED VIOLETS

A little bouquet of faded flowers,
Kept tenderly through all these years;
It leads us back to the happy hours,
When love was born with hopes and fears.

The spring-time sun was shining bright,
And bird songs filled the living air,
As we, with youthful hearts and light,
To pluck them stooped with tender care.

We little dreamed that joyous day,
When wandering slow through field and wood,
How God was shaping, in wondrous way,
For all the after years our good.

Then treasure this bunch of faded flowers
With fonder care, while the years go by,
As a sweet memento of happy hours,
Still sweeter as the end draws nigh.

OUR NEED

An era of transition! Signs of change,
Deep, lasting change, as when the earth indeed,
By forces that from inward fires proceed,
Is cleft in naked plain and mountain range,

Awakes our anxious fears. Oft errors strange,
Utopian dreams of sensual ease, mislead
The anarch clan, while wrong, and faithless greed,
And tyranny the hearts of men estrange.

At such a time we pray, God give us men
Of honest heart, strong intellect and will,
And martyr courage, and deep-wrought belief,
Who will safely guide the reeling world, and when
Opposed, insulted, wronged, like heroes still
Will hold to death the truth and right as chief.

AT GETTYSBURG

'Twas Pickett's famous charge upon the hill,
When he the Union centre dared assail;
The column swept the plain with dauntless will,
Beneath a storm of iron and leaden hail.

A captain led his men with Southern pride,
His sword agleam in dark and sulphurous air;
His only son, who followed near his side,
He bravely led to death or glory there.

As grandly moved the line with steady pace,
A bullet pierced the young and manly form;
The father stopped, stooped down, and kissed his face,
Then turned to breast again the leaden storm.

A NIGHT AT SEA

The laboring ship, with mighty force of will,
  Drives eastward through the sea,
Which far, to circling sky, is smooth and still
  In awful majesty.

Great clouds of dusky smoke the wake o'ercast,
  The struggling engine jars,
While far above the deck each towering mast
  Swings slow among the stars.

Behold the full-orbed moon, majestic, slow,
  In distant splendors rise,
And strike across the deep in golden glow
  A highway to the skies.

A SILENT TRAGEDY

I gazed upon an Indian woman's face,
  In which the depth of infinite sorrow dwelt;
Tho' made for all the wealth of beauty's grace,
  It showed alone the woe the heart had felt.

I read the tragedy of her waning race,
  The wounds that cruel destiny had dealt,
And all the weight of her inferior place,
  As she a slave before her master knelt.

Unceasing moil had bowed her queenly head,
  And wrong, in silence borne, had steeled her heart;
Within her woman's breast all hope was dead,
  And, crushed in soul, she longed for death's fell dart.
O God, to think thy beauteous world below
Can bear unmoved such scenes of speechless woe!

THE STRENUOUS LIFE

I stood beside the loud, tumultuous shore;
The dark and wind-chased clouds drove swiftly by,
And angry, foaming surges rose on high
To smite the frowning cliffs with deafening roar.

I saw the sea in placid mood once more;
Its light was soft beneath the azure sky,
And many white-winged sea-birds far and nigh
In sportive flight the waters circled o'er.

The mirror surface of the mighty deep
With open soul received the day-star's light,
And gave to all the earth in image bright
The glory caught within the waters' sweep.
The strenuous life is grand; but grander far
The placid soul reflecting sun and star.

A HALLOWED SPOT

I wander o'er deserted ways,
By ragged, shrunken streams,
And chastened thoughts of other days
Arise like golden dreams.

For yonder where the cedars grow,
By years and storm-winds rent,
Once stood a vine-clad cottage low,
Where loved ones lived content.

And just in front, beside the race,
There rose an ancient mill,
Whose sad and scattered ruins trace
Its outlines for me still.

And from the shadows of the past
Looks forth a maiden's face,
O'er which my boyish fancy cast
A sweet and peerless grace.

Ah, precious memories wither not,
In spite of fleeting years,
And wandering o'er this hallowed spot,
My eyes are dim with tears.

A MORNING WALK

Softly the breezes descend in the valley,
Tenderly kissing the roses of morning;
Over the mountains, in bright, golden sally,
Break the first sunbeams, the landscape adorning.

Fresh inspiration I find for life's duties,
Forth through the meadows and woodland advancing,
Sweetly exulting in numberless beauties,
Dashing the dewdrops where rainbows are glancing.

Wondrous the temple for man's habitation,
Endless the wisdom with which it's constructed;
Gazing upon the vast works of creation,
Thankfully Godward my thoughts are conducted.

THE TEACHER

The sculptor moulds his piece of plastic clay
Into the beauteous form his soul has caught
In vision bright, that came, perchance, unsought.
And then upon the marble, day by day,

His chisel falls with neither haste nor stay,
Until at last, by skilful touches wrought,
The statue bodies forth his raptured thought,
And joy and fame his patient toil repay.

But higher still the teacher's matchless art:
For he, beyond the sculptor's crumbling goal,
Devotes his talent to the living soul,
And shapes in noble form the mind and heart.
With loving care, upon a godlike plan,
He moulds the image of a perfect man.

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER

[1818—1902]

THOMAS CARY JOHNSON

BENJAMIN MORGAN PALMER was born of ancient and honorable stock, in Charleston, South Carolina, January 25, 1818. His father, the Rev. Edward Palmer, long a beloved Presbyterian minister in the Low Country, South Carolina, was the son of Job Palmer and his wife, Sarah Morgan, a lady of energetic and aggressive character. Job Palmer, a highly esteemed citizen of Charleston, had migrated from New England before the Revolution. He was a son of the Rev. Samuel Palmer of Falmouth, Massachusetts, a grandson of the Rev. Thomas Palmer of Middleboro, Massachusetts, and a lineal descendant of William Palmer, who joined the Plymouth Colony in the year 1621, having come over in the ship *Fortune*.

The mother of Benjamin Morgan Palmer, Sarah Bunce, was a daughter of Captain Jared Bunce, a man of unusual worth. Jared Bunce was born in Hartford, Connecticut; he traced his paternal ancestry back to an Alderman Bunce, who lived in London in the days of Cromwell; his mother was a Griswold, and was connected with the Stanleys, whose remote ancestor was Edward Stanley, Earl of Derby. Sarah Bunce Palmer was a woman of uncommon intellectuality, strength of will, capacity to appreciate, sunniness of disposition, and love of the beautiful. She exercised a potent sway over her gifted son. She taught him the rudiments of learning and of morals. She read to, and with him, Shakespeare's plays, Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' and Scott's novels, thus helping him to attain that luxuriance, beauty, and precision of diction for which he was to become so remarkable.

After his parents had removed to Walterboro, young Benjamin Morgan Palmer came under the tuition of the Rev. J. B. Van Dyck, a faithful, capable, and inspiring teacher. Young Palmer further pursued academical studies in Amherst College (1832-1834); served in a tutorial capacity, and later as teacher of a village school (1834-1836). In January, 1837, he entered the University of Georgia, whence he was graduated with the first honors in August, 1838. Having decided to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he took his theological training in Columbia Seminary, Columbia, South Carolina. In the Walterboro School, in Amherst, in the University of Georgia, and in Columbia Seminary, he at once became,

and continued to be, famous for his powers in debate and oratory, and for his capacities for leadership, as well as for academical acquisition.

His school-days over, he devoted himself at once and persistently to the pursuit of his calling. He preached for some months during the summer of 1841, in Anderson, South Carolina, served as preacher and pastor of the First Church of Savannah, Georgia, from November, 1841, to January, 1843; as preacher and pastor of the First Church, Columbia, South Carolina, from January, 1843, to October, 1855; as professor of ecclesiastical history and polity in Columbia Seminary (1854-1856); and as preacher and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, from 1856 to 1902, save for a period of exile (1862-1865), during which he preached in the Army and taught in Columbia Seminary.

He was one of the greatest preachers of his century, and of the first nineteen centuries of the Christian era. His ideal of Christian worship was as beautiful and noble as the Cologne Cathedral, and his ideal of the part the chief minister should take in the worship of the congregation corresponded. It was his to lead the people in the worship of God in spirit and in truth; to enable them to see God as He has revealed Himself in His works and in His word; and, as seeing Him thus truly revealed, to go out to Him with all the homage of their souls. Accordingly, every part of the service was conducted with great clearness and beauty, but the sermon was the chief part. In it God was revealed to man. In it the preacher, conscious of the obligation lying on him, so acquitted himself that his preaching lingered in the memories of those who heard it as among their most precious treasures.

Dr. Palmer was a real preacher of the Gospel, regarding the Bible as the Word of God. Capable of the finest expository preaching, he was driven by the bent of his mind very largely to topical preaching, in which method the logical and systematizing tendencies have the freest and noblest application. His plan, upon announcing his text, was to show exactly what the text in its historical connections meant; to set forth in perspicuous terms the doctrinal teachings he had drawn from it; to enforce this doctrine by a series of arguments generally powerful in themselves and so happily put as to carry general conviction to the hearts of his hearers; and to follow all this with an application in which the truth, previously developed by interpretation and argument, would be pressed with mighty powers of appeal and persuasion. A magician in his use of the English tongue, and at his best when inspired by a great audience, Dr. Palmer gave his people rich truths in language of beauty, clearness, power, and

splendor. A pulpit bearing, in which were united grace of physical action, unstudied and honest feelings of deference to his audience, and singular personal humility, in union with a conscious sense of majesty as the messenger of the Most High, gave a power to his spoken words which no printed page can show. Possessed of a voice of vast compass, and indefinite flexibility, obedient to his variant moods, vibrant with a living faith, pulsating with hope or thrilling with joy, warming with love or sobbing with sorrow, swathing itself with woe or ailing in despair, thundering against sin, wrong, crime, and interpreting to his hearers every feeling of his soul—this voice gave his discourse a large increment of effectiveness. Finally, the known character of the man—that of a man to be found whenever wanted and always found in the path of light and duty, of a man "with a soul to feel another man's woe," of a pastor ready to brave every form of danger lying along the path of duty, of a man with an assured and positive faith—enhanced his power with the people who knew his daily life. The sober truth is that he was endowed by nature and grace with all the powers for genuine pulpit oratory. These powers he had trained in a consummate way. He was not merely capable of clear, instructive, powerful, and impressive speech; it was his to do all this in a wonderful way, thrilling the very soul with that which he made it see and feel. Prodigally endowed for preaching, it was as a living preacher that he did his greatest work. Several volumes of sermons taken from his lips by shorthand and, after some small revision by him, published, are well worthy of study; but men have not cared to read these sermons as they did to hear them from his mouth. Such are the two octavo volumes published between 1875 and 1877.

Dowered with powers of commanding eloquence, he early came into demand as anniversary orator, commencement orator, and for a great variety of occasional addresses; and was thus led to produce many noble orations in the course of his life. For the same reason, and because of his complete self-command, his tact, his wide culture, broad intelligence, and his generally philosophic and masterful grasp of all subjects with which he dealt, he was ever a leader in the courts of the church in which he sat. After James Henley Thornwell, he was the ecclesiastic of widest and most persistent influence in the communion to which he belonged. His defence of her principles and of her right to an independent existence, in speeches in and before her General Assemblies, as well as in articles published in the newspapers and periodicals, were amongst the more potent forces which have wrought for her separate existence down to this day.

Like the sons of Southern gentlemen generally in ante-bellum

times, he had made a study of civil government. In his mature manhood, because of the political excitement ending in the war between the sections, in the reconstruction measures, and in the infliction of the lottery evil upon his adopted State, he became a profound student of political and sociological problems. He reached, settled, and decided convictions on some subjects of high debate among his fellow citizens. In 1860 he espoused the cause of secession and did more, perhaps, than any other citizen of his city, or State, to wheel Louisiana into the ranks of seceding states. He expressed his long pent-up views in a sermon on Thanksgiving Day of that year, one of the few political sermons he was ever guilty of preaching—a sermon which was heard in profound stillness and sent his hearers home silent, but which was followed after a few hours by the ringing of bells, beating of drums, and shouts of the people for secession—a sermon which was published over and over again and affected every corner of his State and every section of the great Southwest. In the concluding words of this sermon he voiced truly his patriotic devotion to his country: "It only remains to say that whatever be the fortunes of the South, I accept them for my own. Born upon her soil of a father thus born before me—from an ancestry that occupied it while yet it was a part of England's possessions—she is in every sense my mother. I shall die upon her bosom. She shall know no peril but it is my peril, no conflict but it is my conflict, and no abyss of ruin into which I shall not share her fall. May the Lord God cover her head in this her day of battle." He may have been unwise in the advocacy of secession at the time and in some of the arguments. None may question the moral loftiness of his aims, the ardor of his devotion to the South, or the ability with which he championed her rights and labored in her behalf, for victory in War and for her rehabilitation after she had been overwhelmed and despoiled.

The lottery evil, fastened on Louisiana in 1868, while she was in the clutches of "carpet-bag" rulers, and by a syndicate of New York gamblers which had been formed in 1863, was enabled to maintain itself, by means in moral character like itself, and by the aid of a United States District Judge who played into its hands, till far toward the end of the century. The enemies of the lottery, having secured the insertion into the State Constitution of 1879 of a provision prohibiting all lotteries after 1895, though hating the institution, regarded it as doomed, and showed it for the most part only negative hostility. Meanwhile its corrupting influence was reaching almost every class, from the poorest negro laborer to persons on the topmost steps of social and political ladders. It came to control largely the press of the State; it overawed or dictated to politicians, the Legislature, the

judiciary, and bankers and merchants not a few. In direct contradiction to its promise, about 1890 it began the effort to secure the renewal of its charter for twenty-five years from January 1, 1894. Undebauched patriots and citizens of Louisiana became aroused. They determined to crush the monster. In the summer of 1891 they organized the Louisiana Anti-Lottery League. It opened its campaign through a public meeting held Thursday evening, June twenty-fifth, in the Grand Opera-house, New Orleans. Dr. Palmer made the speech of the evening. He was introduced by Colonel William Preston Johnston, Chancellor of Tulane University, in the following words:

"It is now my privilege to introduce to you a man who, by his talents, his eloquence, and his virtues, well deserves the title of the first citizen of New Orleans." Dr. Palmer spoke without notes, without a line; but of an open sore that had provoked his thought and indignation for years. The newspaper report of his speech does not read like one of his masterpieces; but, judged by the effect it produced, it was a great oration. Demosthenes had uttered a philippic; the Athenians were going to fight. From that hour the foes of the lottery felt sure that they would crush it; and crush it they did.

His most widely known book is his 'Life and Letters of James Henley Thornwell' (1876). For the preparation of a biography of Thornwell, Palmer possessed every qualification—intimate knowledge of the subject, in his domestic, his social, his ecclesiastical, and his civil relations. He had the capacity to appreciate, besides the temperament and the rhetorical and artistic power needed in order to represent Thornwell's life. In this work he tells how genius rose superior to obstacles, how Divine grace prepared and trained it for the sublime mission of subsequent life; how it shone in sunshine and shadow. He sketches the historic arena on which Thornwell ran his course, and shows how his life was interwoven with the life of his age; how he was affected by it, and it by him. Of the literary style, it has been well said: "No reader can fail to be struck by the rhythmical flow and musical cadence of the sentences, the graceful elegance of expression, the copiousness and yet appropriateness and vigor of diction, the graphic vividness of portraiture, and the transparent clearness and masterly ability of didactic statement and exposition which characterized the book."

In 'The Family in its Civil and Churchly Aspects,' (1876), the gist of the teaching is that "The family is really the model of the State"—not simply a device for the maintenance of the species, but a strongly compacted government in which the nature of law is punctually expounded by the actual enforcement of it; that in it "the

great principles are unfolded upon which all human government rests and society is created in germ"; that, in its development through the patriarchal and national stages, the simple law of the household expands through all the ramifications of the commonwealth; and that "a true statesmanship must glean its great essential principles from the subordination first established in the family"; that "the nearer a government is conformed to this ideal, in the distribution of power and in the combination of influences by which society shall be controlled, the more perfect will it be both in its conception and administration"; that "man needs to be moulded as well as controlled"; that "the family is a school of education as well as an empire of law; and that its superlative value is found in the combination of influence with authority, under which men are trained to the obedience which requires to be enforced." The book is remarkable for the succinct brevity of the style, coupled with a lucid exhibition of the principles involved. It has been pronounced, by a masterful critic of the author's work, to be "the ablest thing that Dr. Palmer ever wrote."

His little volume on the 'Formation of Character' (1889), consists of twelve lectures delivered on as many Sunday evenings. The lectures had been delivered in response to a request signed by twenty-five young men of his congregation. A stenographic report of the lectures had been placed, subsequently, in Dr. Palmer's hands for his revision that they might be published. As published, they are thoroughly sane, strong and rich in thought, with the usual ear-marks of his style.

'The Broken Home; or Lessons in Sorrow' (1890) consists of sketches of each of the several deceased members of his own family and a sketch of his mother. They were prepared originally for a purely family purpose and without thought of publication, some earlier, and some later, in his life. "But the Freemasonry of those in sorrow would pour the balm into other hearts which the Spirit of Consolation may have given to each." From the simple desire of comforting those who mourn, this story of repeated bereavements was told. It would be hard to find in all literature a saner, sweeter, loftier Christian spirit than runs through this book. It is worthy of a place in every mourning household. The literary style of the sketches is wonderfully beautiful. Each one is a poem in limpid, nervous prose. They linger on the ear like sweet, sad music.

The 'Theology of Prayer as Viewed in the Religion of Nature and the System of Grace' (1894) stands in a class by itself, having been designed to fill a gap which had hitherto existed in theological literature. It is a real and an able contribution to practical Christian theology.

'The Threefold Fellowship and the Threefold Assurance' (1902), his last volume, is a work on the same theological and artistic level with his 'Theology of Prayer.'

His orations, published in the current periodicals of their days, were almost invariably remarkable for fluency, breadth of view, increasingly given in the progress of the discourse, general solidity of argument, affluent, pertinent and ennobling illustrations, climacteric arrangement, and for entertaining, thrilling, emotional, and volitional effect on the hearers.

He was a man of the highest intellectual, ethical, and religious character, free to a remarkable degree from all petty vanities, of Christlike humility, transparent simplicity, honesty and honor, of broad and intense love for his fellowman of every name and every race, and of devotion to God. His powers wrought with great energy, harmony, ease, balance, and splendor. He was great as a man, as Christian minister, citizen, patriot, leader of the people.

Were his various writings, published and unpublished, collected in a body, they would constitute a rich mine for historical workers in both secular and civil spheres. His epoch was one of great questions; he was an acute and profound observer, and was capable of reflections of the greatest value.

In consequence of serious injuries, received in a street-car accident, Dr. Palmer died May 25, 1902.

Thos. Cary Johnson

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EULOGY ON ROBERT E. LEE

Extracts from Address delivered at the St. Charles Theater, New Orleans, October 18, 1870.

. . . But these crude suggestions, which fall almost impromptu from my lips, suggest that which I desire to offer before this audience to-night. I accept Robert E. Lee as the true type of the American man, and the Southern gentleman. A brilliant English writer has well remarked with a touch of sound philosophy that when a nation has rushed upon its fate, the whole force of the national life will sometimes shoot up in one grand character, like the aloe which blooms at the end of a hundred years, shooting up in one single spike of glory, and then expiring. And wherever philosophy, refinement and culture have gone upon the globe, it is possible to place the finger upon individual men who are the exemplars of a nation's character, those typical forms under which others less noble, less expanded, have manifested themselves.

That gentle, that perfect moderation, that self-command which enabled him to be so self-possessed amidst the most trying difficulties of his public career, a refinement almost such as that which marks the character of the purest woman, were blended in him with that massive strength, that mighty endurance, that consistency and power which gave him and the people whom he led such momentum under the disadvantages of the struggle through which he passed.

Born from the general level of American society, blood of a noble ancestry flowed in his veins, and he was a type of the race from which he sprang. Such was the grandeur and urbaneness of his manner, the dignity and majesty of his carriage, that his only peer in social life could be found in courts and among those educated amidst the refinements of courts and thrones. In that regard there was something beautiful and appropriate that he should become in the later years of his life the educator of the young. Sir, it is a cause for mourning before high heaven to-night, that he was not spared thirty years to educate a generation for the time that is to come; for as in the days when the red banner streamed over the land, the South sent their sons to fight under his

flag and beneath the wave of his sword, these sons have been sent again to sit at his feet when he was the disciple of the Muses and the teacher of philosophy. Oh, that he might have brought his more than regal character, his majestic frame, all his intellectual and moral endowments, to the task of fitting those that should come to the crisis of the future, to take the mantle that has fallen from his shoulders and bear it to the generations that are unborn.

General Lee I accept as the representative of his people, and of the temper with which this whole Southland entered into that gigantic, that prolonged, and that disastrous struggle which has closed, but closed as to us, in grief. Sir, they wrong us who say that the South was ever impatient to rupture the bonds of the American Union. The War of 1776, which, sir, has no more yet a written history than has the War of 1861 to 1865, tells us that it was this Southland that wrought the Revolution of 1776. We were the heirs of all the glory of that immortal struggle. It was purchased with our blood, with the blood of our fathers, which yet flows in these veins, and which we desire to transmit pure and consecrated, to the sons that are born to our loins. The traditions of the past sixty years were a portion of our heritage, and it never was easy for any great heart and reflective mind even to seem to part with that heritage to enter upon the perilous effort of establishing a new nationality.

Mr. President, it was my privilege once to be thrilled with a short speech, uttered by one of the noblest names clustering upon the roll of South Carolina—for, sir, South Carolina was Virginia's sister, and South Carolina stood by Virginia in the old struggle as Virginia stood by South Carolina in the new, and the little State, small as Greece, barren in resources but great in the grandeur of the men, in their gigantic proportions, whom she, like Virginia, was permitted to produce—I heard, sir, one of South Carolina's noblest sons speak thus: "I walked through the Tower of London, that grand repository where are gathered the memorials of England's martial prowess, and when the guide, in the pride of his English heart pointed to the spoils of war, collected through centuries of the past, said this speaker, lifting himself upon tiptoe that he might reach to his greatest height, I said, 'You cannot

point to one single trophy from my people, or my country though England engaged in two disastrous wars with her'." Sir, this was the sentiment. We loved every inch of American soil, and loved every part of that canvas (pointing to the Stars and Stripes above him) which as a symbol of power and authority, floated from the spires and from the mastheads of our vessels; and it was after the anguish of a woman in birth that this land which now lies in her sorrow and ruin took upon herself that great peril; but it is all emblematized in the regret experienced by him whose praises are upon our lips, and who, like the English Nelson, recognized duty engraved in letters of light as the only ensign he could follow, and who, tearing away from all the associations of his early life, and abandoning the reputation gained in the old service, made up his mind to embark in the new, and with that modesty and that firmness, belonging only to the truly great, expressed his willingness to live and die in any position assigned to him.

And, I accept this noble chieftain equally as the representative of this Southland in the spirit of his retirement from struggle. It could not escape any speaker upon this platform to allude to the dignity of that retirement—how from the moment he surrendered, he withdrew from observation, holding aloof from all political complications, and devoting his entire energies to the great work he had undertaken to discharge. In this he represents the true attitude of the South since the close of the war—an attitude of quiet submission to the conquering power, and of obedience to all exactions—but without resiling from those great principles which were embalmed in the struggle, and which as the convictions of a lifetime, no honest mind could release.

All over this land of ours there are men like Lee—not as great, not as symmetrical in the development of character, not as grand in the proportions which they have reached, but who, like him, are sleeping upon memories that are holy as death—and who, amidst all reproach, appeal to the future, and to the tribunal of history, when she shall render her final verdict in reference to the struggle closed, for the vindication of the people embarked in that struggle. We are silent, resigned, obedient, and thoughtful, sleeping upon solemn memories, Mr. President; but as said by the poet-preacher in the Good Book,

"I sleep, but my heart waketh," looking upon the future that is to come, and powerless in everything except to pray to Almighty God who rules the destinies of nations, that those who have the power may at least have the grace given them to preserve the constitutional principles which we have endeavored to maintain. And, sir, were it my privilege to speak in the hearing of the entire nation, I would utter with the profoundest emphasis this pregnant truth: That no people ever traversed those moral ideas which underlie its character, its constitution, its institutions and its laws, that did not in the end perish in disaster, in shame and in dishonor. Whatever be the glory, the material civilization of which such a nation may boast, it still holds true that the truth is immortal, and that ideas rule the world.

And now, I have but a single word to say, and that is that the grave of this noble hero is bedewed with the most tender and sacred tears ever shed upon a human tomb.

I was thinking in my study this afternoon, striving to strike out something I might utter on this platform, and this parallel between the first Washington and the second occurred to me. I asked my own heart the question, Would you not accept the fame, and the glory, and the career of Robert E. Lee just as soon as accept the glory and career of the immortal man who was his predecessor? Sir, there is a pathos in fallen fortunes which stirs the sensibilities and touches the very fountain of human feeling. I am not sure that at this moment Napoleon, the enforced guest of the Prussian king, is not grander than when he ascended the throne of France. There is a grandeur in misfortune, when misfortune is borne by a noble heart with the strength of will to endure, and endure, without complaining or breaking. Perhaps I slip easily into this train of remarks, for it is my peculiar office to speak of that chastening with which a gracious Providence visits men on this earth, and by which he prepares them for heaven hereafter; and what is true of individuals in a state of adversity is true of nations when clothed in sorrow. Sir, the men in these galleries that once wore the gray are here to-night that they may bend the knee in reverence at the grave of him whose voice and hand they obeyed amidst the storms of battle; the young widow, who but as yesterday leant upon the arm of her

soldier husband, but now clasps wildly to her breast the young child that never beheld its father's face, comes here to shed her tears over this grave to-night; and the aged matron, with the tears streaming from her eyes as she recalls the unforgotten dead, lying on the plains of Gettysburg, or the heights of Fredericksburg, now to-night, joins in our dirge over him, who was that son's chieftain and counselor and friend. A whole nation has risen up in the spontaneity of its grief to render the tribute of its love. Sir, there is a unity in the grapes when they grow together in the clusters upon the vine, and holding the bunch in your hand you speak of it as one; but there is another unity when you throw these grapes into the wine press, and the feet of those that bruise these grapes trample them almost profanely beneath their feet together in the communion of pure wine; and such is the union and communion of hearts that have been fused by tribulation and sorrow, and that meet together in the true feeling of an honest grief to express the homage of their affection, as well as to render a tribute of praise to him upon whose face we shall never look until on that immortal day we shall behold it transfigured before the Throne of God.

THE PRESENT CRISIS AND ITS ISSUE

Extract from an Address delivered at Washington and Lee University, June 27, 1872.

. . . It would be an immense protection against these debasing tendencies if, amid the exactions of our new position, we could carry over those gentlemanly instincts which have hitherto characterized our people. In employing this unusual term, I do not mean that dainty mannerism which puts on the air, without the quality, of the gentleman. But I refer to that exquisite education of the conscience which makes duty and benevolence the habit of the soul; that fastidious honor which cannot, even in thought, condescend to meanness; that lofty self-respect which will observe the proprieties and practice the virtues of life, with the readiness of impulse; that nobleness of principle which makes it as easy to be brave and true as it is to breathe; that instinct of rectitude which shrinks from the false and the base as from the contamination of the plague. It

would be a rare combination this, of courtly honor with the hardness of toil. But if labor is ennobled when wrought by the hands of a freeman, how much more when associated with the dignity of the gentleman?

Let us guard, then, with the jealousy of genuine alarm, against that despicable spirit of utilitarianism which, like a hucksterer in the shambles, is always haggling with truth about her price. She is immeasurably more precious in herself than in all the uses to which men may put her. Truth, integrity and honor are the highest attributes of any people, and the enjoyment of regulated freedom, under a wise and constitutional government, is its noblest privilege and reward.

Coupled with this, *we must retain from the past that individuality of character which makes a man a solid unit in society*. This attribute has with us been largely the product of circumstances. An agricultural people, living apart from one another, every man in the center of a given circle of dependence for whom he was called to think and plan, there was nourished a personal independence which we cannot afford to lose. On the contrary, in a crowded population, men are cheapened in value, like the leaves in a forest. The individual comes to be little more than a single brick in a blank wall, answering only to so many square inches of a common surface. Through a perpetual commingling, thought ceases to be a fresh production of the mind, and there is substituted for it a public opinion which is caught and given back, just as one breathes in and breathes out a common atmosphere. This explains the amazing rapidity with which the wildest heresies are propagated amongst the masses, whose multiplied voices are but the reverberations of a single sound which echo prolongs. It explains the caprice, with which hosannas are turned into execrations at the bidding of demagogues, who are "the pest of republics as courtiers are of monarchies." It explains the sadder fact, how the few who do think are browbeaten and crushed, and yield up their convictions and conscience to be trampled in the dust by the buffaloes of the herd, as they snuff the air and scour the plain.

This is one of the chief perils of the Republic. For as the people are the fountain of power, they must in the elective franchise coalesce in a joint expression of will; and as with

the increase of population, the drill of party becomes more and more rigid, the sense of personal responsibility becomes more obscure, and the exercise of it more difficult. You will not understand me as advocating that impracticable individualism which splits upon hairs into a thousand schisms, but that honesty of mind which will lead every man to contribute his quota to a true public sentiment, of which his conscience will not be ashamed. For, depend upon it, with the extinction of this individual responsibility, there is no longer the possibility of virtue. In the massive language of Mr. Webster, "a sense of duty pursues us ever; it is omnipresent, like the Deity." If the sense of it be within the soul, there is the rejection of the Divine control; and the nation slides down the steep declension into moral decay and death.

Finally, we must carry over to the future a patriotism that is born of adversity and trial, more intense and purer than in the prosperous and joyful past. Love of country is inextinguishable, because it is filial. It ranks with that we owe to the parents who begot us, and have given to us their image and their name. But I plead for it not upon the cold footing of duty, but as a precious sentiment of the heart. As a principle, it strikes its root far down into the conscience; but its bloom must expand into a holy passion, and its fruit ripen into acts of enduring service for the public weal. The best affections of the soul are those which strengthen under trial. The alloy of selfishness burns away in the crucible, and the pure love comes forth with a power of endurance which nothing can exhaust. It is thus we bear up each other under the discipline of life; not through the compulsion of necessity, nor the cold obligation of duty, but with a warm devotion which finds its joy in those ministries of love. A genuine patriotism is not that which shouts itself hoarse amid holiday celebrations; but when the country groans in the anguish of a great crisis, waits upon its destiny, though it be that of the tomb. And this land of ours, furrowed by so many graves and overshadowed with such solemn memories, calls for a consecration of the heart which shall be equal to its grief. The patriotism which these days demand must refine itself into martyrdom. It must suffer as well as act. Strong in the consciousness of rectitude, it must nerve itself to endure contradiction and scorn. If need

be, it must weep at the burial of civil liberty; and wait with the heroism of hope for its certain resurrection. Such a spirit will wear out the longest tyranny, and assist at the coronation of a brighter destiny.

Young gentlemen of the University, I have delivered the message with which I felt myself charged. I have not been able to address you with the fopperies of rhetoric. I have done you the higher honor of supposing you capable of sympathizing with the deep emotions of my own heart. When your note of invitation reached me some months ago, it touched me with the solemnity of a call from the grave. I felt, as I turned my steps hither, that I was making a pilgrimage to my country's shrine. I should be permitted to stand uncovered at the tomb of the immortal chief who sleeps in such grand repose beneath the academic shades where he found rest after heroic toils. Should I look upon it as the emblem of my country's death? Or should I prophesy beside it the birth of a new career? Memories holy as death have been throwing their shadow upon my spirit; and I have spoken in the interest of country, of duty, and of truth. The dim forms of Washington and of Lee—twin names upon American History, as well as upon your own walls—appear before me the Rhadamanthus and the Minos, who shall pronounce judgment upon every sentiment uttered here. If aught said by me should draw the frown of their disapproval, may the Angel of Pity drop a tear and blot it out forever!

Standing upon the soil which gave birth to a Washington, a Madison, a Jefferson, a Henry, a Randolph, a Marshall, a Jackson and a Lee; and lifting the scroll which hangs around the ensigns of my native State, the names of Pinckney, Laurens, Rutledge, Lowndes, McDuffie, Hayne, Calhoun—I summon their immortal shades around his tomb whom a nation has so lately mourned. In their dread presence I solemnly declare that the principles of our Fathers are our principles to-day; and that the stones upon which the temple of American liberty was first built are the only stones upon which it shall ever be able to stand. And you, gentlemen, representing the young thought and hope which must shortly deal with these mighty issues, I swear each one of you by an oath more solemn than that of Hannibal, not that you will destroy Rome,

but that you will save Carthage. I charge you, if this great Republic like a gallant ship must drive upon the breakers, that you be upon the deck, and with suspended breath await the shock—perchance she will survive it—but if she sink beneath the destiny which has devoured other great kingdoms of the past, that you save from the melancholy wreck our ancestral faith, and work out yet upon this continent the problem of a free, constitutional and popular government. And may the God of destinies give you a good issue!

INDICTMENT OF THE LOTTERY COMPANY OF LOUISIANA

Extract from an Address delivered at the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, June 25, 1891.

WHAT does the lottery do in all of its manipulations but simply shift the products of a preceding industry from one hand to another hand without the imparting in the process of a particle of value to that which is thus transferred? It may be said that there are customers who not being producers are under the same charge of using up what they do not create. It only emphasizes the position already taken, for even the non-producing class, as for example professional men, live upon that which they in a sense create. The lawyer may not create a new material product, but man being as he is there could be no basis of personal property without the machinery of justice, and he is the representative and organ of that justice, and just in so far as he conserves that which others create, and protects them in the enjoyment of the same, he is worth his living though he may not be a creator of a new material product. The physician who restores health to one who is incapacitated by disease from labor, or who ameliorates the suffering which disease inflicts, becomes by virtue of his calling a necessity to society and is worth in the exercise of his profession all that it costs to maintain him.

And the preacher, of whom I stand before you a representative, taking even the lowest economic view of his profession as a consumer and not a producer, is an important part of that necessary police force without which the order and position

and propriety of society cannot be preserved. All not being then producers, but consumers, yet in the exercise of their several callings add to the value of what is created and render secure the enjoyment of the same. But what value does the Lottery Company protect, not to say what value does the Lottery Company create?

Let me illustrate this so that it shall be understood by all present to-night. That company issues, if you please, a thousand tickets of $500 value apiece, creating thus within its vaults a fund of $500,000. It has first got to take $250,000 of that and deposit it safely in its own locker as its portion of the plunder. It then takes the other half, the $250,000, and divides it into twenty-five shares of $10,000 each and puts these into the wheel and the five hundred men may take their chances as to which of them shall get these twenty-five prizes. When at last the prizes are realized, what has been accomplished? Simply the transfer of $500,000 out of the pockets of one thousand individuals, one-half of it to enrich those who run the machine and the other half divided among twenty-five men, leaving four hundred and seventy-five to hold the empty bag and gain the loss.

Mr. Chairman, I do not wish to appear harsh, but will you draw for me the line between this and absolute stealing? If twenty-five men can put their hands into the pockets of four hundred and seventy-five men and take the $250,000 by which they are enriched without giving to those four hundred and seventy-five any equivalent, where is the distinction any other than barely a metaphysical distinction without even a hair-breadth's width to mark it between that and what we call in common style a theft? Now, sir, I know the reply to this. There are but two methods by which we acquire property, either by gift or purchase. Now I ask whether these four hundred and seventy-five men have made a gift to the successful winners of the prizes. Each one of those four hundred and seventy-five men, so far from being willing to donate their loss so that it shall become the other's gain, each one of them has been hoping and wishing that he might put into his own pocket the coveted treasure. Was there any good will in the transfer from the loser to the gainer? Is it a purchase? What equivalent has been rendered? It is simply grotesque to speak

of that being purchase money which does not amount to one-twentieth of the value of the thing purchased. But, it is urged in answer to this that the parties contract and make the bargain between themselves as to this gain and loss, and that as the losers agreed to take their chances with the rest, it is constructively although not actually a gift on their part.

Now it appears to me, Mr. Chairman and fellow citizens, one of the plainest principles of ethics that what a man has no right to do, he has no right to bargain to do, and no contract between man and man to do a thing that is unlawful can ever be made right in the sight of man or God simply by the fact that it is a contract between them. I go beyond this and say that the deliberateness of the act when two or more men sit down together and combine to do a thing which in itself was not right to do, the deliberateness of the act makes it more criminal than if it sprung from the spontaneous and sudden act of an individual, and more than all you have in the contract to do the wrong thing not only this deliberateness, but you have the concurrence of two wills, doubling the crime on the part of both. The man who staked his property had no right to stake that property on a chance and the man who won the property upon that stake had no original right to take it. It was neither a gift nor a purchase and consequently the agreement between the parties to stand simply by the chance was an immoral agreement and no Legislature can possibly make it legitimate. Here then is my first position against the lottery, when I say that it disorganizes society and is incompatible with the safety of the State. It strikes at that fundamental law of labor. It has said to these one thousand men, "There is no need for you to work. There is a shorter way by which you can enrich yourselves and your families." Those one thousand men are called away from their proper duties and they fail in meeting that fundamental obligation to live either by the toil of their hands or by the work of their understanding.

But, more than this, sir. When I have said there is no equivalent given and no new value imparted when there is transfer of money from one hand to the other through the lottery and its agents, it is a lesson industriously taught the people not only to live by luck, but to live upon the misfortune of their neighbors. I beg the attention of the audience to the an-

nouncement of this principle. Sir, it is a solemn thing for any body of men to inculcate it as at all right and proper that we should live simply and alone upon the losses of those that are unlucky. If I win the $10,000 prize, those that entered into the chance with me have lost just that much and I am enriched through their poverty. Now, sir, let the lottery exist five and twenty years. If only twenty-five men out of five hundred succeed in gaining what the lottery promises, how long will it take to transfer the entire wealth of the State of Louisiana into the hands of one out of twenty of its citizens? What will be the condition of things when one-twentieth of the population own everything upon the soil? And let me ask, sir, how long is any community going to stand that sort of thing? When the country has been led straight up or driven up to the very verge of a precipice, do you suppose that, like a herd of buffaloes, all the people of this State are going to leap that precipice into the boiling and hissing depths below? No, sir; they must and they will recoil, and if this lottery cannot be destroyed by forms of law, it must unquestionably be destroyed by actual revolution.

I fear that I may be trespassing upon the time of the other speakers. (Cries of "No, no, go on, go on!") I sometimes hear the apology for the lottery after this sort: "Oh, it is all wrong. It is immoral, we grant that, but then it is one of the evils which to society is incident and we cannot help ourselves. It is just like drinking. The State knows that the saloon is a deep injury to the State, and if in her power would gladly suppress it, but as men must and will drink, it is wise for the State to throw around existing saloons such restrictions as shall diminish the harm and make the evil less as it bears upon society at large." Now, the analogy is drawn. "Gambling is in human nature. Men will gamble, and why should not the State deal with the lottery exactly as it deals with the saloons? Give it license to do its work." But, sir, without dwelling too long upon the statement, let me dissipate the illusion by showing where the analogy fails.

Saloons exist, but they exist under protest. They exist under not only the protest of the government, but under restraints such as the State will be able to throw around them. It stands by itself and simply answers the wishes and demands

which are made upon it by those who desire the liquor which is sold them, but if you want the parallel to be exact you must convert all the saloons in the country into one grand saloon syndicate and that syndicate must go to the Legislature and demand a charter, and in order that their rights may be beyond invasion ever afterwards it must be imbedded in the Constitution that they and they alone shall have the right to satisfy the thirst of the people. What next? They open their tap-rooms upon every corner in every city where they gain access, and they hang out their prices, from the pint, earthen mug, quite up to the gallon and hogshead. And according to the money the parties are willing to pay this saloon syndicate will drown the country with what they desire and what proves their ruin. Not only that, but they have their agents walking the streets thrusting invitations into your face as you walk quietly in your citizenship along the streets of this city to tell you how cheap you may get this drink that you wish, and so they become the propagandists of the saloon.

That is the crime which I now charge against the lottery. It is not only a gambling place such as other gambling places that are in this city, meeting under the cover of night to satisfy the wishes and anticipations of those who love the gambling, but it becomes the apostle of gambling. It becomes the propagandist of gambling, it goes forth under the charter of the State to persuade man, woman and child wherever they meet them to gamble. It carries the solicitation into our very homes. It meets our cooks when they are going with the basket to get the master's breakfast and induces them to gamble. How long, sir, would the country stand a syndicate of saloons, and I ask how long will Louisiana or the country stand this syndicate of gamblers? What I charge, therefore, upon the lottery is not simply that it is a gambling concern but that it is a university for the instruction in gambling and a high endowment in order to stimulate the process of gambling by and through the country at large. I have only one thing more to say and I am done.

I have said the lottery must go, because the State cannot be allowed to perish. Why, sir, before the half of twenty-five years have elapsed if this lottery should gain its charter, every man that is able to leave the State of Louisiana will

abandon it. Whilst you are holding out our invitations to invite capital and invite population, who shall drain your morasses and stimulate industry and create the wealth of the State, you are holding up this forbidding thing to drive every desirable citizen away from Louisiana. Worse than that, sir—when you have an institution that goes openly before the Legislature and seeks to bribe it, that in less than ten years after its recharter will carry in its pocket every governor in the State, remove every honest judge from the bench, and put their men in the places to do their bidding, what then will Louisiana be worth? I, sir, was not born upon the soil of Louisiana, but I am her son by adoption. I have spent thirty-five years, almost the half of a long life, in what I believe is honest and virtuous labor for the good of this people. It will not be in my power to abandon this State, even though I might desire to escape the odium attaching it. My dead are here and the narrow house is already built in which after a year or two of active service I expect to be laid aside to enjoy the quiet repose which heaven has afforded to them, but before that event takes place, I desire to see this land of my adoption redeemed. I want her redemption to be accomplished by her own act. These beautiful plains, this delicious climate, taking the year round superior to any other upon this continent, these beautiful streams which like silver threads almost convert a portion of our State into a modern Venice—are we, sir, to abandon such a land as this, created by beneficent heaven and secured by the patriotism of the fathers that went before us? Are we, to deliver her, bound hand and foot, to such an enemy as this? Unless she be redeemed by her own act then the appeal must be made to the virtue and the intelligence of the entire country. Mr. Chairman, I need not say to one like you, so versed in moral truths, that the world is ruled by ideas, and it is not competent to any isolated community to live against the moral convictions of the world.

Scarce recovered as a people from the blow inflicted upon us coming in that precise way, the moral sentiment of the world, right or wrong, was arrayed against the institution of slavery and it went down. The moral sentiment of mankind is against the lottery, and all the countries that have given it a temporary existence have found that it exhausted the resources

of the land and have more or less divested themselves of the curse; but if, notwithstanding all these things the curse should still be inflicted upon us, Louisiana must become a lost Pleiad in the sisterhood of States, and she will go forth an outcast pariah with the scarlet letter of shame branded forever upon her forehead.

THE TRIBUNAL OF HISTORY

Address before the Confederate Reunion in Louisville, Kentucky, May 30, 1900.

Confederate Veterans and Fellow Citizens:—Accustomed through sixty years to address public assemblies, I am nevertheless subdued with awe in your presence to-day; for we stand together under the shadow of the past. It is the solemn reverence one might feel in the gloom of Westminster Abbey, surrounded by England's illustrious dead. Indeed, we are here the living representatives of countless comrades who sleep in lonely cemeteries throughout the land, where perchance a single monumental shaft is the ghostly sentinel keeping watch over the bivouac of the dead.

It is five and thirty years since the Confederate War was closed, and about thirty-nine years since it was begun, and it is sometimes asked why we should stir the ashes of that ancient feud? Why should we not bury the past in its own grave, and turn to the living issues of the present and the future? To this question, comrades, we return the answer with a voice loud as seven thunders, because it is history, because it is our history and the history of our dead heroes, who shall not go without their fame. As long as there are men who wear the gray, they will gather the charred embers of their old campfires and in the blaze of these reunions tell the story of the martyrs who fell in the defense of country and of truth.

Nay, more than this; it is the story of a strife that marks an epoch in the annals of the American people. It is known to every schoolboy in the land that two parties existed at the formation of our government, who could not agree in locating the paramount sovereignty which should decide upon all issues arising between the States themselves. The Federalists, as they were termed, demanded a strong government, concen-

trating power in the national administration; the Republicans, on the other hand, contended for the distribution of power among the States claiming their original sovereignty among their reserved rights. Both parties were too strong to allow the question to be determined by arbitration or through forensic discussion. It was, therefore, permitted to slumber beneath certain ambiguities of expression in the Constitution itself, to be settled by the exigencies of the future, not as an abstract principle, but as as accomplished fact. I need not remind you how this issue was raised in 1832, and was postponed through the conciliatory legislation of that period. Such an issue could not, however, sleep forever. The admission of new States into the Union, with their conflicting interests, must reopen the question and compel its decision. Thus it arose in our day, leading to the establishment of our Southern Confederacy, and to the Civil War that followed.

Fellow citizens, it is simply folly to suppose that such a spontaneous uprising as that of our people in 1860 and 1861 could be effected through the machinations of politicians alone. A movement so sudden and so vast, instantly swallowing up all minor contentions, would only spring from great faith deeply planted in the human heart and for which men are willing to die. Whatever may have been the occasion of the war, its *cardo causæ,* the hinge on which it turned, was this old question of State sovereignty as against national supremacy. As there could be no compromise between the two, the only resort was an appeal to force, the *ultima ratio regum.* The surrender at Appomattox, when the tattered remnant of Lee's great army stood guard for the last time over Southern liberties and rights, drew the equatorial line dividing between the past and the future of American History. When the will of the strongest, instead of "the consent of the governed," became the base of our national structure, a radical transformation took place. The principle of confederation gave way to that of consolidation, and the American nation emerged out of the American republic.

It is not my design, however, to discuss these issues. On the contrary, I have traced the remote origin of the Confederate War for a purpose which is entirely conciliatory, and to explain some things which may appear contradictory. It

enables both parties in this struggle to give full credit to each other for patriotic motives, though under a mistaken view of what that patriotism may have required. It shows why no attempt was ventured to bring attainder of treason against the Southern chiefs, which could not afford to be ventilated before any civil court under the terms of the American Constitution. It explains how through a noble forbearance on both sides (always excepting the infamies of the reconstruction period) the wound has been healed in the complete reconciliation of a divided people. It explains how we of the South, convinced of the rightfulness of our cause, can accept defeat without the blush of shame mantling the cheek of a single Confederate of us all: and while accepting the issue of the war as the decree of destiny, openly appeal to the verdict of posterity for the final vindication of our career. In making this appeal, veterans, in your name, I am brought to the subject of this day's discourse, which is to set before you the tribunal of history before which all the issues of the past continue to be tried and which in the view of many sound thinkers is rendering a proximate judgment in what is occurring before us in the immediate present.

[Having thus reached his subject, the orator proceeded to show, by luminous and noble historical parallels drawn from ancient, mediæval, and modern history, that peoples have often "mourned their dead and the principles for which they in vain had fought," and yet been vindicated by the true historians of the after-time.]

. . . What I affirm then is this: That the value of these final generalizations is scarcely impaired by the doubts as to this or that minute fact. Contemporaneous history, written in the interests of prejudice and passion, may be largely a libel, and future criticism may be sorely puzzled to distinguish between the truth and its travesty; yet in the aggregate result these, by a strange smelting process, are sifted out as not material to the issue. As we may poison a fountain, but cannot poison the ocean, so we may corrupt single facts, but cannot transmute the whole history of a people into a lie. A thousand hints of the truth will lie imbedded in the record, which antiquarian research will disentomb. The long silent voices will deliver their testimony in the court of final adju-

dication, and in these solemn historic retractions the good and the brave will find an honest vindication.

Fellow citizens, the application of this discourse is left to silence and to you. That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been. Invective and reproach will continue in the sacred name of history to be poured upon those who deserve only her applause. The faithful witnesses of the truth will go in cloud and sorrow to the tomb, burying their principles only in a protest. But they will do it in the certain faith of a resurrection. As for their own fame, they can afford to wait. Eternity is long, and it is their lifetime. Upon the lip of that boundless sea their prophetic gaze is fixed upon the burnished throne which human justice makes its last tribunal, and before which the nations and the centuries are burnished for trial. Defamation and slander rest as lightly on their calm spirits as the salt spray that crystallizes upon the silent rock. If, too, the warnings of the past, like the prophecies of Cassandra, are heard only to be disbelieved, still let the despots of earth know they are but sowing the dragon's teeth of an armed and fierce retribution. Constitutional freedom has not come forth from the conflict of ages to be stifled now, when her broad shield is thrown over two continents. She will reappear again and again amid the birth-throes of regenerated States, for regulated liberty is to the commonwealth what piety is to the Church—the very law of its life. Both have struggled through corruption and decay to a more complete realization. But if the day should come when despotism shall so far consolidate its power as to crush all human freedom beneath its iron heel then will be consummated the second apostasy of man after the flood in the usurpation of Nimrod. History will have completed its cycle, and nothing will remain but the call to universal judgment.

LETTER TO HIS FATHER

New Orleans, La., December 25, 1878.

My Venerable and Precious Father:—I write you simply a note of congratulation and love on this your birthday, which puts you, I believe, in your ninety-first year. According to human arithmetic, how near you are to immortal youth! And what a clear, bright day has your life been on the earth! A few private sorrows have thrown a momentary mist over the face of the sun—but with what a blessed light it has shined upon others, at least, if not upon yourself. It has been a long life, undimmed by a single reproach—as it seems to us, not obscured by a single mistake—a life never embittered by human enmities—as judged by any earthly standard, a life of rare gentleness and humility, of singular consecration to duty, of transparent sincerity and religious devotion, a whole burnt offering of service and of sacrifice to God, and to man.

Pardon me, my Father; I have too much reverence for God's sacred truth to shock you with any extravagances of speech—or to imply that you do not require, like the rest of us, the dear atoning blood to cleanse you from unrighteousness before God. Rather, it is because you have been able through Divine grace to "adorn the Gospel"—and through a long life of most conspicuous consistency, to reveal the virtues of a sanctified nature: it is this which compels this outburst of admiring joy from your poor son, who has only the grace to venerate that which he cannot equally exemplify. When was there a time in all your long career, that men did not put the crown of their reverence upon your head? and a reverence, too, not stately and stiff, as being only rendered by the judgment and conscience—but reverence shading off into love, warm, deep and personal, making it as well the homage of the heart. Do you wonder then that your children rise up around you in your old age, and "call you blessed"? Feeling its influence in the shaping of their own character and destiny, they rejoice in the beauty of your life's sunset, even more than in the glory of its noonday brightness. The sun will set with you in its drapery of crimson and gold, hiding

itself for a little behind the stars, and rising again in the Eternal Day. Death will touch you with its gentle sleep and its terrors be lost in the translation to the home of the Redeemed: and we, who survive, will gaze upon you in the immortal ascension: and cry as the prophet to Elijah, "my Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Let the tears and benedictions of your children rest upon you, beloved and honored Father; and let your blessing be their legacy!

I am still alone—though Augusta will be with me a week hence. With Christmas wishes to all of Sarah's household, I am as ever, Your dutiful son,

B. M. Palmer.

JOHN PATTERSON

[1863—]

JAMES LANE ALLEN

JOHN PATTERSON was born of Scotch ancestry, near Lexington, Kentucky, June 10, 1863. He had part of his college training in Kentucky University at Lexington, part in the State College at Lexington, and part later at Harvard University, where he was graduated in 1883.

During the years at Lexington he studied Greek under John Henry Neville, whom no well-liked student of his has ever perhaps in after years been able to think of without a fresh flame of devotion. Neville was one of those magnificently inspiring men who, here and there in the South at the end of the Civil War, went to heroic posts in its ruined colleges with the determination to rekindle their fires out of their ashes. The intellectual history of the nation furnishes no finer spectacle: native men, self-made by indomitable will and molded in the austerity of lofty ideals, gathering about them the often ragged, often hungry youths of the land's best blood, and beginning to marshal these into new armies amid the graves of their fathers—into new legions of light: Homer's impetuous infantry, the deliberate miners and sappers of Thucydides, the lone sentinels of Æschylus.

Such a Southern teacher of such Southern youth—there are never many of them, never enough of them, in any country—was John Neville: a nobly endowed, nobly endowing man, loving, as he loved nothing else, the Greek and Roman tongues with their literatures, and wisely persuaded of the fixed greatness of these in the world's fixed greatness.

The influence of such older men on younger men is what largely perpetuates the professions; it makes up what may be called the heredity of the lecture-room, the parentage and inheritance of purpose; it passes the torch on from hand to hand, so that when one teacher vanishes through one door, another enters through another door, and the room is never left empty. If the subject of this sketch has himself become a teacher of Greek, and an intimate translator and original critic of part of its literature, it was then and there that his feet were started in the long road and his hands ordered to get busy.

John Patterson's first book was a volume entitled 'Lyric Touches.' It was warmly received by the poetry-reading part of the American

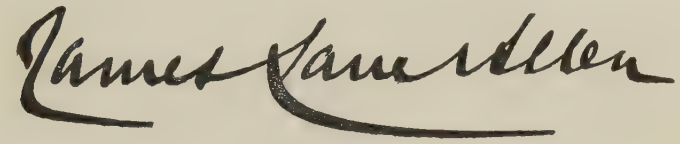
public whom it reached; and certainly after many years it is possible to recall in it one poem at least of a grave, enduring loveliness. But, having heard him, Nature said to him: "My son, I have listened! Now do you listen—not to those who touched the lyre but whom the lyre *touched*!" She brought back to his ear across the ages the undying music that was Greece. His other teacher, Nature, which was his own nature, ordered him back to the work in which his first teacher had drilled him; and since then, to the enrichment of American scholarship in one of its rarest fields of culture, he has made it the chief study of his life.

Here, then, in a broad survey of what the toiling Americans of to-day may be variously doing for the welfare of the Republic—especially among those toilers who may be styled its undecorated citizens of the humanities—here, then, is his place, his plea, the exact significance and philosophy of him: that he is a native-born teacher of the Greek language and literature in the South, who brings his critical method and poetic spirit to bear upon some of its masterpieces as a present service to his profession, so making his scholarly post a starting-point for original work. And the rarity, the exclusiveness, the remoteness of some of the things he has undertaken is the reason why such work should be widely uncovered and widely recognized. In the vast, rude, stormy on-rolling of our civilization toward its uncomprehended destiny, it is the rare, still things brought freshly forward into it from old lands of unalterable wisdom, strength, and beauty that are needed for American guidance and American solace and American delight.

John Patterson's first achievement in the field of Greek was a metrical translation of the 'Medea' of Euripides, which appeared in 1894; this, in 1900, was followed by the 'Cyclops,' his most ambitious and learned output; he has since been at work on a critical edition and metrical translation of "Bion's Lament for Adonis," with a monograph on the "Cult of Adonis"; other essays and original researches already published in American and foreign periodicals are promised in collected form; and he is scarcely yet in the graver years where such researches commonly begin to reward the searcher and to find their way outward to a responsive auditory.

Meantime his course in the actual steps of his profession has led steadily upward. The first school after leaving Harvard was a private one for boys in the country, near Midway, Kentucky; thence he was called to the position of principal of the High School in Versailles, Kentucky; in 1894 he was chosen to fill the chair of Greek in the Louisville High School; and in 1902 he became the co-principal of the Patterson-Davenport School in that city; in 1907

he was elected professor of Greek in the University of Louisville; since then he has been made Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences of the New Academic Department of that University: and in 1908 Dean with full executive authority: a Greek prophet not without honor in his own American land.



SOME LYRICS OF "PSEUDO-ANACREON"

From *Poet-Lore*, Summer Number, 1897.

Nec siquid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas.—Horace, IV, IX, 9-10.

Wine and love were the changeless theme of Anacreon's lyre, but the theme was expanded in verses whose simplicity, imagery, neatness, and sweetness charmed the ancients. The metric of the choruses of those musician-poets, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, with its intricate art for expressing excitement, passion, and contrast of emotions must have been understood by the cultured only. The majority of the people must have turned from the magnificent measures of the drama with a truer appreciation to the simpler lyric sentences of the humbler poets whose "songs gushed from the heart." The metrical groups employed in the choruses of the drama bore strictly determined antithetical relation to each other, and were arranged in complicated periods; but the lyric systems used previously by Anacreon were uniform and little else than lines, and were not true verses. Even the imitations or pretended imitations of Anacreon have a melody about them, however, which strongly appeals to us, freighted as the verses are with delicacy of fancy, lightness of theme, and variety of illustration.

Among the vineyards of Teos, about the time that Cyrus the Great began to reign over the Persians, B.C. 559, the Greek lyric poet Anacreon was born. Little is known of his life except that, on account of his genius, he was cultivated by

Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, and was afterward invited to Athens by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus. After the death of the latter, Anacreon is supposed to have returned to Teos, where he died in his eighty-fifth year, choked, as legend tells us, by a stone of the fruit, the joyful juice of which he loved and sang.

Of his writings extant in the time of Suidas and Athenæus only some merest fragments have been preserved. The little poems that long passed for the songs of Anacreon are now known to be the *studentenlieder,* as it were, of a post-classical age. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the date and authenticity of the verses translated here, but to endeavor to show something of their rhythm and meaning, as the art of "Pseudo-Anacreon." In the following unaffected, vivid panorama of the passing spring I have rendered the Greek into English in a way that may give to the ear some suggestion of the sound of the Greek verses, although, since Greek poetry depends much on vowel-quantity, not chiefly on accent, as the English, the suggestion is imperfect:

Lo! how, spring aglow, the Graces
Intersperse the bursting roses;
Lo! how billows of the ocean
Are unbending to the calmness;
Lo! how yon didapper diveth;
Lo! how journeyeth the a-wing crane—
Then unveilèd Titan glitters;
Of the clouds the shades are scudding;
And the crops of mortals glitter
Earth swells peeping out with fruit.
Now the plucking hand in flowers
Hath showered Bacchus's vintage
Pressed o'er leaf and o'er tendril.

Anacreont. 37.

In the second line, ῥόδα βρύιτσιν the true meaning is rather, "make the roses burst forth." And in the ninth line, τὰ βροτῶν ἔργα "the work of mortals," refers to the cultivation of the fields; the last three verses meaning that the hand of the gatherer has caused the grape-clusters to make flowers-of-color of the juice of the boisterous god bloom upon leaf and tendril.

The next ode which I shall translate, attempting, not so exactly as in the first, to reproduce the original metre, is addressed to Cupid. Apart from the simple beauty of the Greek ode and its fine, almost dramatic movement, expressed in language whose subtle coloring is the despair of a translator, it may possess an attraction for the reader, because he may see in it a resemblance to Edgar A. Poe's "Raven," about the creation of which Poe chose to weave such a skillful and fanciful explanation.

ΕΙΣ ΕΡΟΤΑ

Once upon a midnight season,
While the Arctus stars are circling
To the hand of the Boötes,
And the race articulate
Lieth overcome and weary:
Then a hard by halting, Eros
Fell to tapping at my lattice.
Who, cried I, doth rap my door?
Thou wilt dash my dreams asunder.
But quoth Eros, "Open to me,
I am but a baby; fear not;
Drenchèd am I, in the moonless
Midnight gone astray."
Pitiful I heard his plaining,
And forthwith the lamp a lighting,
Opened wide; and lo! a baby
Bearing wings and bow and quiver.
Near my hearth I placed him.
Then I warmed his hands with stroking,
Fell to pressing from his flowing
Tresses dripping water.
Quoth he, when the frost abated
"Come, this arc let's try,
If anon my reeking bow-string
Suffers harm." He draws, he strikes me
To my heart's core, like a breese.*
Up he springeth with loud laughter,
"Mine host," quoth he, "speak me peace;
This my bow is still uninjured—
Thy heart's pain shall ne'er surcease."

*A gad-fly.

While the metre of the preceding ode is of an everyday type and the knocking visitor is an old theme, it is interesting to note that in a poetical introduction to his 1831 volume, an introduction afterward suppressed, Poe wrote:

> For being an idle boy lang syne
> Who read Anacreon and drank wine, etc.
>
> *Ingram's 'Poe,'* Vol. I, p. 103.

I proceed with my purpose of giving to the reader a faint gleam of the beauty of these lyrics, by an imitation in English of the ode εἰς περιστεράν:

TO A DOVE

Loved bird of dusky feather,
Whence, whence thy pinions fleet?
On atmosphere whence coursing
Exhalest thou such perfume,
Siftest such drizzling sweet?
Who art? and what thy message?—
"Anacreon hath sent me
Unto his boy, Bathyllus,
Who, now, of all hearts reigneth
Master and despot, he.
My Cytherean mistress
Hath vended me seas over,
My price a neat chanson;
And I such love tasks render
Unto Anacreon.
And, seest, now his missives
I'm carefully conveying—
I'm told my gentle master
Will me anon be freeing.
But I, an he release me,
Will bide with him his vassal.
For why should I go winging
The mountains o'er and fields,
Within the woodlands perching,
Greedy for rustic diet?
I fare on wheaten and pelf,
Filching from willing fingers,
Of Anacreon himself.
He giveth me to drinken

The wine upon his lip.
And I when I have drunken
Fain through the dances flutter,
The while my pinions' shadows
Over my master dip.
And lulled to airy slumber
I brood upon his shell.
Thou hast my story, go!
To prattling hast thou set me,
Mortal like a crow."

The dove is made to exhibit delicately and tenderly the affection which it feels for both the lyric master and his shell, by the use of such words as τὸν οἶνον ὃν προπίνει, or the wine which Anacreon sips first; δεσπότην ἐμοῖσε πτεροῖσε ὁμοκιάζω "cover my master with the shadow of my wing;" again with ἐπ' αὐτῷ τῷ βαρβίτῳ καθεύδω, otherwise to "sleep upon the shell itself." What bliss to slumber upon that melodious lyre-heart! This ode is also an example of the simple strength of a style of expression with verbs exquisitely shaded in meaning, apt nouns and so few adjectives.

The dainty ode, one of several, εἰς ἑαυτὸν, "To Himself," has a delicious airiness about it, light with careless sophistry:

They say to me, the women,
"Anacreon, poor old poet,
If there, within our mirror
Thy locks no longer show it;
And lo; thy bald pate glistens!"
As for my locks, I wot not
If there they be, or vanished;
Thus much I wot, fair jesters,
To play the boy in pleasure
Should be the graybeard's wisdom,
The nearer him Death's measure!

Love for the rose is set forth in the following tribute to it, which I translate with no attempt at imitating the Greek metre:

ΕΙΣ ΡΟΔΟΝ

The rose of the Loves,
  Let us steep it in wine;
The beauty-leaved rose
  Round our temples entwine,
While we drink, while we smile.
  Rose, fairest flower,
  Boast of Spring's bower,
Even gods you beguile.
Cythéré's bright boy
  Twists the rose in his hair,
As he leads on the dance
  With the Graces to share.
Crown me then while I play,
  O dear Bacchus, to thee!
Round thy shrine, god of wine,
  With a deep-bosomed girl,
Rosy wreaths on my brow
  I shall whirl, I shall whirl.

In the last ode to be translated, another "To Himself," the philosophy of an old sybarite is expressed. In the original an inimitable grace lingers in light sweetness over a haunting pathos:—

On the myrtle's polished pillows
And upon the lotus-grasses,
I outstretching fain to tipple.
And, his tunick Eros linking
To his neck with rushy fetter,
Let him hasten serve me wine.
Like a chariot wheel is running
Life a turning, turning, turning;
And as specks of dust shall lie we
When our crumbling bones decline.
Why with unguents moist my marble,
With vain honors steep my terrace?
Me anoint that yet am living.
Thicken thou my locks with roses,
And invite hetæra fair.
Heed thee, ere I make departure
Netherward to join the Chorus,
  Eros, I would scatter care!

The word τερείναις, "polished," in the first line, means worn smooth, and possibly insinuates the frequent use by the poet of this dainty couch; and προπίνειν, "tipple," in the third line, conveys the idea, also, of a health drunk first to Eros. In the sixth line a fine choice of verbs is again discovered in διαχονείτω, which has an underlying meaning of hurry as well as serve, harmonizing with the simile of the chariot-swiftness of life's course. The eleventh and twelfth verses of the *carmen* refer to the customs of the ancients of pouring perfumes on sepulchres, and, "libation," χοαί, of both oil and honey on graves, in honor of the dead.

The poet Pseudo-Anacreon may lack the art of "The pure violet-weaver" Sappho, the divine chief lyrist, in weaving adjectives of which the splendor and color of meaning are like elusive rainbows; but a delicate shading projects his verbs, and a clearness rings and gleams from his nouns and adjectives, which emit a tenderness of tone and tint that dwell in the sense once experiencing them. His songs pervade the heart and make it mellow, even if they do not lift "the beauty-drunken soul on Sapphic wings."

THE HANDKERCHIEF

Exquisite, airy thing,
  Linen and lace,
Soft as a white dove's wing,
  Brushing her face.

Pure as the tea-rose bloom,
  Queen of its band,
Holding the light perfume
  Caught from her hand.

Bordered with slender lines
  Silken, and cleft
Fine as the spider twines
  Into his weft:

This is the handkerchief
  Delicate, sweet,
Fallen like lily-leaf
  Down by her feet.

NOT NOW, SAD DEATH

Not now, sad Death, not in the happy spring—
  Thou did'st but jest, and I thy pardon crave.
Life, life is in the lilt of everything;
  The dial points to nest and not to grave.

This is the hour for men to sing and sow,
  For blade and bud and round of happy rhyme.
My hand waits on the cross-lute and the hoe—
  So, Death, some other time, some other time.

Not now, still Death; the summer's not for sleep:
  I have so much to do. My ripening fields
In which I've labored long, I fain would reap,
  My laurel tree its precious chaplet yields.

I could not rest in peace: my harvest waits,
  My grain ungarnered and my wine-press dry.
Just when men's plaudits flatter at my gates?
  Some churl may go with thee—not I, not I!

Not now, pale Death, not in the autumn speak.
  Carmine and rouge on dancing beeches glow,
The joyful tide runs in the russet's cheek,
  A draught of sweet red wine's on lips I know.

'Tis wine and love and life in autumn days—
  Crimson and gold; and roses on the brow:
The harvest-feast and tipsy vintage maze—
  Not thou, pale Death, in autumn, O not thou!

Not now, cold Death, not in the Winter-time.
  The chimney-corner seat is bright and snug,
The spinning apple sings a juicy rhyme,
  And guid brown ale with wassail crowns the mug.

No tankard gaily passes 'mong the dead;
  None lift the ballad in thy icy keep.
Though wintry rains leak on his fallen head,
  Yet lo! the sleeper will forever sleep!

THE SILENT GATES

Through the silent gates
There come the slow, sweet breath
    Of roses dozing,
And whispered intercourse
    Of wind and leaves.

There the shadows fall
Like wings of weary birds
    Feebly fluttering,
Till sunbeams cover them
    With nets of gold.

Through the silent gates
There come the quick, coarse cry
    Of ravens calling,
And the sodden sound
    Of falling clay.

There the marble doors
Infold their snow in which
    Are traced sad legends
And the carven names
    Of guests within.

There our sleepers sleep—
And you and I who wake
    Beyond the grating
Of the silent gates,
    Are drowsy, waiting.

BION'S LAMENT FOR ADONIS*

Dedicated as a grateful tribute to W. W. Goodwin of Harvard University

Ah! fair Adonis, fair Adonis, dead!
"Dead, fair Adonis." Loves responsive wail.
No more in purple splendor sleep, O queen;
Be sleepless, wretched, thou; in sable stoled,
Beat wild thy breasts and cry to all, "Is dead
The fair Adonis!"
Ah! fair Adonis: Loves responsive wail.

The fair Adonis lies upon the hills—
Adonis' white thigh torn, which white tusks tore—
And gently breathing out his life, abandons
Cytherea while the dark blood drops
Adown his ivory flesh; beneath his brows
His eyes grow glazed, and fleeteth from his lips
The rose, and dieth round his lips the kiss,
Which living, Cypris never will secure,
And yet his lips may solace as of yore,
Unconscious dying lips to kisses pale!
Ah! fair Adonis: Loves responsive wail.

A deep, deep wound 's upon Adonis' thigh;
A deeper, Cytherea, on thy heart.
There at his feet his faithful beagles howl,
And mountain nymphs bewail; here Aphrodite
Hath loosed her plaits; adown the coppice strays
Distract, unbraided, sandalless:
The brambles pluck her tresses as she moves,
And flaunt the blossoms of her sacred blood.
On through the distant hollows is she hurried
Shrilly plaining, still unto the throng
Repeating, wailing her Assyrian spouse.
Yond round his navel clots his curdling blood,
His chest bedashed with crimson from his thigh,
And—where the whilom snowy spaces lay—
His breasts beneath are purpled. Ah! Adonis.

*The translation is from the Greek of Bion, and is made from the text constituted by Mr. Patterson to be published in his edition of Bion's "Lament for Adonis."
A Translation.

"Oh! Cytherea" Loves responsive wail.
Her fair love 's lost, and lost her grace divine—
For fair was Cypris' form while lived Adonis,
But with Adonis Cypris' beauty died.
"Alas! Adonis," murmur all the mounts,
And all the oak trees murmur, "Ah! Adonis."
The rivers voice the grief of Aphrodite,
"Adonis" weep the wells upon the hills.
The blooms fret red from blood, and Cytherea
Upon the mountain shoulders, up and down
The valley chanteth still her plaintive dirge:
"Alas! alas! and fair Adonis, dead";
Back shouted Echo "Fair Adonis, dead."
Ah! Cypris' grievous love who had not wept?

Alas! when first she saw and understood
Adonis' mortal wound; when first she saw
The crimson-flow about his mangled limb,
With arms outflung she fell to moaning, "Stay
Adonis, O ill-starred Adonis stay,
That I may find thee this last time of all;
Enfold thee and commingle lips with lips.
An instant wake, and kiss me just once more.
Kiss me so long as lives a kiss, until
Thy breath of life shall flow into my mouth,
Into my soul, and I shall drain thy sweet
Love-potion to the dregs, quaff off thy love,
This kiss my keepsake for Adonis' self;
Since thou art fleeing me, O my ill-starred,
Far fleeing me, Adonis, and art going
To Acheron the hated king and grim.
While I enduring live, and am a god,
Forbid to follow thee!
Receive my spouse, Persephone, for thou
Art mightier far than I; and down to thee
Doth all of beauty drift. Ah! hapless I,
Who have unglutted sorrow, who bewail
Adonis dead to me, and in thy thrall.
Thou diest, O thrice-longed for, and thy longing
Will hover o'er me like a plaintive dream.

Bereft is Cytherea, Loves are idle
In the palace. Perished, too, my zone
Along with thee—Bold hunter, why so mad
To match thy beauty 'gainst the wild boar's strength?"
Thus Cypris plained: the Loves responsive wail,
"Ah! Cytherea, fair Adonis, dead!"
Weepeth the goddess till the flood of tears
Equals Adonis' blood: and drop for drop,
Spring from the ground in bloom, blood turned to rose
And tears to trembling wind-flower.
Ah! fair Adonis, fair Adonis, dead!

No more in wild woods, Cypris, weep the youth,
A bed of simple grass, a pall of leaves
Are ready for Adonis—would the dead
Adonis had thy couch, O Cyprian queen!—
Who dead is fair, fair dead, like one asleep.
Depose him in soft robes, in which he nestled,
In which by thee he dallied out the night
Relaxed in sleep divine on bed all-gold,
That longs for still the pressure of Adonis.
Come, strew the earth with wreaths and blossoms all,
Since for his frozen form, yea, all the flame
Of flowers is quenched. Come, spill the jars of oils
And Syrian unguents—let the perfumes die
With him—Adonis, thine own perfume's dead.

He 's laid in purple vestment—O the rare
Adonis! Round him groan the weeping Loves,
Clipping their tresses for Adonis,
One's balanced on his arrows, one his bow,
One's mounted on his quiver, whilere one
Hath loosed Adonis' sandal; one will pour
Water from golden ewer; and one lave
Adonis o'er; while perched behind one seeks
Back with his wings to fan the fleeting breath.
Ah! Cytherea: Loves responsive wail.

Hymen hath quenched each lamp upon the lintels,
And hath untwined the bridal wreath—no more,
Ah, never more the song is "Hymen," "Hymen,"

But "Alas!"—"Alas!" and "Ah! Adonis!"
The Graces more than Hymen ever mourn
The son of Cinyras, "dead, fair Adonis"
Repeating in response. They shrilly cry,
In shriller strain than even thou, Dione.
The Muses wail, "Adonis, O Adonis!"
And sing to him, who heareth not their song.
Nor is he loth—Death's Maid releases none.

O Cytherea, stay thy groans: this morrow
Stop the beating of thy breasts: thou must
Again lament, and in the future years
Thy lot be sorrow!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

[1854—]

THOMAS C. McCORVEY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE, in a biographical sketch of Rudyard Kipling, says: "Fortunate for special purposes is the man of one race and language who is born amid the men of another, and thus inherits two tongues and the knowledge of two peoples." The thoughtful student of American history will recognize the fact that the principle here enunciated applies with some degree of force to the man of Puritan New England and Middle States ancestry who was born and reared amid the cavalier civilization of the South. Especially favored, for the interpretation in literature of the life of his people, is the man so born and reared whose fortune it was to spend several years of the formative period of his life in the free, democratic atmosphere of the great Northwest. There is thus presented to him, by inheritance and by personal experience, American life and institutions from the viewpoint of three civilizations differing from each other in many material respects. Such circumstances of birth and rearing offer the best guaranty that the literary worker will be free from the trammels of provincialism; while the product of his brain and pen will lose, in no sense, the flavor of the soil from which it springs. The advantages of the environment here suggested are well illustrated in the life and work of Samuel Minturn Peck, of Alabama, probably one of the best known writers of verse in the *post-bellum* period of Southern literature.

Samuel Minturn Peck was born at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, November 4, 1854. The old Peck home, where he first saw the light, is still standing amid its broad ancestral acres; and it is now (1909) the property of the poet himself. His father, Elisha Wolsey Peck, who was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama from 1868 to 1873, was born in Schoharie County, New York, in 1799; so it will be seen that the two generations, father and son, have lived in three centuries. The Peck family was of Welsh origin; but their American progenitor came to this country as early as 1640; so that by two and a half centuries of blending with English blood Celt has been overshadowed by Saxon in the family lineage. There is also a dash of Frankish blood in the veins of the poet through the intermarriage of one of his Peck ancestors with a Frenchwoman.

The grandfather of Judge Peck was a captain in the Revolutionary War and, with two of his sons, fought at the battle of Saratoga; but as his home in Westchester County was burned during that war the efforts of the poet, a few years ago, to trace the authentic records of this service were baffled. Judge Peck was admitted to the Bar at Syracuse, New York, and he came to Alabama in 1825. He settled for the practice of his profession at old Elyton (now a suburb of the new city of Birmingham), the county seat of Jefferson County; but a few years later he moved to Tuscaloosa, then the capital of Alabama. His many years of leadership in his profession in the State is one of the most notable traditions of the Bar of western Alabama. While he reached the highest judicial position in the State, as already mentioned, he was first of all a great trial lawyer. Judge Peck married Lucy Lamb Randall of Talladega, who was born at Norwich, Connecticut, 1808, and came to Alabama with her parents as a girl of seventeen, in 1824. Her family was of English origin; but they had come to America in 1639, and in her veins was some of the best Puritan blood of New England. Judge and Mrs. Peck both lived to a green old age and reared a large family of children, of whom the youngest and only surviving member is Samuel Minturn Peck.

The childhood of the poet was spent at Tuscaloosa; but in 1865 his father removed with his family to Sycamore, Illinois. Judge Peck afterward purchased a home at Rockford, in that State, intending to spend his remaining days in the Northwest; but, as he himself afterward said, he grew "homesick for the old red hills of Alabama," and he returned to his Tuscaloosa home in 1867. It thus came about that a part of the elementary education of the poet was in the public schools of the Northwest; but, after the return of the family to the South, he entered the University of Alabama, in 1871, from which institution he was graduated as Master of Arts in 1876. After his graduation, to gratify his parents rather than from his own preference, he began the study of medicine, and received his degree of Doctor of Medicine from Bellevue College, New York, but never entered upon the practice of his profession. In later years, after he had fairly begun his literary career, he took several graduate courses of Columbia University, New York, among which were "The Drama from the Days of the Greeks," "The Ethics of the Drama," and "The Evolution of the Modern Essay."

But schools and colleges and universities were not the only educational agencies that gave direction to the poet's career. He was reared in a home of culture. While his father was not, in the ordinary sense, "a literary lawyer," he knew well the history of human

institutions, and he found especial delight in Church history, being a devout communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. Peck was herself a woman of decided literary culture—a fact especially evidenced by the charming style of her letters. She could no doubt have made a success in the field in which her son has become distinguished, had she not esteemed the duties of motherhood a higher sphere. It was in the atmosphere of such a home that the poet's talents took shape. It cannot be said that "he lisped in numbers," for he did not begin rhyming until he was well into his twenties. His first efforts in this direction were printed in the local newspapers under a *nom de plume*. The first poem for which he received any pay was "The Mock Orange," published in the *Youth's Companion,* and about the same time *The Independent* accepted and paid for "A Legend." These impersonal recognitions of his talents from critical editors may be said to have fairly started the poet on his literary career. Soon his lighter verses began appearing in *The Century* "Bric-à-Brac," and they at once won for him a marked popularity, being copied more widely perhaps than any contemporary work of similar character. It may be said in passing, that when the poet first began publishing verses, his practical father was inclined to regret the fact; but after his first book appeared Judge Peck read it through and seemed much pleased, and never again offered any objection to the verse-writing of his son.

In the earlier days of Dr. Peck's literary career, he was especially fascinated by the society verse of William M. Praed, Austin Dobson, and Frederick Locker—of whom the last mentioned was his chief love. While he read and admired "the bards sublime," like Shakespeare and Milton, his individual taste always drew him nearer to the minor poets of our tongue, like Herrick and Suckling and Moore. He was somewhat afraid of such poets as Byron and Poe, whose weird spell has blighted many weaker singers; for keen sensitiveness to their subtle charms affects their votaries with their undoubted mannerisms. He has always loved Wordsworth, whose sane, out-of-door conceits could never throw the baleful influence of imitation around any young verse-writer. And here is to be found one of the excellencies of Dr. Peck's work. He is not an imitator. While he has never aspired "to build the lofty rhyme," one cannot find the echo of some stronger bard in the notes which he utters.

Dr. Peck's first volume, 'Cap and Bells,' appeared in 1886. On the whole, it had a very kindly reception from the critics and from the public; but perhaps there was a modicum of truth in the dictum of the *New York Critic,* that it "smelled rather too much of the ball-

room." While it contains some of his tenderest lyrics, like "A Knot of Blue," it is really a collection of his earlier society verse; and the artificial French forms of versification, so much in vogue at that period—ballade, rondeau, villanelle, and triolet—are notably conspicuous. This training in writing verse in fixed forms no doubt rendered a good service to the poet, in that it conduced to the clear-cut, concise, symmetrical style for which his later efforts are noted. Whatever effect this reining in of his muse may have had upon the boldness of his flights, it certainly made him a past master in the technique of versification.

After his first volume, the poet turned more and more to nature—to the woods and fields and to themes of human interest. The title of his second volume, 'Rings and Love-Knots', 1892, is hardly suggestive of its best contents. The over-redolence of the ballroom here gives place to the fresh odors that are wafted from "An Alabama Garden" and from "Blackberry Blossoms"; while nowhere else in American literature will be found a more exquisite lyric than "The Grapevine Swing." In the same volume is found "My Grandmother's Turkey-tail Fan," which in quaint, delicate humor is worthy of comparison with the best work of Dr. Holmes himself; but it is in no sense an imitation of anything that the New Englander wrote.

Dr. Peck's third volume, 'Rhymes and Roses,' appeared in 1895. While it shows him still the master in "patrician rhymes," there are indications of a developing power to project bold outlines and fill them—"to sound the depths and to reach the higher levels of human nature." But, as the poet himself has facetiously lamented, "Give a dog a bad name, and you might as well hang him!" He has been classed as a writer of society verse and love songs, and his reputation along these lines has overshadowed in the public mind any efforts he has made in other directions. In the volume in question, he groups together twenty-six "Lyrics of Nature," eighteen "Love Songs," thirteen "*Vers de Société*," nine poems, "In Divers Keys," and "A Winter Lay," in the order mentioned.

Since the appearance of this last volume, Dr. Peck has published many poems in leading magazines, and it is his intention to gather them together, at some time in the future, in a book which his friends believe will best show the maturity of his poetic talent. Some time ago he published in a well-known journal a poem of forty lines, in a simple eight-line stanza, entitled "I Want to Hear the Old Songs." The ink was hardly dry on the print when he received a request from a prominent publisher to permit him to use the poem as the *only* preface to a collection of the old and best loved songs, entitled 'Home Songs.' One can hardly read those stanzas without a gather-

ing of mist in his eyes—so tender and true, so suggestive of the days that are no more. In this connection it may be mentioned that the anthologists have treated the Alabama poet with marked appreciation. Although only his first little book had appeared when Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson published their 'Library of American Literature,' he was creditably represented in it; and since then his work has found its way into most of the collections. The exquisite lyrical quality of his verses has always appealed to composers, and many of his choicest songs have been wedded to musical notes and have been sung by happy-hearted boys and girls, as well as by maturer people, from Maine to California. The poet is something of a musician himself, and he set to music some of his earlier songs. When he was a medical student in New York, he went one evening to hear a popular actress, and was surprised and gratified to hear her sing one of his own compositions, for which she received a rapturous encore from a critical audience.

Besides the three collections of Dr. Peck's poems, already mentioned, he has written two other books in verse, on the special request of publishers, to elucidate pictures—the pictures having been sent him to inspire the verses. One of these books is entitled 'The Golf Girl,' and the other 'Fair Women of To-day.'

In 1892 Dr. Peck made his formal bow to the public in another rôle—as a writer of prose sketches and short stories. For some time previous to that date his stories had been appearing in the magazines; and one of them especially, "The Trouble at St. James's," which was published in an Easter number of *The Outlook*, attracted wide attention. Altogether, he had published something like twenty-five stories and sketches when he selected from them eleven, in which the scenes were laid in his native State, and grouped them into a volume entitled 'Alabama Sketches.' The shortest and the last in the book, "Far from the Front," is one of the strongest. It is a counterpart in prose of Frank O. Ticknor's immortal poem, "Little Giffen of Tennessee," as a condensed epic of the non-slave-owning Confederate soldier.

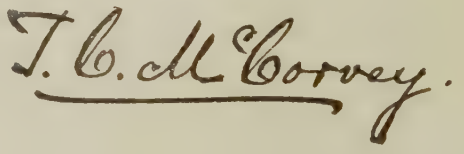
In personal appearance Dr. Peck is prepossessing. He has a tall, graceful, and muscular figure; and when seen indulging in his favorite pastime of bicycling he might be taken for a star "guard" or "tackle" on a great football eleven. He is still a *young* bachelor, for his fifty or more summers have left in his lineaments little trace of their passing. Of late years he has spent much time abroad, having taken five trips across the Atlantic. His favorite European region is southern France, the land of the Troubadours—a preference due possibly to the dash of French blood in his veins. In fact,

one catches in the songs of the Alabama poet something akin to the far-away Provençal notes that were hushed forever by the cruel crusade of Simon de Montfort. When in America, he divides his time between New York City and his old plantation home on the outskirts of Tuscaloosa.

An interesting side light upon some of Dr. Peck's work may be had from the following short extract from one of his recent personal letters—not intended, of course, for publication—dated Zurich, Switzerland:

"Perhaps you may be shocked—especially in the case of a poet—but I must say that big mountains have no charm for me. Just because a mountain is huge and covered with snow, I do not think it beautiful. I like beauty that is associated with life, or the capacity to support life, and human life in particular. I do not care for a flat country, and I do not object to mountains—if they are useful. To see a vast space of the earth's surface entirely useless gives me no pleasure. It may be sublime; but personally grace always appeals more to me than grandeur. I would much rather see a hillside with a pretty stream flowing beneath it, some orchards, sheep, woods, hedges, and flowers—I do not mind a few rocks thrown in for variety—than Mont Blanc in all its glory. So you see Switzerland cannot be my favorite region. . . . . Now I am writing this at a house where the Righi and Pilatus can be viewed from the dining-room windows. I don't know which is Pilatus and which is the Righi—and I don't care!"

It was fortunate, perhaps, for Dr. Peck's poetic art that he inherited a comfortable fortune, for he has thus been relieved of the necessity for turning out rapidly a stream of "pot-boilers." He has written chiefly for the love of his art, and the consequence is a rare finish in his work. He still writes as the spirit moves him; but sometimes weeks, even months, go by without his touching pen to paper. Whether or not he has won, or will win, any degree of immortality, no one can say at present; but the lover of verses that are tender and true to nature who reads "The Grapevine Swing" must conclude that here, at least, is one simple little lyric that the world will not readily let die.



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ALABAMA

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Why shines the moon so wan and white?
Why drift the shades so thick to-night
Beneath the winds that wail in flight
  Across the sobbing foam?
I watched the happy swallows flee
Beyond the lurid autumn sea;
They fled and left the gloom to me,
  Far—far from home.

Know'st thou that balmy Southern land,
By myrtle crowned, by zephyrs fanned,
Where verdant hills and forests grand
  Smile 'neath an azure dome?
'Tis there the stars shed softer beams
As if to bless the woods and streams;
'Tis there I wander in my dreams,
  Far—far from home.

I long to hear the murmuring pine,
To see the golden jasmine twine,
For there my fancy builds her shrine
  Where'er my footsteps roam.

O, sunny land, for thy sweet sake
A thousand tender memories wake;
For thee my heart is like to break,
  Far—far from home.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

From 'Cap and Bells.'

All strains are his. But most his lines
  Are fraught with peace and woodland pleasures,
With bough-swing of the Georgian pines
  Enwoven through the golden measures.

Beneath the purple muscadine
  Sweet Fancy brings him many a vision,
Where frolic Dryads, laughing, twine
  In airy cirques and songs Elysian.

Who notes the frosts that fringe his brows!
  His tide of song is swelling sweeter,
With breathings of the myrtle boughs
  And sunny roses in the meter.

Who cavils at the wings of Time!
  They only waft him tones more tender
That he may chant in mellow rhyme
  Of woodland charms and cloudland splendor.

The winsome Nine, a lissome throng,
  With dimpled smiles still linger near him;
And still supreme in Southern song,
  He pipes and millions joy to hear him.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

From 'Rings and Love-Knots.' Copyright, 1892, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot of all creation,
Under the arching blue;
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long slim loop I'd spring
With brown feet bare, and a hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh
For the days gone by
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out—o'er the water-lilies bonnie and bright,
Back—to the moss-grown trees;
I shouted and laughed with a heart as light
As a wild-rose tossed by the breeze.
The mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wing,
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing—
Oh, to be a boy
With a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing!

I'm weary at noon, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore of heart,
And care is sowing my locks with white
As I wend through the fevered mart.

I'm tired of the world with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing.
I'd barter it all for one day's romp,
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing,
I would I were away
From the world to-day,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.*

A SOUTHERN GIRL

From 'Rings and Love-Knots.'

Her dimpled cheeks are pale;
She's a lily of the vale,
Not a rose.
In a muslin or a lawn
She is fairer than the dawn
To her beaux.

Her boots are slim and neat —
She is vain about her feet
It is said.
She amputates her *r*'s,
But her eyes are like the stars
Overhead.

On a balcony at night
With a fleecy cloud of white
Round her hair—
Her grace, ah, who could paint?
She would fascinate a saint,
I declare.

'Tis a matter of regret,
She's a bit of a coquette,
Whom I sing:

*William Gilmore Simms wrote a poem on this subject, which may be found in Weber's 'Selections from the Southern Poets.'

On her cruel path she goes
With a half-a-dozen beaux
To her string.

But let all that pass by,
As her maiden moments fly
Dew empearled;
When she marries, on my life,
She will make the dearest wife
In the world.

AUNT JEMIMA'S QUILT

From 'Rhymes and Roses.' Copyright, 1895, Frederick A. Stokes Company.

A miracle of gleaming dyes
Blue, scarlet, buff and green;
O ne'er before by mortal eyes
Such gorgeous hues were seen!
So grandly was its plan designed,
So cunningly 'twas built,
The whole proclaimed a master mind—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Each friendly household far and wide
Contributed its share;
It chronicled the country side
In colors quaint and rare.
From belles and brides came rich brocade
Enwrought with threads of gilt;
E'en buxom widows lent their aid
To Aunt Jemima's quilt.

No tapestry from days of yore,
No web from Orient loom,
But paled in beauteous tints before
This strange expanse of bloom.
Here glittering stars and comet shone
O'er flowers that never wilt;
Here fluttered birds from worlds unknown
On Aunt Jemima's quilt.

O, merry was the quilting bee,
When this great quilt was done;
The rafters rang with maiden glee,
And hearts were lost and won.
Ne'er did a throng of braver men
In war clash hilt to hilt,
Than sought the smiles of beauty then
Round Aunt Jemima's quilt.

This work of art my aunt esteemed
The glory of the age;
No poet's eyes have ever beamed
More proudly o'er his page.
Were other quilt to this compared,
Her nose would upward tilt;
Such impudence was seldom dared
O'er Aunt Jemima's quilt.

Her dear old hands have gone to dust,
That once were lithe and light;
Her needles keen are thick with rust,
That flashed so nimbly bright.
And here it lies by her behest,
Stained with the tears we spilt,
Safe folded in this cedar chest—
My Aunt Jemima's quilt.

PHYLLIS

From 'Rhymes and Roses.'

The singing of sweet Phyllis
Like the silver laughing rill is,
And her breath is like the lily's
In the dawn.
As graceful as the dipping
Summer swallow, or the skipping
Of a lambkin is her tripping
O'er the lawn.

To whom shall I compare her?
To a dryad? No! She's rarer.
Beyond a poet's fancies.
Like Bopeep.
She is merry, she is clever.
Surely had Bopeep been ever
Half so winsome, she had never
Lost a sheep.

Her eyes are like the heather,
Or the skies in April weather;
And as blue as both together
In the spring.
Alas! I need a metre,
As I pipe her, that is sweeter,
And a rhythm that is fleeter
On the wing.

Beyond a poet's fancies,
Though the muse had kissed his glances,
Is her dimple when it dances
In a smile.
Oh, the havoc it is making—
Days of sorrow, nights of waking—
Half a score of hearts are aching
All the while.

Sweet Phyllis! I adore her,
And with beating heart implore her
On my loving knees before her
In alarm.
'Tis neither kind nor rightful
That a lassie so delightful
Should exert a spell so frightful
With her charm.

A WINTER DAY

From 'Rhymes and Roses.'

Pent in his lair until the storms be past,
Sequestered from the north wind's stinging blast,
The bumble bee in cozy slumber dreams
Of mossy dingles and soft rippling streams
O'erhung by flowerets waiting to be won
When blue-eyed Spring leads back the ardent sun.
And Winter's restless wrath is all forgot
Neath spell of primrose and forget-me-not.
The cricket too hath buried in the mould
His Autumn sorrow from a world a-cold;
Or else a guest beside the cottage hearth
He wakes again his minstrelsie and mirth;
And as he gaily sweeps his elfin lyre
His lay finds answer in the crackling fire,
Which echoes back his summer-toned refrain
Of joyous revels in the golden grain.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S TURKEY-TAIL FAN

From 'Rings and Love-Knots.'

It owned not a color that vanity dons
  Or slender wits choose for display;
Its beautiful tint was a delicate bronze,
  A brown softly blended with gray.
From her waist to her chin, spreading out without break
  'Twas built on a generous plan:
The pride of the forest was slaughtered to make
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

For common occasions it never was meant:
  In a chest between two silken cloths
'Twas kept safely hidden with careful intent
  In camphor to keep out the moths.
'Twas famed far and wide through the whole country side,
  From Beersheba e'en unto Dan;
And often at meeting with envy 'twas eyed,
  My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Camp-meetings, indeed, were its chiefest delight.
Like a crook unto sheep gone astray
It beckoned backsliders to re-seek the right,
And exhorted the sinners to pray.
It always beat time when the choir went wrong,
In psalmody leading the van.
Old Hundred, I know, was its favorite song—
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

A fig for the fans that are made nowadays,
Suited only to frivolous mirth!
A different thing was the fan that I praise,
Yet it scorned not the good things of earth.
At bees and at quiltings 'twas aye to be seen;
The best of the gossip began
When in at the doorway had entered serene
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

Tradition relates of it wonderful tales.
Its handle of leather was buff.
Though shorn of its glory, e'en now it exhales
An odor of hymn-books and snuff.
Its primeval grace, if you like, you can trace:
'Twas limned for the future to scan,
Just under a smiling gold-spectacled face,
My grandmother's turkey-tail fan.

BESSIE BROWN, M.D.

From 'Cap and Bells.'

'Twas April when she came to town;
The birds had come, the bees were swarming.
Her name, she said, was Doctor Brown:
I saw at once that she was charming.
She took a cottage tinted green,
Where dewy roses loved to mingle;
And on the door, next day, was seen
A dainty little shingle.

Her hair was like an amber wreath;
  Her hat was darker, to enhance it.
The violet eyes that glowed beneath
  Were brighter than her keenest lancet.
The beauties of her glove and gown
  The sweetest rhyme would fail to utter.
Ere she had been a day in town
    The town was in a flutter.

The gallants viewed her feet and hands,
  And swore they never saw such wee things;
The gossips met in purring bands
  And tore her piecemeal o'er the tea-things.
The former drank the Doctor's health
  With clinking cups, the gay carousers;
The latter watched her door by stealth,
    Just like so many mousers.

But Doctor Bessie went her way
  Unmindful of the spiteful cronies,
And drove her buggy every day
  Behind a dashing pair of ponies.
Her flower-like face so bright she bore,
  I hoped that time might never wilt her.
The way she tripped across the floor
    Was better than a philter.

Her patients thronged the village street;
  Her snowy slate was always quite full.
Some said her bitters tasted sweet;
  And some pronounced her pills delightful.
'Twas strange—I knew not what it meant—
  She seemed a nymph from Eldorado;
Where'er she came, where'er she went,
    Grief lost its gloomy shadow.

Like all the rest, I too grew ill;
  My aching heart there was no quelling.
I tremble at my doctor's bill—
  Aid lo! the items still are swelling.

The drugs I've drunk you'd weep to hear!,
They've quite enriched the fair concocter,
And I'm a ruined man, I fear,
Unless—I wed the Doctor!

THE DYING SCOUT

From 'Rhymes and Roses.'

Oh, make me a grave 'neath the jasmine vine
Where the blooms like censers swing,
Wafting a fragrance richer than wine
At night where the mockbirds sing.
Let me sleep to the songs of the caroling birds
And the lays that the winds repeat;
Where the moldering leaves at dawn are stirred
By the touch of the wild doe's feet.
Make me a grave
Where the fern leaves wave
And the shimmering mosses creep;
Sweet rest be mine
'Neath the jasmine vine,
In the heart of the wildwood deep.

Oh, make me a grave where the wild birds sing
And place no stone at my head;
Its golden arms let the jasmine wring
And toll its bell for the dead.
I could not rest by a sculptured wall,
So dig me a grave where I die,
Where the moonbeams fall through the pine trees tall
Like a blessing sent from the sky.
Make me a grave
Where the fern leaves wave
And the shimmering mosses creep;
Sweet rest be mine
'Neath the jasmine vine,
In the heart of the wildwood deep.

A FAIR ATTORNEY

From 'Cap and Bells.'

Alas! the world has gone awry
  Since Cousin Lillian entered college,
For she has grown so learned I
  Oft tremble at her wondrous knowledge.
Whene'er I dare to woo her now
  She frowns that I should so annoy her,
And then proclaims, with lofty brow,
  Her mission is to be a lawyer.

Life glides no more on golden wings,
  A sunny waif from Eldorado;
I've learned how true the poet sings,
  That coming sorrow casts its shadow.
When tutti-frutti lost its spell,
  I felt some hidden grief impended;
When she declined a caramel,
  I knew my rosy dream had ended.

She paints no more on china plaques,
  With tints that would have crazed Murillo,
Strange birds that never plumed their backs
  When Father Noah braved the billow.
Her fancy limns, with brighter brush,
  The splendid triumphs that await her,
When, in the court, a breathless hush
  Gives homage to the keen debater.

'Tis sad to meet such crushing *noes*
  From eyes as blue as Scottish heather;
'Tis sad a maid with cheeks of rose
  Should have her heart bound up in leather.
'Tis sad to keep one's passion pent,
  Though Pallas' arms the Fair environ,
But worse to have her quoting Kent
  When one is fondly breathing Byron.

When Lillian's licensed at the law
  Her fame, be sure, will live forever;
No barrister will pick a flaw
  In logic so extremely clever.
The sheriff will forget his nap
  To feast upon the lovely vision,
And e'en the Judge will set his cap
  At her, and dream of love Elysian.

MY LITTLE GIRL

From 'Cap and Bells.'

My little girl is nested
  Within her tiny bed,
With amber ringlets crested
  Around her dainty head;
She lies so calm and stilly,
  She breathes so soft and low,
She calls to mind a lily
  Half hidden in the snow.

A weary little mortal
  Has gone to slumber-land;
The Pixies at the portal
  Have caught her by the hand.
She dreams her broken dolly
  Will soon be mended there,
That looks so melancholy
  Upon the rocking-chair.

I kiss your wayward tresses,
  My drowsy little queen,
I know you have caresses
  From floating forms unseen,
O, Angels, let me keep her
  To kiss away my cares,
This darling little sleeper,
  Who has my love and prayers!

I WONDER WHAT MAUD WILL SAY!

From 'Cap and Bells.'

Dear Harry, I will not dissemble,
A candid confession is best;
My fate—but alas, how I tremble!—
My fate I must put to the test:
This morning I gathered in sadness
A strand from my locks slightly gray;
To delay any longer were madness—
I wonder what Maud will say!

The deed it were well to do quickly—
Macbeth makes a kindred remark:
I wonder if Mac felt as sickly
When he carved the old king in the dark!
The fellows who marry all do it,
But what is the usual way?
Heigho! don't I wish I were through it!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Pray advise. Would you fix up a letter
With rhymes about roses and trees?
To tell it perchance would be better:
Alas, must I get on my knees?
No; kneeling is now out of fashion
Except in a novel or play.
Ah, love is a Protean passion!
I wonder what Maud will say!

Would you give her a pug or a pony,
A picture or only a book;
A novel—say Bulwer's "Zanoni,"
Or a poem—"Lucile," "Lalla Rookh";
Bonbons from Maillard's, or a necklace
Of pearls, or a mammoth bouquet?
By jove! I am perfectly reckless—
I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I speak of the palace at Como
  Which captured the heart of Pauline?
There's a likeness of Claude in a chromo;
  Would you buy it and practice the scene?
But no! I'm no Booth, nor an Irving;
  My fancy has led me astray.
To a lover so true and deserving
  I wonder what Maud will say!

Could I warble like Signor Galassi,
  In passionate song I would soar—
I recall she applauded him as he
  Serenaded the fair Leonore;
My strain should resound love-compelling,
  Far sweeter than Orpheus' lay;
Already my bosom is swelling—
  I wonder what Maud will say!

Shall I tell her my love very gravely,
  Or propose in a moment of mirth,
Or lead to the subject suavely,
  And mention how much I am worth?
Old fellow, I know I shall blunder;
  When she blossoms as bright as the day.
My wits will be dazzled. Oh, thunder!
  I wonder what Maud will say!

A KNOT OF BLUE

(For the Boys of Yale.)
From 'Cap and Bells.'

She hath no gems of lustre bright
  To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
  To make her beauty fair.
Upon her shining locks afloat
  Are daisies wet with dew,
And peeping from her lissome throat
    A little knot of blue.

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams—
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple tree,
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my Love and me;
And what I said, or what I did
That morn, I never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid
A little knot of blue.

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part—
That little knot of blue.

THE OLD SONGS

I want to hear the old songs,
The songs I used to hear,
When every day brought happiness,
And Fancy flouted fear;
When sunset's glory ever new,
Foretold a morn more bright—
I want to hear the old songs,
Oh, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,
No trilling, no roulade,
Where music dons her lace and gems
And trips in masquerade.
But give to me the simple strain
That seeks the heart outright,
And nests within its deepest part—
Ah, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,
  Their names I need not tell;
The quaint old names mean naught to you,
  But I can feel their spell.
Each one, a key, can ope to me
  The garden of delight
That blossomed in my vanished youth:
  Oh, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs—
  I never hear them now—
The tunes that cheer the tired heart
  And smooth the care-worn brow.
Heard in the twilight's dreamy hour,
  Best suited to their flight,
Each cadence like a blessing falls—
  Ah, sing me one to-night.

I want to hear the old songs,
  The gentle lullabies
That reft me of my weariness,
  And closed my childish eyes;
The fabled music of the spheres
  Besides those strains would blight.
The dear old songs my mother sang—
  Oh, sing me one to-night.

FAR FROM THE FRONT

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. . . THE fire sent lights and shadows dancing about the room, now leaping across the rafters, now lingering on the bed where the children lay peacefully sleeping. Anne stopped knitting and leaned her head upon her thin, worn hand. She was hungry, but her heart was hungriest of all. What was beyond the storm and darkness, far away? Where was her husband to-night? If she could only know he was alive and well she could battle with want a while longer. Perhaps with

the coming grass the cow would still give milk enough for the children. She herself would continue to exist some way. She could boil herbs, or catch fish in the creek. She thought if she could only get a letter from Ben she could live through anything.

The cat stopped purring, and Anne, with her tired head upon her hand, began to nod from very weariness. In a semi-conscious state she crooned softly a lullaby that she sung her children to sleep with. Then she fell asleep. Hungry people are prone to dream, and Anne dreamed of far-off Virginia. She was with her husband, and yet she was most unhappy, for she had left her children behind, and she could hear them, far away, crying with hunger and calling for her.

Suddenly she woke and sprang to her feet. What was that? A step on the cabin porch. Whose could it be at this hour? Whoever it was did not knock. Instead, the door was suddenly opened. She shrank back.

"Ben! Ben!" she sobbed, and a tattered, travel-stained, dripping figure in Confederate gray clasped her tightly in his arms.

The next moment she drew her husband to the fire, and as she heaped on the wood her trembling and tearful laughter was pitiful to witness. She could not control herself.

"Oh, Anne," cried Latham, "how thin and starved you look!" Then he walked to the bed where the children lay.

Leaving the fire she stood beside him.

"Don't wake them," he said: and bending down he kissed them.

"I hadn't heard from you in three months, Ben, and I feared you were dead," said Anne; "and now you are here—oh, Ben, I am so happy!"

"I was sick in the hospital," said the man, with his arm around her waist; "and when I got back to camp, John Holmes had a letter from his wife in which she said you and the children were nigh starvation, and when I heard that word I started for home."

Latham gazed at his wife tenderly.

"And you—oh, Anne!—you are starving!" he exclaimed, for Anne's thin face turned gray, and reeling, she would have fallen had he not caught her in his arms.

"Thank God, there's some bacon left in my knapsack," said Latham, placing his wife in a chair.

In a few minutes the frying-pan was sputtering on the fire, and the frying bacon filled the cabin with its savory scent, and a hurriedly made hoe-cake lay baking before the hot coals.

"Oh, Ben, how long is your furlough?" asked Anne, suddenly, as she sat by her husband's side with the color coming slowly back to her hollow cheeks. Hunger and sorrow forgotten in the joy of Latham's return, the only mote that could mar her happiness was the thought of a future parting.

"Never mind about the furlough," replied Ben, moving uneasily in his chair. "We won't talk about it to-night. After a man's been fighting four years he has a right to kiss his wife and children without thinking about the war."

"How long is it going to last, Ben?"

Latham had risen to his feet and was walking the cabin floor.

"God knows! But it can't last much longer unless men learn to live without food and clothes. It's got mighty nigh to that pass now. We can't hold out a year. It's two to one, and we ain't had any luck since Stonewall Jackson was killed. The men fight as well as ever, but how they have the heart to keep it up is a wonder, with letters coming from home telling of wives and children in woeful want."

Ben Latham stopped and looked at his wife with a reddish light shining in his haggard eyes that almost frightened her.

"The men are fighting for their country, Ben," said the wife, encouragingly.

"For their country!" exclaimed Latham. "What is country to a man when wife and children are starving?"

The scant meal was now ready and the two sat down to eat. There was much to be heard and told. In answer to her husband's questions, the wife gave the story of her struggles and makeshifts. When she had finished, Latham inquired how much food there was in the cabin, and Anne replied that there was enough meal for two days, but when it was gone there was no more corn in the barn to be ground, and the potatoes had all rotted weeks ago.

Then the man said the country was full of game. During the four years' strife between North and South there had been

little hunting, with the result that the wild creatures, unharmed, had multiplied almost beyond belief. So that Latham told Anne he was sure he could trap enough game to keep the family till garden and field could yield their produce; and furthermore, till the truck grew he could also weave fish-traps of white-oak splints, and catch fish in Sipsey River. Oh, he could manage, said the husband.

"But won't you have to go back to the army before the crop's made?" said Anne.

The little supper had been eaten and the woman was now clearing the table.

"Anne," said Latham, with a touch of impatience, "I've just come; don't let us talk of my leaving."

"I'm sorry I spoke of it, Ben; but I'm so glad to have you back again, the thought of your leaving keeps rising before me like a ghost," replied the wife, with tears in her sad, weary eyes.

"Well, let ghosts alone to-night. I've seen enough dead men," said Latham, with a mirthless laugh that sounded dry and forced.

Husband and wife continued to talk, but something as intangible as a shadow marred all efforts at cheerfulness. At last Anne, after a silence, exclaimed: "How glad all the neighbors will be to see you, Ben. They'll have a thousand questions to ask. There hasn't been anybody home from the army in six months."

"I don't want to see any of the neighbors," said Latham, almost shortly.

"Oh, Ben!"

Anne looked at her husband in grieved surprise, and the tattered soldier continued, as if by way of necessary explanation: "I haven't time, Anne, for going about saying howd'ye and shaking hands. That's for people with fat barns and smokehouses. I must forage for you and the children. I shall be away most of the daytime hunting and fishing."

Anne was troubled. Something was wrong, and she could not fathom it. A vague apprehension of some unseen evil haunted her. She longed to question her husband in order to relieve her mind of anxiety, but she knew not how to form her questions, even had she not feared to ask them. Ben was keeping something from her, she was sure.

The latter viewed his wife's sorrowful face, and his conscience smote him. He kissed her several times.

"There, Anne; come, cheer up. Neighbors be hanged! I don't want to think of anybody but you and the children tonight."

Anne forced a smile, and Latham, lit his pipe, but it did not seem to soothe him. In a few minutes he was again walking the floor. Meantime the storm raged outside.

"Anne, do you have visitors often? Is there much passing on the road?"

The wife replied that few people came to the house, and there were few wayfarers.

"I'm glad of that," said Latham, in a tone of relief, resuming his seat by the fire.

This remark, so unlike the Ben Latham of old, was too much for Anne. Bursting into tears, she threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, Ben! Ben! what is it? I'm so frightened. You are not as you used to be. Something dreadful has happened or is going to happen. Tell me—tell me what it is?"

"Nothing is going to happen, Anne. What nonsense! You've been so much alone you've grown notiony. What'll happen is that you'll be seeing spirits and ghosts if you don't rid your brain of such fancies," said the man, kissing his wife and laughing.

But the laugh was nervous and hollow, and the next moment he started to his feet.

"What's that, Ann? Don't you hear something?"

"Nothing but the storm," said the woman.

"Yes; there's some one at the gate—it's a man's tread—he's coming to the door. Great God!" exclaimed Latham, excitedly.

Startled by her husband's wild look, a dreadful thought came to Anne. Had hardship and hunger turned his brain?

"Ben! Ben!" she cried, wringing her hands, "nobody is coming to harm us."

"Anne, I mustn't be seen," said Latham, greatly agitated.

There was a knock at the door.

"Anne, wife," said the man, grasping the woman's arm, "I'm a deserter. When I heard John Holmes's wife's letter,

I deserted. I ran off in the night. I couldn't stay when I knew you and the children were starving."

The knock came again.

"If I'm seen, I shall be disgraced, and the punishment for desertion is death," whispered Latham, hoarsely.

Anne Latham looked at her husband. If he had deserted, it was not by reason of cowardice, nor to go over to the enemy, but for love of her and his children. Patriotism is born at the hearthstone, and man fights and dies for it. What is country but an assemblage of homes? There was an enemy far from the front attacking Ben Latham's home—an enemy that only he could battle with, and he had come home tattered and war-worn to fight hand-to-hand with hunger for those he loved. These or similar thoughts came to Anne Latham, and with them a flood of affection for her husband.

"Hush, Ben," she said, "and open the door. Most likely it is some traveller who has lost his way, and doesn't know you."

The knock rang again, for the third time, and as Ben Latham opened the cabin door a dripping man in a captain's uniform of Confederate gray entered the room.

Anne Latham recognized the officer. It was Ben's captain, and with a cry of alarm she clutched her husband's arm.

"Great Scott! Latham, is it you! I was lost and rode for the first light. By Jove, it's a stormy night—as bad as some we had in Virginia. In heaven's name, man, why are you staring so? What's the matter?"

Ben Latham stood indeed like a man frozen, and gazed at his Captain dazed and speechless.

"Who would have believed you'd have treated your Captain so? And after fighting under him for four years! Man, I'm ashamed of you. Don't forget you're a soldier."

Still Ben Latham was silent, and the Captain looked at him astonished.

"This is your wife, I presume, and these are your children." The officer went to the bed and surveyed the little sleepers.

As he did so Latham fell into a chair and began to sob as he had not done since he was a child. His wife stood over him filled with bewildered distress. She turned to the Captain.

"Captain," she said, "you have a furlough, and you are

going home to your family. Be merciful to a man who couldn't get a furlough and hadn't seen his wife and children in three years."

"Why, I never knew that! If I had known the fact he should have had leave long ago." The Captain looked at Anne thoroughly mystified. "But I can't understand your husband's strange conduct toward me."

"Captain," continued Anne, "my husband may have done wrong, but he couldn't help it. He heard that his wife and children were about to starve, and he hurried home."

"I've hurried, too. It is not more than ten days since Lee's surrender."

"What, sir?" asked the wife, eagerly. "Lee's surrendered?"

"Yes; and the war's over. Hasn't your husband told you?" asked the Captain.

Ben Latham's sobs ceased, and he sat like a man in a dream.

"Mrs. Latham," said the Captain, kindly, "there wasn't a braver man in my company than your husband, but he's worn out, and I fear he's going into a fever. That only can account for his strange behavior to-night."

But Anne was not listening. She was kneeling by her husband.

"Ben, did you hear the Captain? Lee's surrendered, and the war's over. The Captain thinks you must have left for home the same day he did."

The Captain had gone to the door to view the weather. The storm was over.

"Do you understand, Ben? You were never missed from the company, for Lee surrendered a few hours after you left, and—and nobody knows your secret but me."

JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW

[1828—1863]

N. W. WALKER

JAMES JOHNSTON PETTIGREW was born in Tyrrell County, North Carolina, July 4, 1828, and died near Bunker Hill, Virginia, July 17, 1863. He was the third and youngest son of the Hon. Ebenezer Pettigrew and Ann Shepherd, his wife, both of distinguished North Carolina ancestry.

The Pettigrew family was of remote French origin. Branches of it settled at an early date in both Scotland and Ireland. James Pettigrew, of the Irish branch, an officer in the army of William III at the battle of the Boyne, received a grant of land from the Crown and established a family at Crilly House, in County Tyrone, Ireland. One of his younger sons, also James by name, "seems to have fallen out bitterly with his people . . . . probably on account of difference in religion," and emigrated to America about 1740. After living a few years in Pennsylvania, he moved first to Virginia, then to North Carolina, and settled finally in Abbeville, South Carolina, about 1768, where he lived to be an old man and founded the family of which the late Hon. James L. Petigru was a distinguished representative. Charles Pettigrew, third son of James Pettigrew and founder of the North Carolina family, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1743. He came to North Carolina with his father, and there preferred to remain when the latter continued his southward migration in 1768. For several years Charles Pettigrew taught school, first in Bute County, then in Edenton, where he became rector of old St. Paul's Church after being admitted to holy orders in 1775. In 1794 he was elected Bishop of the new Diocese of North Carolina, but died before his consecration. His only son was the Hon. Ebenezer Pettigrew, father of the subject of this sketch. Mr. Pettigrew was elected on the Whig ticket to represent North Carolina in the Twenty-fourth Congress (1835-'37). Excepting this brief period of service to his State, "his life was passed in the cultivated and quiet retirement of his paternal estate of Bonarva, in Tyrrell County," where his illustrious son was born on the date before mentioned.

Johnston Pettigrew was prepared for college at the famous Bing-

ham School in Hillsboro. Entering the University of North Carolina in 1843, he was graduated with highest honors in 1847. He is generally regarded as one of the most brilliant students ever educated at that time-honored institution. In the words of Mr. Trescot, "his scholastic career was so brilliant as to have become a tradition."

Among the distinguished visitors present at the commencement of 1847 were President James K. Polk, himself an alumnus of the University of North Carolina, and Commodore Maury. Both of these gentlemen were deeply impressed by the genius and ability of the brilliant young valedictorian. At the suggestion of Commodore Maury, the President, a few months later, tendered to Mr. Pettigrew, then only nineteen years of age, an assistant professorship in the Naval Observatory at Washington. He accepted the position, but remained at the Observatory only a few months, leaving in the autumn of 1848 to take up the study of law in the office of James M. Campbell, Esq., of Baltimore. Here he remained until the end of the year, when he went to Charleston, South Carolina, to continue his law studies in the office of his relative, James L. Petigru. He was admitted to the Bar of South Carolina in December, 1849. In January, 1850, he went to Berlin to devote himself for two years to the study of civil law and the foreign languages in the German universities. At the end of this period he traveled extensively in Europe before returning to the United States, visiting Germany, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, England, Scotland, and Ireland. He became proficient in the languages of Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, and acquired a good reading knowledge of Arabic and Hebrew. He was attracted especially by the language and people of Spain, and conceived the purpose of writing a history of that country. At the time of his visit there the Hon. Daniel M. Barringer, of North Carolina, then United States Minister to the Court of Madrid, tendered him the position of secretary to the legation, but he declined the appointment. In November, 1852, he returned to the United States and associated himself with his kinsman, James L. Petigru, for the practice of law in Charleston. Young Pettigrew remained at the Bar only four or five years. He served as representative in the South Carolina Legislature at its special session in 1856, and in the regular session of 1857. In this body he distinguished himself by a very eloquent speech in support of a bill to modify the judiciary system of the State and to establish an independent supreme court of appeals, and especially by his able minority report opposing the reopening of the African slave trade. Unfortunately he was defeated in the election of 1858, and seems to have been sorely disap-

pointed. The defeat, however, gave him an opportunity to carry out a long-fostered plan.

From early life Pettigrew had cherished a desire for military service. Even while a student in Berlin he had made a futile attempt to enter the Prussian army. The Italian war, in progress at the time of his defeat, aroused his sympathy, and he decided to apply for a staff appointment in the army of Sardinia. He accordingly went to Italy in 1859, and his application to Count Cavour was accepted, but on his way to join the army he was met by the news of the peace of Villafranca (July 11, 1859). Thus he was foiled in his purpose. "I concluded," he says, "to spend the summer in some agreeable country within call in case of a renewal of hostilities, when the opportunity would be renewed of which the armistice, or rather the peace, had deprived me." Returning to South Carolina late in 1859, he printed, in 1861, for private circulation among his friends, the only literary work he left, 'Spain and the Spaniards,' an octavo volume of 430 pages.

Long before going abroad, Johnston Pettigrew had seen the lowering clouds of civil war, and he returned with a deepened conviction "that every hour was bringing nearer the unavoidable conflict." Trescot thinks his second trip to Europe was prompted by a "desire to see large and active service abroad, and by the persuasion that all he could learn there would find its early and fitting use here."

At the outbreak of the war he did service first in South Carolina, where he was offered the position of Adjutant-general of the State. He declined the appointment, however, and soon went to Virginia, in the spring of 1861, where he joined Hampton's Legion as a private. In July following he was elected, without his solicitation, Colonel of the Twelfth Regiment North Carolina Volunteers, which later became the Twenty-second Regiment North Carolina Troops. He was soon offered promotion to a brigadier-generalship, but, with characteristic modesty, declined, preferring to remain with his regiment. When the promotion was tendered a second time, at the urgent solicitation of his friends, he accepted it. He was twice wounded; first, quite grievously, at Seven Pines, where he was left unconscious on the field and captured; and again at Gettysburg, where he commanded Heth's Division during the immortal charge on Cemetery Hill. He was mortally wounded in a skirmish at Falling Waters on the morning of July 14, 1863, while protecting the rear of the army on its dreary march back across the Potomac from the bloody field of Gettysburg. Three days later, at the home of a Mr. Boyd near Bunker Hill, Virginia, he breathed his last. His body was taken to Raleigh, North Carolina, the capital of his native

State, and there interred. In November, 1865, his remains were removed to the family cemetery at Bonarva, in Tyrrell County, where they now rest.

Cultured scholar, wise statesman, chivalrous soldier, and refined Christian gentleman, Johnston Pettigrew has been aptly called "the Sir Phillip Sidney of the South." In the words of Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn: "There can be no question that Pettigrew was as noble a type of true manhood as America has produced." There is, indeed, no more picturesque character to be found in the annals of Southern history, nor a figure whose career was more fraught with dramatic incident.

"A man tried in many high offices
And critical enterprises,
And found faithful in all.

* * * * * *

Resolute, moderate, clear of envy, yet not wanting
In that finer ambition which makes men great and pure.
In honor—impregnable;
In simplicity—sublime.
No country ever had a truer son—no cause a nobler champion;
No people a bolder defender—no principle a purer victim."

It is to be regretted that 'Spain and the Spaniards' was not given wider circulation. Only a small edition was printed, and that for private circulation among the author's friends. The book is now almost inaccessible. A more interesting volume of its kind is not to be found, and there is no doubt that it would have been accorded a hearty welcome had it been published to the world. The full title is 'Notes on Spain and the Spaniards, in the summer of 1859, with a glance at Sardinia,' by a Carolinian (J.J.P.)—Charleston, 1861.

That the author had the temperament of the man of letters, and possessed literary ability and skill of a high order, will readily be seen by even a glance at his work. "Large tolerance and intellectual flexibility" are everywhere apparent, and one realizes here and there the touch of the master's hand and feels that nothing could be much finer than some of his descriptive passages. Deep poetic feeling and imagination, delicate humor, refined wit, a "rare gift for the happy word," are some of the author's ear-marks. His style is elevated, vigorous, and vital; always clear, never involved, it is subtle, artistic, refined. At times, it is true, he is perilously near to becoming too oratorical, may apostrophize too freely, and on occasions lack a certain restraint; but these literary sins belonged more to the time

and country in which he wrote than to the individual author. That one so abundantly endowed for high literary achievements should have been cut down even so young, when he had had only time to give "roseate promise" of what was in him, is one of the tragedies of American literature.

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THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN, MADRID

From 'Spain and the Spaniards.'

The famous Puerta del Sol, or Gate of the Sun, is the great square of Madrid. No longer a gate, it is in the very center of the city. In the last seven years, the mania for improvement has reached even this hallowed precinct, and a semi-circular space of buildings at the north has been demolished, in order to enlarge and to give it some regularity of shape. One of the first buildings destroyed was the little church of *Nuestra Señora del Buen Suceso,* with its illuminated clock that stood to the east between the *Calle de Alcalá* and the *Calle de San Jeronymo.* This is one of the few churches I ever entered in Madrid, as, for the most part, they possessed no attractions. Not so with the Buen Suceso, which was the resort of the fashionable world, owing partly to its situation and partly to its privileges. As Madrid hours are very late, many a fair dame used, on her way home in the morning, to repent here the indiscretions of the evening's entertainment, and its privileges of celebrating mass as late as two P.M., drew the slothful to its altars. It was, moreover, an exceedingly convenient place for the loungers on the Plaza, and its clock is poorly replaced by the one over the *Casa de Correos.* Readers of the old comedies will particularly regret its loss. Strangers from a distance, judging by the world-wide renown of the Puerta del Sol, expect to find a park of many acres, laid out in grass-plats and fountains. On the contrary, it is scarcely wider than some of our great avenues, and is paved with glaring stones. But it is the heart of the Spanish monarchy. All the principal streets of the city empty into it. Everybody going from one quarter to another, and all the diligences cross it; every one who has more at home, and nothing to do, (about ninety-nine per cent.) goes to the Puerta del Sol, to enjoy its sunshine; every one who has a picayune's worth to buy or sell, passes by the Puerta del Sol; every one who desires to tell, or hear a falsehood, goes to the Puerta del Sol, so that about guard-mounting, the place is crowded with a motley assemblage of all ages and costumes. Le Sage certainly knew nothing about Madrid, or he never would have taken the

trouble to call up the Devil-upon-two-sticks, *El Diablo Cojuelo,* to retail scandal. Los Diablos Cojuelos, that saunter about this square, without the external cloven hoof, would willingly have saved his real majesty the trouble of appearing. The middle-class of the population are, for the most part, idlers, whether *empleados* or *cesantes;* the lower is composed of the very dregs of the populace from every city in Spain; the former always ready to excite, the latter always ready to carry out a revolution. Imagine them collected together, and solely occupied with each other's defects, and form an idea if you can of the conversation. If I believed one fortieth part of what I heard there, I would have thought there was not one honest man, woman, or child above ten years of age, in the city; that the judges were corrupt, the ministers traitors, the priests atheists, the lawyers rogues, the doctors murderers, and the editors and telegraph agents a fraternity of liars. There is some truth in what they whisper about, but the superstructure of scandal is so enormous as to make one despair of finding the little layer of veracity below. In this place no reputation is sacred, and no slander too surprising not to find some believers. I was told the most abominable things about the president of the ministry, with a circumstantiality of narrative calculated to carry conviction. My informant was a *cesante.* All the rest were handled in the same manner, and neither sex spared. The demolition of the church del Buen Suceso will be severely felt in the next world, for instant confession and absolution would be necessary to save some of these offenders.

The affair of the one hundred and thirty thousand loads of stone was at this time making a great commotion. Without entering into the matter minutely, it is sufficient to state that a member of the ministry of Sartorius was charged with being privy to a corrupt contract with the Government for the delivery of stone. He had been impeached, but the Senate had failed to convict. Since then, a person behind the scenes had come out with an exposé of an exceedingly damaging nature to the offender, who had replied from London. This brought forth a renewed attack. The Puerta del Sol was in its glory, the defenders of the Sartorius ministry carrying the war into Africa, by attacking O'Donnel, whose character could

ill afford to lose anything. Unfortunately, the sun left but a small strip of shade in front of the Casa del Correos, so that the crowd was rather compact. Peace was maintained, however, for no one objected to the abuse of his friends, provided his own liberty of speech was not restricted. The correspondents of the foreign newspapers wrote that the O'Donnel ministry would scarcely survive the shock caused by the failure to convict, or, perhaps, the attempt to shield the peccant minister, and that a revolution was not improbable. Of this I saw no signs whatever, and Spaniards make no secret of such things, so that the rumor is apt to reach your ear long before the event, and is half forgotten ere the result is actually accomplished; but the ferment might have assumed larger proportions had not the Morocco difficulty intervened. The Puerta has naturally been a focus of insurrections, as it commands the circulation of the city, and a few barricades thrown up at each street would be inconvenient. For the same reason, a strong guard is placed there to suppress the first outbreak. A regiment of determined men, with artillery, could easily put down any insurrection; but, unfortunately, Spanish insurrections generally commence with the military itself, and, as I once heard an old legitimist say, after the coup d'état of the Garde Nationale: "Ma foi, il faut bien une armée pour la garder."

Notwithstanding all these defects, the Puerta del Sol has great attractions for a native, and also for a traveller. A certain phase of life is seen to perfection, and, in a social point of view, it is one of the liveliest spots in the world. The ever-moving crowd and gay shops of the Boulevards, are wanting; nor is there any resemblance to the crush of Fleet street and the Strand; but, by way of compensation, it offers the costumes of every province in Spain. The gay majo of Andalusia, the soberer colors of Aragon, the working dress of the Gallican brush against the last foppery from Paris. Thousands cross it in a thousand directions, and for a thousand purposes. Now the crowd makes way for a battalion of infantry with flying colors, not large, but fine-looking fellows, well formed, and of active march; or an escort of cavalry, with trumpets sounding the marcha real, announces the approach of royalty. The tinkling of little bells, followed by a priest

with the eucharist, on his way to cheer some departing soul, hushes the confusion into respectful silence, and causes the more devout to fall upon their knees before the mystical elements. These are temporary interruptions; the great business of slandering is immediately renewed.

THE CATHEDRAL—LA IGLESIA MAYOR—SEVILLE

From 'Spain and the Spaniards.'

The principal monument at Seville is the Cathedral—la Iglesia Mayor—the largest and grandest in all Spain, and for impressive effect unequalled in the world, even by the Basilica of St. Peter's. The characteristic excellencies of the principal Spanish Cathedrals are enumerated in the following quatrain:

Sevilla en grandeza,
Toledo en riqueza;
Compostella en fortaleza,
Leon en sutileza.

Tradition has pointed out the spot as the site of the temples of the various religions which have successively ruled at Seville, commencing with the goddess of the Phœnicians. The Moorish Mosque, erected by Yusouf, the almohade, and completed by Yacoub al Mansour, his son, was, after the re-conquest, purified and consecrated to the worship of the true God, or, as the Mohammedan authors complain, to the adoration of idols; but in the beginning of the Fifteenth Century, it had been so much injured by earthquakes, that the Chapter determined to pull it down, and to erect in its place a temple worthy of the city and of their religion. In the year 1401, the Beneficiaries of the Cathedral being assembled, it was resolved "that, inasmuch as the Church is daily threatened with ruin, from the shocks it has received, and is about to fall in various places, another be built, such as shall find no equal, and shall correspond to the greatness and authority of Seville; and that if the funds of the Church be not sufficient, everyone shall contribute from his salary what may be necessary." . . . And one of the Chapter added: "Let us build a church so great, that those who see it finished will believe us mad."

Most noble resolve, most noble Chapter, and most nobly did they accomplish their proposed object! Without the aid of princes or taxes, by their own savings and the assistance of alms from the faithful, they erected the marvel of Andalusia. The exterior, like that of most Gothic cathedrals, is not impressive when seen from near by; though occupying a large square, it is not disfigured, as is usually the case, by mean houses. Indeed, it is rather fortunate than otherwise in its environs. To the north, on the opposite side of the street, the houses are preserved, as though the Moors had departed but yesterday; and the little colonnade is said to be devoted to the same trades that were carried on in the same place six hundred years ago. On the east is the Archbishop's palace. The Alcazar and the Lonja lie to the south, while the Cathedral itself is surrounded by a terrace, slightly elevated above the level of the street. The western front, as usual, is not finished. A great many reasons are given for this peculiarity about Spanish cathedrals. Some say it is to avoid a payment which was due to Rome upon the completion of every religious edifice; others say to escape the effects of the "evil eye," others, a prosaic want of funds. Be the reason what it may, Spanish churches are seldom entirely complete. The entrance by the north is through La Puerta del Perdon, which leads into the Patio de los Naranjos (the court of the orange trees), surrounded on three sides by the lofty walls of the Parish Church and the Library. The Patio, its fountains, the horseshoe gate of the Perdon, are all Moorish and fine specimens. In the early morning or afternoon this is a delightful spot to while away the hour, listening to the bubbling of the fountains and the conversation of the water carriers who come here to fill their casks, while the breeze rustles amid the dark green leaves and yellow fruit of the orange trees, and the fairy Giralda towers majestically overhead in silent beauty. Most of the Cathedrals, built upon the sites of Moorish mosques, retain the entrance court and fountain for ablution, which was necessary to the Mohammedan worship. To the east of the Patio, near the library entrance, is the stone pulpit, which the inscription pronounces to have served St. Vincent and other persons of distinction in the Church. The Library itself, as most libraries, is uninteresting enough to the sight, but precious

to the mind, as it consists principally of the books presented by Fernan Columbus, with manuscripts of the great navigator himself, and hence styled *La Colombina*. It contains, moreover, a great many historical souvenirs of the re-conquest and subsequent periods. The Sagrario or Parish Church, on the opposite site of the Patio, would be considered handsome if it were not in such immediate proximity to the Cathedral. Some of its wood carvings are beautiful, particularly the altar-piece and the Sta. Veronica above; and a figure of St. John is also well worthy of remark.

The old Sagrario near the gate of the Patio, is converted into a sort of vestiary. The Cathedral, on my first visit, being closed, as the siesta was not quite over, I took a seat here to await the opening of the doors. The sun's rays poured fiercely down, but within all was delightfully fresh and cool. The altar-boys were engaged in the elevating occupation of standing on their heads for a wager, while in the next apartment, separated by a screen, some functionary snored away with the reverberating snort of a Mississippi high-pressure. The example was catching. I took one of the sweetest naps that ever fell to my lot. Soon the grating of the doors awakened me, and I entered the glorious edifice. Without, all had been full of glare, almost blinding; here, a faint, mellow twilight floated among the lofty columns, scarcely disturbing the solemn gloom which hushed one into an involuntary silence. The sound of footsteps was lost in its immensity, though its size could only be appreciated by comparison with some of the human species. Since leaving Seville, I have had an opportunity of revisiting most of the mediæval cathedrals, and I can truly say that none of them compare with this in inspiring the feeling of grandeur in the object and humility in the subject, which is the peculiar merit of the Gothic architecture. I have twice been to the Minster of Strasbourg for the express purpose of comparing them, but it has appeared cold and impressionless—sterile, so to speak, whereas the soul must be hard indeed that can enter here and not feel inspired with an overwhelming sense of awe and reverence. Its founders were truly impressed with the divine conception of religion. Nowhere else is the Christian thought so appropriately expressed in stone; and if I were to select the two edifices of

Christendom that had most successfully attained the end for which they were erected, it would be the Cathedrals of Milan and Seville, the exterior of the former and the interior of the latter being respectively all that could reasonably be demanded of architecture.

The ground plan is that of the Mosque, which preceded it, being a parallelogram of some four hundred and fifty feet in length and more than three hundred and fifty in width, with large chapels on the northern and southern sides. Between these are the five aisles, extending east and west, formed by noble colonnades and surmounted by graceful arches, sustaining the roof, some eigthy or a hundred feet above. There are in fact seven aisles, but two of them are occupied by lateral chapels. The center aisle and the transept, forming the cross, are more elevated, attaining the enormous height of a hundred and forty-five feet, while the dome is still more lofty. Rich as the Cathedral is in treasures of every description, in paintings, sculpture, jewels, it contains nothing gaudy or striking, with a single exception—no huge frescoes to divert the attention from the great end of the architect. The eighty-seven windows, painted in the most beautiful style of mediæval German art, to represent Scripture scenes, some of them twenty or thirty feet in length, are scarcely noticed. Everything has been made subservient to the purpose of elevating the creature to the contemplation of the great Creator, in whose hands are all the corners of the earth. Truly it does merit the distinction of "La Grande." How much nobler an inspiration than that of the Greeks, who sought merely to embody the highest conception of worldly beauty, and whose ideas of religion scarcely rose above the ground on which they stood. And the conduct of the worshippers here seems prompted by a sympathy in accordance with the spirit of the place. Every purely worldly enjoyment is banished. From this point of view the chairs of the French and the pews of the English churches are equally destructive to any elevation of feeling, inasmuch as they necessarily recall one from meditation on things above to the mere comforts of the body. Spanish ladies, if they desire to sit, have a mat carried by a servant and placed upon the pavement in the veritable Eastern style, while the men, noble and peasant alike, kneel upon the marble mosaic.

The internal arrangement of the Cathedral resembles that of most others in Spain. The center aisle from the transept to within fifty or a hundred feet of the great western entrance, is occupied by the *coro* (the choir), closed toward the west by the trascoro, but open toward the high altar, which occupies a similar position on the opposite side of the *entre los dos coros.* Each is railed off by a handsome grating—*reja* —of ornamental steel, and a little gangway connects the two. The *rejas* in the Spanish Cathedrals are always worthy of the attention of travellers, and give some idea of what the gold and silver and steel work in these churches was before the War of Independence. The whole high altar is a magnificent piece of skill and ornamentation, and the *retablo,* extending nearly up to the roof, is famous even in Spain. It is of *alerce* wood, and divided into forty-four compartments, which represent scenes from the Scripture history. Far up above, seemingly in the clouds, is a crucifix, projected apparently upon a background of dark velvet. At certain hours of the day, depending upon the season, the rays of the sun, through the stained windows of the cimborio or dome over the transept cross, fall upon this crucifix, which is thus brilliantly illuminated, while the rest of the edifice remains in profound gloom. The effect is beyond measure impressive. The *coro* is finely ornamented within, and above it are the grand organs, whose deep tones, swelling through the Cathedral on a feast day, and filling its recesses with the immensity of their volume, are indeed magnificent. One of them, built by Jorge Bosch, the largest in the world, contains a hundred and nineteen stops, and five thousand three hundred and twenty-six pipes; the other, by Verdalonga, is almost as large. Sacred music is still preserved in its purity and grandeur at Seville, resembling, in this respect, the cities of Germany. The artist, who performed on great occasions in 1852, was a master, and did full justice to the noble instrument, though this summer I heard no music that was remarkable. Around the *coro* and high altar, on the outside, are numerous small altars and chapels, containing many works of art, famous, some of them, for their excellence, others for their antiquity. Among them is a celebrated image, in wood, of the Virgin, by Montañes, probably the finest specimen of wood carving in Spain. It is per-

fectly exquisite, the embodification of the highest and purest style of Andalusian beauty, a Murillo solidified. A quantity of ornaments of a rich description, glittering jewels and costly silks, have been placed upon it, greatly impairing the effect; but a certain amount of silver about these images serves to heighten the relief, only it requires great judgment to know when to stop. For the artistic reputation of Spain, it is to be regretted that its sculpture consists almost entirely of either wood or earth in its various preparations. Its churches are crowded with images which, if in marble, would receive the unqualified approbation of the artistic world. As it is they are generally hurried over with a passing notice, partly because when seen by strangers they have been removed from the situations for which they were originally intended by the artist, and partly because of the cheapness of the material out of which they are made, as though the excellence of the conception were not the same, whether executed in marble or terra-cotta.

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As the excellence of the Cathedral does not consist so much in the contemplation of particular parts as in the general effect of the whole, it should be visited at all hours of the day in order to appreciate it fully. A stranger, with a guide and a guide book, will detect, perhaps acknowledge, its manifold beauties; but really to feel it, he should saunter in alone, with a mind free from preoccupation and ready to imbibe its mysterious influences. I was never more profoundly impressed than one evening, about sunset, in the month of September. The vesper chaunt had just ended, and the last notes of the organ, faintly echoing their mellow cadence, were dying away in the vaulted roof. Priests and choristers hurried out, with doubtless very prosaic feelings—it was their daily occupation—and I was left almost alone, with here and there a pious devotee lingering before some favorite altar. The expiring rays of the sun streamed in through the western portal, but were lost in the vast recesses of the edifice; the whole eastern portion lay shrouded in gloom. A faint gleam of light, struggling through the painted windows of the dome, fell upon the lofty crucifix, and seemed to point to the life of purity beyond. At such a time, one cannot but feel that there is an ethereal

spirit within, a spark of the Divine essence, which would fain cast off its prison house of mortality and flee to the Eternal existence that gave it birth. This edifice is one of the few creations of man that realizes expectation. Morning, noon or night, none can enter without acknowledging that he stands on holy ground. The accessories, the trembling swell of the organs, the sweet odor of incense, the beautiful works of art, which elsewhere distract the attention, here combine in universality of grandeur to establish that harmony of the soul so conducive to devotion; and if the excellence of architecture consist in the accomplishment of the rational purpose assigned, to this must the palm be awarded. Political economists may reason that such an expenditure in unproductive stone withdraws from the general circulation a sensible capital; the severe reformer may preach against the adoration of saints and images; the abstract philosopher may denounce the appeal to the senses, but their remonstrance will fall pointless upon the heart. There are occasions when humanity rises above the earthly rules of logic, and acknowledges obedience only to those hidden laws which govern the divine portion of our nature, and whose sequence is beyond the reach of human intellect.

SPANISH LADIES

From 'Spain and the Spaniards.'

Upon the delivery of your letter of introduction, a Spanish gentleman immediately presents you with his house, *Mi casa está á su disposicion* or *esta casa es suya,* without thereby intending to make you a conveyance, and give you the right to institute an action of ejectment, which would involve you in all the troubles of housekeeping, but merely to inform you that you are welcome in the evening, if you can find anyone in. Do not think, however, that he or the household are going to put themselves out in the slightest degree. Some families are at home on stated evenings, and it generally happens that you find them in; but if you do not, why, you can pass on to another acquaintance, and there is no offense meant and none taken. Nothing can surpass the fairy aspect of a family eve-

ning party, viewed from the grating. The suspended lamps give just enough light to see the sparkling drops of the fountain, and to recognize the ladies, half hid among the flowers. With their beauty so suited to a scene of the kind, they scarcely seem to be of this earth. You enter, are welcomed, pointed to a seat. If the ladies of the house be agreeable you are seldom the only guest. The time flies by; chocolate, sweetmeats, perhaps ices, perhaps pure water, help it along. The watchman cries the hour in your hearing. Heavens! can it be so late? You place yourself at the feet of your fair entertainers (*me pongo á los piés de vm. señorita*). They kiss your hand (*beso la mano á vm. cabellero*). You skip along the street as though supported on the airy pinions of the wind. You dream of black eyes and glossy hair, of guitars and delicate fingers, of fairies seated in opening rosebuds, waving their fans to you and enveloping your eyes with tiny lace veils.

"But," my lady readers will exclaim, "what is all this rhapsody about? You go into a house with a court; see some ladies with fans and guitars; you drink a little water, eat a cake, and come out raving about fairies and angels. We see nothing wonderful in all that. There must have been some very intellectual conversation; pray, what were you talking about?" Alas! you cannot tell. You do not remember three words that were uttered. It was very witty, very graceful, very charming; even the pauses were delicious, but exactly what it was you cannot recollect. It did not impress you as displaying profound erudition. Indeed, the education of Spanish ladies is generally somewhat neglected. They learn from books little, except the rudiments, and of the outside world beyond the Pyrenees have exceedingly confused ideas. A young Aragonesa, who had just left school with a prize, and was full of intelligence and patriotism, once asked me if Morocco and America were not near each other. There are numerous exceptions, but reading, writing, a little arithmetic, geography, poetry, Spanish history, and the lives of the saints, with a tolerable knowledge of French and music, is all one need usually expect. Of the whole list of "ologies" they are entirely innocent. Your lady questioners turn away with indignation, and ask how a woman can be agreeable who is ignorant of conchology, does not know sienite from hornblende, and

could not solve a quadratic equation to save herself from the eternal perdition. For answer, I refer them to the Emperor of the French, who laid the loftiest diadem in Christendom at the feet of one of Andalusia's daughters, and has seen no reason to repent the sacrifice. The truth is, that the whole charm of either man or woman does not consist in the amount of the outside world they have managed to cram into the inside of their brains—a system that should be styled inducation rather than education. You would be very much shocked, in walking through a flowery grove at sunset, if your companion were to break away after some new species of the Hygomedon Septentrionalis, or the jaw-tooth of a decaying red-sandstone monster. I am sure that no Andaluza would, but in these matters everyone must follow his own taste. Were some beneficent divinity to present the author with a pencil dipped in the hues of the rainbow, he might undertake to explain the mystery of their powers of fascination; without such supernatural aid he would probably meet, at least deserve, the fate of Prometheus. The women of every country have some peculiar attraction. To these alone is it reserved to unite all. Their inexpressible beauty has, doubtless, much to do with it, and it certainly is beyond description. The most crazy dream of poetry in its wildest conceptions never surpassed this reality. The mere contour of the face is a small part, for her beauty, like that of her country, is subjective, and consists rather in the expression, in the mingled softness and fire, the enthusiasm that sparkles forth. Those unfathomable eyes are but the windows of the soul, and that inimitable grace of person which enchants the beholder, is only a part of the harmony of the universe that seeks in her a connecting link between our mortal cloaks and the mystic music pervading creation. While in repose, the expression of her face, in tender sympathy with the soul, is pensive, even melancholy, but, upon the approach of a friend, she returns to earth like the awakening of a morning in spring. Every feature beams with attraction, and precious pearls drop from her rosy lips. Who that has a heart to lose, could refuse to lay it at her feet? Ah! Love was surely born in Spain. Artless and unsuspecting in her thoughts, she receives every expression of admiration without vanity, and seems to value

it rather because of the source whence it proceeds, than as a tribute to her own charms. The simplicity of her manner is only to be equalled by the kindness of her heart. All this, united with an ardent temperament, renders her capable of the noblest deeds of self-devotion, of which the maid of Zaragoza is no isolated example. The great peculiarity of the Spanish women is their sincerity and open-heartedness. They will speak to you with praise of the ladies of other countries, admire their beauty and good qualities, but add *no tienen franqueza como nosotras* (they are not frank as we are). Spain is no land of hypocrites. It is the absence of frankness which makes women *rusée* and fickle, defects thoroughly detested by both sexes. The character of a flirt, or whatever may be the proper appellation—I mean a beauty who delights in general admiration, and makes use of her charms to bewilder the susceptible, without experiencing any emotion beyond that of gratified vanity, who, in a word, thinks only of herself and her triumphs—is as little understood as admired. . . . . Sincerity and constancy in the women correspond to obstinacy or tenacity in the men, for which they have been famous since the days of Hannibal. Spanish women are passionate, and if they do fall in love it is a serious matter. When they give their hearts, it is forever. Self is forgotten, and their whole existence wrapped up in devotion to the object of their choice. Three-fourths of the misery, and no inconsiderable portion of the crimes, of such frequent occurrence in the Peninsula, are attributable to this cause. The lower class still use the dagger to revenge themselves upon a rival or a traitor, and if the higher ranks are less demonstrative, it is not because they feel less keenly. But can a woman inspire devotion who is incapable herself of jealousy?

You are seldom left in doubt as to the position you occupy in her estimation. One consequence is, that the system of marriage sales which reigns in England and France has only moderate sway in Spain. In France, young ladies have no liberty whatever. It would be an insult to venture beyond the merest formal courtesies. They are taken from the convent, and remain in a most irksome state of restraint until marriage—to which event they look forward as the door of freedom—and accept any suitable *parti* who has been selected

by their parents. In England, they have full liberty, but the same end is attained in a different way. Mama and the daughter go out to the chase together, and any poor fellow who has a title or a fortune is hunted down remorselessly. The practical results of this system seem to be better than that of the French, but in itself it is infinitely more humiliating and disgusting. In Spain, a medium between the two prevails. They have far more liberty than in France, far less than in England. Young people are allowed to say agreeable things to each other, and insinuating compliments frequently pass. But whatever may be the restraint imposed, few Spanish ladies would sell themselves or allow themselves to be sold by their parents. Of course, in an old country where wealth is not easily accumulated, some regard must be had to that commodity. Probably every woman would like to make what is considered a good match, and sometimes there as well as elsewhere

> The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
> And wins (Oh! shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

But it is, nevertheless, a truth that six marriages out of ten are made against the better judgment of the parents, though I cannot say that in the long run the parties seem any the happier therefor. Love often overrides prudential considerations. "At first sight they have changed eyes;" and, if the history of Dona Clara de Viedma and Don Luis is no longer re-enacted in all particulars, the spirit which dictated it still survives.

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An idea has obtained circulation abroad to the effect that Spanish ladies, particularly the Andaluzas, spend their days in idleness. Nothing, in my opinion, could be farther from the truth. Women here certainly do not perform the onerous and unsuitable tasks which are imposed upon them in less gallant countries, nor do I think they should. Nature never intended the weaker sex to do the work of the world. But every young lady of the better class possesses a knowledge, more or less thorough, of the art of housekeeping; though it is true that the simplicity and temperate habits of the Spaniards render this a comparatively light duty. The dwellings in Seville are models of neatness, and not surpassed in Holland, and trav-

ellers, who have penetrated into their interior life, will sustain me in saying that the scene presented by the second Patio, so far from being one of idleness, appears rather to be an imitation of the mansion of Penelope as drawn by Homer. An Andaluza would be surprised to learn that there are countries in the world where it is considered little less than disgraceful for ladies of fashion to manage household affairs.

THE ALHAMBRA

From 'Spain and the Spaniards.'

I HAVE not attempted to describe the Alhambra. That were presumption. Even the genial writings of our own celebrated countryman, whose name is a household word in the palace of Al Ahmar, seem tame and artificial beside the moonlit glories of the reality. Of most of the great triumphs of architecture it is easy to convey a reasonably distinct idea by the united labors of pen and pencil. But the genius of Moorish art, like the perfume of a rose, cannot be imprisoned in fetters. Its thousand columns, its endless figures, its inscriptions torturing the ingenuity, all combine to produce the indistinctness which is its characteristic. As a summer palace it seems to be perfect. Its spacious marble courts, its delicate columns, its bubbling fountains and curtained doors suggest, irresistibly, the idea of a refreshing coolness and blissful repose. The Alhambra, however, to be appreciated must be seen by moonlight. Then, seated alone in the hall of the Abencerrages, and looking forth upon the Fountain of the Lions, does it become repeopled with the spirits of by-gone days. Boabdil and his queens, Zegris, Abencerrages, Gomeles, Gazules, Abenamars, crowd its audience halls, or saunter along its silvery corridors, while the warning spirit points ominously to the few sands yet remaining ere the Christian bugles shall sound at its gates. The Alhambra is seldom mentioned by Arabic historians in any unusual strains of commendation. Ibn Batutah does not even allude to it. We can thus form some conception of the grandeur and beauty of the palaces of Azzahra and Azzahira upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, which fire the imagination of their writers. Indeed the city of Grenada was built in the

decadence of the Moorish Empire, when its territory was restricted to the upper valley of the Genil and the sea coast of Malaga and Almeria, and its treasury exhausted by war and tribute, so that it boasts few edifices of note except the Alhambra itself. The founder of the kingdom, Al Ahmar, was the same I have mentioned as aiding St. Ferdinand in the conquest of Seville, and this was the last of the great Mohammedan cities of Spain. And yet the ruins of the Alhambra, the least celebrated of the Moorish palaces, is the gem and wonder of our age.

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN PIATT

[1836—]

EMERSON VENABLE

SARAH M. B. PIATT, wife of John James Piatt, was born August 11, 1836, at Lexington, Kentucky, of which State her father's as well as her mother's family were among the early settlers. Her grandfather, Morgan Bryan, and his brothers founded and were proprietors of "Bryan's Station," famous in the old Indian wars, nearly one hundred and thirty-five years ago; having come from North Carolina with or soon after Daniel Boone, whose wife, Rebecca Bryan, was their cousin. Mrs. Piatt's mother, whose maiden name was Mary Spiers, died when the daughter was less than eight years old. Some years later her father, Talbot Bryan, who had lived in the South (in Louisiana, Alabama, and Florida), remarried, and his children remained with their maternal grandmother until the latter's death, at Lexington, when they were sent for a time to board and have their early schooling in Woodford County, near Versailles. Still later, after living for some time with her stepmother, who was wealthy and owned many slaves (all Mrs. Piatt's people were or had been slaveholders) the girl was placed with a paternal aunt, Mrs. Annie Boone—referred to as "Aunt Annie" in one of her poems—at New Castle, Henry County, where she was graduated at the Henry Female College, a fashionable school then under the directorship of a cousin of Charles Sumner. Mrs. Piatt was early a great reader, having an excellent memory—reading all the good books in prose or verse she could find. It will be seen how frequently she used phrases from the Bible, with which she was familiar. She began to write verses at an early age, but it was only by accident that any of these were first published—the first of all having been shown by a cousin to an editor in Texas, who printed it in his paper—the Galveston *News*. Not long afterward, several pieces of extraordinary merit were taken by a friend and shown to George D. Prentice, the distinguished editor of the Louisville *Journal*, a paper which did much to encourage young writers of the period, in the South and Southwest. Mr. Prentice confidently predicted her eventual recognition as first in rank of women poets in America—a position which has since been claimed for her by several critics of high authority in the United States and in Great Britain.

It was at New Castle, several years after her graduation from the Henry Female College, and after she had become widely known in Kentucky and the Southern States, and indeed throughout the country, as a poet, that she and Mr. Piatt first met, and they were married there June 18, 1861. Before making their permanent home in Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Piatt lived five or six years at Washington, D.C., where Mr. Piatt held a position under his friend, Secretary Chase, in the Treasury Department. Since 1882, they lived nearly thirteen years in Ireland, where Mr. Piatt served as United States Consul at Cork, and also for a few months at Dublin. While abroad Mr. and Mrs. Piatt had among their acquaintances and friends many of the leading poets and authors of England, Ireland, and Scotland, including Jean Ingelow, Aubrey de Vere, Edward Dowden, Lady Wilde, Philip Bourke Marston, Edmund Gosse, Austin Dobson, Alice Meynell, Katherine Tynan, John Stuart Blackie and others, and all Mrs. Piatt's later volumes of verse were first published in London, where, as well as at Dublin and Edinburgh, they won their highest and warmest more recent appreciation.

"It is since her marriage in June, 1861," says Mrs. Piatt's biographer, in R. H. Stoddard's 'Poets' Homes,' "that her more individual characteristics of style have manifested themselves, especially the dramatic element, so delicate, subtle and strong, which asserts her intellectual kinship with Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Mrs. Piatt's poems are introspective and personal to the last degree. They depict the essential life of woman, in its various phases, voicing her ambitions, longings, joys, disappointments, doubts, anguish, prayer. The tone of the verse is often sorrowful, sometimes deeply tragic. "In the rush of these hopeless tears," writes Mr. William Dean Howells, "this heart-broken scorn of comfort, this unreconcilable patience of grief, is the drama of the race's afflictions; in the utter desolation of one woman's sorrow, the universal anguish of mortality is expressed. It is not pessimism; it does not assume to be any sort of philosophy or system; it is simply the bitter truth, to a phase of human experience through which all men must pass, and the reader need not to be told that such poems were lived before they were written."

Another admirer of Mrs. Piatt's unique and exquisite art, Mr. William Henry Venable, writes: "Mrs. Piatt is a woman of original and exceptional genius—a poet whose name shines in American literature:

'Like some great jewel full of fire.'

. . . She is inimitable in her own vivid, bold, and suggestive

invention and manner. Whatever she writes has meaning—and the significance is often deep—sometimes strange and elusive—never commonplace. . . . Her rare artistic skill has been admired by many who appreciate the technical difficulties of the poetic craft."

Equally emphatic is the praise accorded her genius by a contemporary English critic, who declares that her best work is "not easy to equal, much less to surpass, on either side of the Atlantic."

Perhaps an incorrect impression is casually conveyed in one or two of the critical extracts quoted. For sadness and melancholy, though marking much of Mrs. Piatt's verse, have not prevented her characteristic cheerfulness and merriment from asserting themselves, particularly in her many pieces relating to children and child-life. Perhaps no more notable recognition of this pleasant atmosphere can be cited than what a critic in the London *Athenæum* wrote of her volume entitled 'The Witch in the Glass,' saying: "It is a pleasure to turn to Mrs. Piatt's healthy and humorous poetry. There is no need this time of day to assert her claim to recognition on our side of the Atlantic—has not her genius been honored by a hundred pens? and have we not ourselves already given our good word to her 'Irish Garland' and to various other happy manifestations of her peculiar vein of pathos and piquancy? Mr. Howells has rightly praised her 'for not writing like a man,' and it is just this feminine insight, this fortunate tact in thought and phrase, that gives her verses their unique and incommunicable charm. . . . There is plenty of room in the world yet for verse of this quality. It is exquisitely fresh and wholesome—the unaffected utterance of one who, to use Wordsworth's delightful phrase, is 'not too bright and good for human nature's daily food'."

And Katherine Tynan, in a long review of Mrs. Piatt's 'Selected Poems,' three years before, had said: "Only we thank the writer for the gift she has given us and the world—a gift as perfect and spontaneous as the song of a blackbird, this, next to the skylark's, is the sweetest bird-song heard in Ireland, as passionate and innocent as the heart of a rose."

Emerson Venable

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SOMETIME

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Well, either you or I,
  After whatever is to say is said,
Must see the other die,
  Or hear, through distance, of the other dead,
    Sometime.

And you or I must hide
  Poor empty eyes and faces, wan and wet
With Life's great grief, beside
  The other's coffin, sealed with silence, yet
    Sometime.

And you or I must look
  Into the other's grave, or far or near,
And read, as in a book,
  Writ in the dust, words we made bitter here,
    Sometime.

Then, through what paths of dew,
What flush of flowers, what glory in the grass,
Only one of us two,
Even as a shadow walking, blind may pass,
Sometime!

And, if the nestling song
Break from the bosom of the bird for love,
No more to listen long
One shall be deaf below, one deaf above,
Sometime.

For both must lose the way
Wherein we walk together, very soon:
One in the dusk shall stay,
The other first shall see the rising moon,
Sometime.

Oh! fast, fast friend of mine!
Lift up the voice I love so much, and warm;
To wring faint hands and pine,
Tell me I may be left forlorn, forlorn,
Sometime.

Say I may kiss through tears,
For ever falling and for ever cold,
One ribbon from sweet years,
One dear dead leaf, one precious ring of gold,
Sometime.

Say you may think with pain
Of some slight grace, some timid wish to please,
Some eager look half vain
Into your heart, some broken sobs like these,
Sometime!

A DOUBT

It is subtle, and weary, and wide;
It measures the world at my side;
  It touches the stars and the sun;
It creeps with the dew to my feet;
  It broods on the blossoms, and none,
Because of its brooding, are sweet;
It slides as a snake in the grass,
Whenever, wherever I pass.

It is blown to the South with the bird;
At the North, through the snow, it is heard;
  With the moon from the chasms of night
It rises, forlorn and afraid;
  If I turn to the left or the right
I can not forget or evade;
When it shakes at my sleep as a dream,
If I shudder, it stifles my scream.

It smiles from the cradle; it lies
On the dust of the grave, and it cries
  In the winds and the waters; it slips
In the flush of the leaf to the ground;
  It troubles the kiss at my lips;
It lends to my laughter a sound;
It makes of the picture but paint;
It unhaloes the brow of the saint.

The ermine and crown of the king,
The sword of the soldier, the ring
  Of the bride, and the robe of the priest,
The gods in their prisons of stone,
  The angels that sang in the East—
Yea, the cross of my Lord, it has known;
And wings there are none that can fly
From its shadow with me, till I die!

A CHILD'S CONCLUSION

"Mamma," he said, "you ought to know
The place. Its name is wicked, though.
Not China. No. But if you fell
Through China you would be there! Well.

"Fred said somebody very bad,
Named Satan, stayed down there, and had
Oh, such a fire to burn things! You
Just never mind. It can't be true.

"Because I've digged and digged to see
Where all that fire could ever be,
And looked and looked down through the dark,
And never saw a single spark.

"But Heaven is sure; because if I
Look up, I always see the sky—
Sometimes the gold-gates shine clear through—
And when you see a thing, it's true!"

THE END OF THE RAINBOW

May you go to find it? You must, I fear;
Ah, lighted young eyes, could I show you how—
"Is it past those lilies that look so near?"
It is past all flowers. Will you listen, now?

The pretty new moons faded out of the sky,
The bees and butterflies out of the air,
And sweet wild songs would flutter and fly
Into wet dark leaves and the snow's white glare.

There were winds and shells full of lonesome cries,
There were lightnings and mists along the way,
And the deserts would glitter against my eyes,
Where the beautiful phantom-fountains play.

At last, in a place very dusty and bare,
Some little dead birds I had petted to sing,
Some little dead flowers I had gathered to wear,
Some withered thorns and an empty ring,

Lay scattered. My fairy story is told.
(It does not please her: she has not smiled,)
What is it you say?—Did I find the gold?
Why, I found the End of the Rainbow, child!

CAPRICE AT HOME

No, I will not say good-bye—
Not good-bye, nor anything.
He is gone. . . . I wonder why
Lilacs are not sweet this spring.
How that tiresome bird will sing!

I might follow him and say
Just that he forgot to kiss
Baby, when he went away.
Everything I want I miss.
Oh, a precious world is this!

. . . What if night came and not he?
Something might mislead his feet.
Does the moon rise late? Ah me!
There are things that he might meet.
Now the rain begins to beat:

So it will be dark. The bell?—
Some one some one loves is dead.
Were it he—! I cannot tell
Half the fretful words I said,
Half the fretful tears I shed.

Dead? And but to think of death!—
Men might bring him through the gate:
Lips that have not any breath,
Eyes that stare—And I must wait!
It is time, or is it late?

I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;
I will tell him, oh, be sure!
If the heavens are builded strong,
Love shall therein be secure;
Love like mine shall there endure.

. . . Listen, listen—that is he!
I'll not speak to him, I say.
If he choose to say to me,
"I was all to blame to-day;
Sweet, forgive me," why—I may!

THE FAVORITE CHILD

Which of five snowdrops would the moon
Think whitest, if the moon could see?
Which of five rosebuds flushed with June
Were reddest to the mother-tree?
Which of five birds, that play one tune
On their soft-shining throats, may be
Chief singer? Who will answer me?

Would not the moon know, if around
One snowdrop any shadow lay?—
Would not the rose-tree, if the ground
Should let one blossom droop a day?
Does not the one bird take a sound
Into the cloud, when caught away,
Finer than all the sounds that stay?

Oh, little, quiet boy of mine,
Whose yellow head lies languid here—
Poor yellow head, its restless shine
Brightened the butterflies last year!—
Whose pretty hands may intertwine
With paler hands unseen but near:
You are my favorite now, I fear!

EVERYTHING

(A Fairy Tale)

You'd call his room a pleasant place:
Satin and rose-wood, lights and lace,
And fruits and wines were there. (Ah, well!)
And yet the rich man rang his bell—
When lo! he saw a fairy flit
From outside dusk to answer it.

Her flower-like eyes, so faint and blue,
Looked at him through her veil of dew;
Though every gracious thing he had,
His face was fretful, tired, and sad:—
"Pray, sir," she whispered, "did you ring?"
He said: "Yes, I want—everything!"

The fairy laughed and walked away.
Ragged and rosy at his play,
A boy who had the grass, the dew,
Birds, bees, the sun, the stars, like you,
She met: "What do you want?" sighed she.
"Oh, I have everything!" said he.

THE GIFT OF TEARS

The legend says: In Paradise
God gave the world to man. Ah me!
The woman lifted up her eyes:
"Woman, I have but tears for thee."
But tears? And she began to shed,
Thereat, the tears that comforted.

(No other beautiful woman breathed,
No rival among men had he.
The seraph's sword of fire was sheathed,
The golden fruit hung on the tree.
Her lord was lord of all the earth,
Wherein no child had wailed its birth.)

"Tears to a bride?" "Yea, therefore tears."
"In Eden?" "Yea, and tears therefore."
Ah, bride in Eden, there were fears
In the first blush your young cheek wore,
Lest that first kiss had been too sweet,
Lest Eden withered from your feet.

Mother of women! Did you see
How brief your beauty, and how brief,
Therefore, the love of it must be,
In that first garden, that first grief?
Did those first drops of sorrow fall
To move God's pity for us all?

Oh, sobbing mourner by the dead—
One watcher at the grave grass-grown!
Oh, sleepless for some darling head
Cold-pillowed on the prison-stone,
Or wet with drowning seas! He knew
Who gave the gift of tears to you!

A WORD WITH A SKYLARK

If this be all, for which I've listened long,
Oh, spirit of the dew!
You did not sing to Shelley such a song
As Shelley sung to you.

Yet, with this ruined Old World for a nest,
Worm-eaten through and through—
This waste of grave-dust stamped with crown and crest—
What better could you do?

Ah me! but when the world and I were young,
There was an apple-tree,
There was a voice came in the dawn and sung
The buds awake—ah me!

Oh, Lark of Europe, downward fluttering near,
Like some spent leaf at best,
You'd never sing again if you could hear
My Blue-Bird of the West!

REPROOF TO A ROSE

Sad rose, foolish rose,
  Fading on the floor,
Will he love you while he knows
  There are many more
  At the very door?

Sad rose, foolish rose,
  One among the rest:
Each is lovely—each that blows;
  It must be confest
  None is loveliest.

Sad rose, foolish rose,
  Had you known to wait,
And with dead leaves or with snow
  Come alone and late—
  Sweet had been your fate!

Sad rose, foolish rose,
  If no other grew,
In the wide world, I suppose
  My own lover, too,
  Would love—only you!

MY WEDDING RING

My heart stirr'd with its golden thrill
  And flutter'd closer up to thine,
In that blue morning of the June
  When first it clasp'd thy love and mine.

In it I see the little room,
  Rose-dim and hush'd with lilies still,
Where the old silence of my life
  Turn'd into music with "I will."

Oh, I would have my folded hands
  Take it into the dust with me:
All other little things of mine
  I'd leave in the bright world with thee.

AN EMIGRANT SINGING FROM A SHIP

Sing on; but there be heavy seas between
The shores you leave and those
Toward which you sail. Look back, and see how green,
How green the shamrock grows;
How fond your rocks and ruins toward you lean;
How bright the thistle blows,
How red the Irish rose!

—He waves his cap, and, with a sorry jest,
Flies singing like a bird
That is right glad to leave its island next.
I wonder if he heard,
What time he kissed his hand back to the rest,
The cry, till then deferred,
The mother's low, last word.

Boy-exile, youth is light of heart, I ween;
And fairy-tales come true,
Sometimes, perhaps, in lands we have not seen.
Sing on; the sky is blue.
Sing on (I wonder what your wild words mean);
May blossoms strange and new
Drift out to welcome you!

Sing on. The world is wide, the world is fair,
Life may be sweet and long.
Sing toward the Happy West—yet have a care
Lest Ariel join your song!
(You loved the chapel-bell, you know a prayer?)
If winds should will you wrong,
God's house is builded strong!

Sing on, and see how golden grain can grow,
How golden true and vine,
In our great woods; how apple-buds can blow,
And robins chirp and shine.
And—in my country may you never know,
Ah me! for yours to pine,
As I, in yours, for mine.

ALBERT JAMES PICKETT

[1810—1858]

THOMAS McADORY OWEN

ALBERT JAMES PICKETT, justly entitled to be called the historian of Alabama, was a native of Anson County, North Carolina, where he was born August 13, 1810. His parents were Colonel William Raiford and Frances (Dickson) Pickett. They belonged to the land-and-slaveholding class. Colonel Pickett was a merchant and planter. Both in North Carolina and in Alabama he took a lively and intelligent interest in political affairs. In 1818 he removed to Alabama, and settled in what is now Autauga County.

Brought to the State in 1818, the son, Albert, was thrown into an aggressive and picturesque pioneer society, and grew up with a personal knowledge of the Indian tribes and the political and business leaders of the State. He received his early education in the schools of Neil Blue and Joseph Hall. In 1828 he entered an academy in Stafford County, Virginia, where he remained two years. Returning home, he entered the law office of his brother, William Dickson Pickett, but his tastes were not at all in the direction of the law, and he devoted much of his time to general reading, to miscellaneous studies, and to writing for the newspapers.

After his marriage, in 1832, he became a planter. In 1837 he settled permanently in Montgomery, where he continued to reside, alternating between town and country, until his death twenty-one years later. Mr. Pickett for ten years devoted himself with energy to his estates, but with alert and vigorous mind he took an active part not only in public affairs, but in all of the progressing interests of the farm and field. Whether serving as foreman of a grand jury, condemning the abolitionists, or as aide-de-camp on the staff of Governor C. C. Clay during the Creek Indian troubles of 1836, or protesting against the further introduction of negroes into the State, or discussing improved farm conditions, or acting as chairman of the citizens' committee of Montgomery on the erection of a State capitol, he was at all times earnest, vigorous, and patriotic.

In 1847 Mr. Pickett made public his intention of writing a history of Alabama. This task he had long had in mind. His motive in undertaking the work was a desire to preserve in enduring and useful form the annals of the State from its earliest times, and in this

way to render what he conceived to be a lasting public service. With characteristic zeal, he set about assembling the necessary materials. In the collection of data and in the actual preparation and publication of the work four years were employed.

At the outset Mr. Pickett confessed to an appreciation of his limitations, and yet his labors in a remarkable way anticipate the application of many of those principles which underlie modern historical methods. At this time the libraries in the State—public, institutional and private—contained only books of a purely literary character, together with a few of the more general historical works. The State Historical Society had not yet been organized. No historical collections existed, accessible to him, anywhere in the South, and it was not possible for him to visit the libraries in the North. It became necessary, therefore, for him (1) to purchase a library of rare and costly historical works; (2) to open up an extensive correspondence with scholars, public men, and citizens; and (3) to visit and interview personally old settlers and pioneers, for the purpose of securing original material, whether in the form of documents, or as traditions and recollections. He spared neither expense, time, nor energy. Hundreds of dollars were invested in books; hundreds of people were interviewed; and hundreds of miles were traveled. He declares that it was the hardest work of his life. His manuscripts, preserved in the hands of the writer, and now being edited for publication *in extenso,* are evidence of a zeal unsurpassed, a lofty spirit of fidelity to his self-imposed task, and a comprehension of the true principles of historical composition.

In 1857 the results of his work appeared, from the press of Walker and James, Charleston, South Carolina, under the title of 'History of Alabama, and Incidentally of Georgia and Mississippi from the Earliest Period.' It was received with unbounded praise, and to date has continued the principal authority for the story of the early exploration, settlement, and organization of the State. It has had high praise from the leading historians of the country. In style it is simple and unpretentious. The narrative has an even and dignified flow, and is altogether free from affectation or any attempt at fine writing. The whole field is covered in an orderly and progressive way, and throughout there is a linking and a coordination of the events presented. And yet it is not to be forgotten that, owing to the impossibility of securing data for certain periods, the narrative is wanting in that completeness now made possible through the discovery of new but at that time inaccessible materials. Possibly a just criticism is that the work does not come

up to the promise of the title; and, again, the author would have conferred a much more lasting service if he had brought the work down at least to the close of the Mexican War.

This task done, the active and vigorous mind of Mr. Pickett could not remain unemployed. He at once projected a new and more elaborate work, covering the larger field of the old Southwest. Although prosecuted with great assiduity, it was never completed, and the manuscripts and notes collected are supposed to be lost.

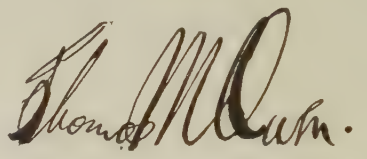
Mr. Pickett delivered several public addresses, and contributed in no small way to the advancement of the educational interests of the State. Among others, he made the annual address before the Alabama Historical Society, July 12, 1854, on "The Origin and Progress of History in the Eastern Hemisphere."

Mr. Pickett was in all respects a good man, and a patriotic citizen. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church at the time of his death. He was generous, charitable, and public-spirited. He was without ostentation, of a social nature, and possessed a vein of humor. His impulses were strong, and his fidelity to duty was one of his noblest traits. He was without political ambitions, and yet his interest in public affairs was ardent and unabated throughout life. While loving literature, and devotedly absorbed in the study of history, he was by occupation a planter, and his life was that of a country gentleman of the old school.

His wife was Sarah Smith Harris, to whom he was married, near Montgomery, Alabama, March 20, 1832. She was the oldest daughter of William and Mary (Alston) Harris. During the last year of his life Mr. Pickett was in failing health; and on October 28, 1858, he passed away. He is interred in Oakwood Cemetery, Montgomery. He was the father of twelve children; and numerous descendants survive. One of his daughters was the wife of Rev. Dr. Samuel Smith Harris, Bishop of Michigan; and another married Michael L. Woods, Esq., Colonel of the Forty-sixth Alabama Infantry Regiment, C.S.A. One son, Colonel William R. Pickett, was Quartermaster-general of Alabama during the War of Secession.

Colonel Pickett was a voluminous writer, his pen being attracted to a score or more of subjects of public concern. His 'History of Alabama' is, however, the work on which his fame will rest. As stated above, it was first published in two volumes in 1851, and is a model of typographical excellence. In 1896, Robert C. Randolph, a son-in-law, reprinted the work in a single volume, with a portrait of the author as a frontispiece. In 1900 another edition appeared, consisting of the sheets of the first reprint, together with a series of

annals, bringing the work from 1819 down to the latter date, and containing an index to the whole. The annals and the index were prepared for the last edition by the writer of this sketch.



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THE SOUTHERN INDIANS

All selections are from 'History of Alabama.'

The Choctaws were superior orators. They spoke with good sense, and used the most beautiful metaphors. They had the power of changing the same words into different significations, and even their common speech was full of these changes. Their orations were concise, strong, and full of fire. Excessive debauchery, and a constant practice of begging, constituted their most glaring faults; and it was amusing to witness the many ingenious devices and shifts to which they resorted to obtain presents.

Timid in war against an enemy abroad, they fought like desperate veterans when attacked at home. On account of their repugnance to invading the country of an enemy, in which they were unlike the Creeks and Chickasaws, they were often taunted by these latter nations with cowardice. Frequently, exasperated by these aspersions, they would boldly challenge the calumniators to mortal combat upon an open field. But the latter, feigning to believe that true Indian courage consisted in slyness and stratagem, rarely accepted the banter. However, in 1765, an opportunity offered in the streets of Mobile, when Hoopa, at the head of forty Choctaws, fell upon three hundred Creeks, and routed and drove them across the river, into the marsh. Hoopa alone killed fifteen of them, and was then despatched himself by a retreating Creek. They were pursued no further, because the Choctaws could not swim.

They did not torture a prisoner, in a protracted manner, like other tribes. He was brought home, despatched with a bullet or hatchet, and cut up, and the parts burned. The scalp was suspended from the hot-house, around which the women danced until they were tired. They were more to be

relied upon as allies than most other American Indians. The Creeks were their greatest enemies. In August, 1765, a war began between them, and raged severely for six years. Artful in deceiving an enemy, they attached the paws or trotters of panthers, bears, and buffaloes to their own feet and hands, and wound about the woods, imitating the circlings of those animals. Sometimes a large bush was carried by the front warrior, concealing himself and those behind him, while the one in the extreme rear defaced all the tracks with grass Most excellent trackers themselves, they well understood how to deceive the enemy, which they also effected by astonishing powers in imitating every fowl and quadruped. Their leader could never directly assume the command, but had, rather, to conduct his operations by persuasion.

* * * * * *

The Chickasaws have never been conquered. They could not be defeated by De Soto with his Spanish army in 1541; by Bienville, with his French army and Southern Indians, in 1736; by D'Artaguette, with his French army and Northern Indians; by the Marquis De Vaudreuil, with his French troops and Choctaws, in 1752; nor by the Creeks, Cherokees, Kickapoos, Shawnees, and Choctaws, who continually waged war against them. No! they were "the bravest of the brave;" and even when they had emigrated to the territory of Arkansas, not many years ago, they soon subdued some tribes who attacked them in that quarter.

* * * * * *

The Chickasaws, although at the period of 1771 a small nation, were once numerous, and their language was spoken by many tribes in the Western States. They were the fiercest, most insolent, haughty, and cruel people among the Southern Indians. They had proved their bravery and intrepidity in constant wars. In 1541, they attacked the camp of De Soto in a most furious midnight assault, threw his army into dismay, killed some of his soldiers, destroyed all his baggage, and burnt up the town in which he was quartered. In 1736, they whipped the French under Bienville, who had invaded their country, and forced them to retreat to Mobile. In 1753, MM. Bevist and Regio encountered defeat at their hands.

They continually attacked the boats of the French voyagers upon the Mississippi and Tennessee. They were constantly at war with the Kickapoos and other tribes upon the Ohio, but were defeated in most of these engagements. But, with the English as their allies, they were eminently successful against the Choctaws and Creeks, with whom they were often at variance.

* * * * * *

The Cherokees were of middle stature, and of an olive color, but were generally painted, while their skins were stained with indelible ink, representing a variety of pretty figures. According to Bartram, the males were larger and more robust than any others of our natives, while the women were tall, slender, erect, and of delicate frame, with features of perfect symmetry. With cheerful countenances, they moved about with becoming grace and dignity. Their feet and hands were small and exquisitely shaped. The hair of the male was shaved, except a patch on the back part of the head, which was ornamented with beads and feathers, or with a colored deer's tail. Their ears were slit and stretched to an enormous size, causing the persons who had the cutting performed to undergo incredible pain. They slit but one ear at a time, because the patient had to lie on one side forty days for it to heal. As soon as he could bear the operation, wire was wound around them to expand them, and when they were entirely well they were adorned with silver pendants and rings.

Many of them had genius, and spoke well, which paved the way to power in council. Their language was pleasant. It was very spirited, and the accents so many and various that one would often imagine them singing in their common discourse.

They had a particular method of relieving the poor, which ought to be ranked among the most laudable of their religious ceremonies. The head men issued orders for a war dance, at which all the fighting men of the town assembled. But here, contrary to all their other dances, only one danced at a time, who, with a tomahawk in his hand, hopped and capered for a minute, and then gave a whoop. The music then stopped till he related the manner of his taking his first scalp. He concluded his narration, and cast a string of wampum, wire,

plate, paint, lead, or anything he could spare upon a large bear-skin spread for the purpose. Then the music again began, and he continued in the same manner through all his warlike actions. Then another succeeded him, and the ceremony lasted until all the warriors had related their exploits and thrown presents upon the skin. The stock thus raised, after paying the musicians, was divided among the poor. The same ceremony was used to recompense any extraordinary merit.

The Cherokees engaged oftener in dancing than any other Indian population; and when reposing in their towns, almost every night was spent in this agreeable amusement. They were likewise very dexterous at pantomimes. In one of these, two men dressed themselves in bear-skins, and came among the assembly, winding and pawing about with all the motions of that animal. Two hunters next entered, who, in dumb show, acted in all respects as if they had been in the woods. After many attempts to shoot the bears, the hunters fired, and one of them was killed and the other wounded. They attempted to cut the throat of the latter. A tremendous scuffle ensued between the wounded bruin and the hunters, affording the whole company a great deal of diversion. They also had other amusing pantomimic entertainments, among which was "taking the pigeons at roost."

* * * * * *

When Bossu visited Fort Toulouse, upon the Coosa, he found that the Creeks and Alabamas were happy people. They lived with ease, had an abundance around them, and were at peace with the surrounding savages. While at the fort, Bossu heard a Chief deliver the following beautiful speech:

"Young men and warriors! Do not disregard the Master of Life. The sky is blue—the sun is without spots—the weather is fair—the ground is white—everything is quiet on the face of the earth, and the blood of men ought not to be spilt on it. We must beg the Master of Life to preserve it pure and spotless among the nations that surround us."

Not only were the Creeks and Alabamas at peace with other nations, at this time, but gave evidences of warm and generous hospitality. They thronged the banks of the river, which now meanders along the borders of the counties of Autauga, Montgomery, Dallas and Lowndes, as Bossu slowly

made his way up the beautiful stream—greeted him with friendly salutations, and offered him provisions, such as bread, roasted turkeys, broiled venison, pancakes baked with nut oil, and deers' tongues, together with baskets full of eggs of the fowl and turtle. The Great Spirit had blessed them with a magnificent river, abounding in fish; with delicious and cool fountains, gushing out from the foot of the hills; with rich lands, that produced without cultivation; and with vast forests, abounding in game of every description. But now the whole scene is changed. The country is no longer half so beautiful; the waters of Alabama begin to be discolored; the forests have been cut down; steamers have destroyed the finny race; deer bound not over the plain; the sluggish bear has ceased to wind through the swamps; the bloody panther does not spring upon his prey; wolves have ceased to howl upon the hills; birds cannot be seen in the branches of the trees; graceful warriors guide no longer their well-shaped canoes; and beautiful squaws loiter not upon the plain, nor pick the delicious berries. Now, vast fields of cotton, noisy steamers, huge rafts of lumber, towns reared for business, disagreeable corporation laws, harassing courts of justice, mills, factories, and everything else that is calculated to destroy the beauty of a country and to rob man of his quiet and native independence, present themselves to our view.

* * * * * *

In drawing our account of the Creek war to a close, we cannot refrain from indulging in some reflections upon the bravery, endurance, self-sacrifice, and patriotism of the Red Sticks. Let us, for a moment, recapitulate their achievements, never yet rivalled in savage life. They defeated the Americans at Burnt Corn, and compelled them to make a precipitate retreat. They reduced Fort Mims, after a fight of five hours, and exterminated its numerous inmates. They encountered the large force under Coffee, at Tallasehatche, and fought till not one warrior was left, disdaining to beg for quarter. They opposed Jackson at Talladega, and, although surrounded by his army, poured out their fire, and fled not until the ground was almost covered with their dead. They met Floyd at Auttose, and fought him obstinately, and then again rallied and attacked him, a few hours after the battle, when he was

leading his army over Heydon's Hill. Against the well-trained army of Claiborne they fought at the Holy Ground, with the fury of tigers, and then made good their retreat across the Alabama. At Emuckfau, three times did they charge upon Jackson, and when he retreated towards the Coosa they sprang upon him, while crossing the creek at Enitachopco, with the courage and impetuosity of lions. Two days afterwards, a party under Weatherford rushed upon the unsuspecting Georgians at Calebee, threw the army into dismay and confusion, and stood their ground in a severe struggle, until the superior force of Floyd forced them to fly, at daylight. Sixty days after this, Jackson surrounded them at the Horse-Shoe, and, after a sanguinary contest of three hours, nearly exterminated them, while not one of them begged for quarter. At length, wounded, starved, and beaten, hundreds fled to the swamps of Florida; others went to Pensacola, and, rallying under Colonel Nichol, attacked Fort Bowyer. Fierce scouting parties, during the whole war, had operated against them, from point to point, and they were not fully overcome until Major Blue made the expedition just related.

Thus were the brave Creeks opposed by the combined armies of Georgia, Tennessee, and the Mississippi Territory, together with the federal forces from other States, besides numerous bands of bloody Choctaws and Chickasaws. Fresh volunteers and militia, from month to month, were brought against them, while no one came to *their* assistance, save a few English officers, who led them to undertake enterprises beyond their ability to accomplish. And how long did they contend against the powerful forces allied against them? From the 27th of July, 1813, to the last of December, 1814. In every engagement with the Americans, the force of the Creeks was greatly inferior in number, except at Burnt Corn and Fort Mims.

Brave natives of Alabama! to defend that soil where the Great Spirit gave you birth, you sacrificed your peaceful savage pursuits! You fought the invaders until more than half your warriors were slain! The remnant of your warlike race yet live in the distant Arkansas. You have been forced to quit one of the finest regions upon earth, which is now occupied by Americans. Will they, in some dark hour, when Alabama is

invaded, defend this soil as bravely and as enduringly as you have done? Posterity may be able to reply.

* * * * * *

The Creeks had at length determined to leave the Americans in quiet possession of the lands, which were surrendered with such reluctance at the treaty of Fort Jackson. The floodgates of Virginia, the two Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia were now hoisted, and mighty streams of emigration poured through them, spreading over the whole territory of Alabama. The axe resounded from side to side, and from corner to corner. The stately and magnificent forests fell. Log cabins sprang, as if by magic, into sight. Never before or since, has a country been so rapidly peopled.

THE TRADERS AND THE INDIANS

Thus we see that the territory of Montgomery county, now the focus of so much wealth and intelligence, was then a wilderness, inhabited by Indians and the few singular characters who have been named. Indeed, all over the territory of Alabama and Mississippi, wherever an Indian town of importance was found, white traders lived. Some of them became wealthy, but like all property acquired in a commerce with Indians, it generally left the owner in his old age. One of these up-country traders, "Woccocoie Clarke," living at Woccocoie, in the modern Coosa county, transported his merchandise and skins upon seventy pack-horses. His squaw, who was of great assistance to him, he called Queene Anne, for Clarke was an Englishman.

Besides skins of various kinds, the traders bought up beeswax, hickory-nut oil, snake-root, together with various medicinal barks, and transported them to Augusta and Pensacola on pack-horses and to Mobile and New Orleans in large canoes. The pack-horses used in this trade were generally small ones, raised in the nation, but were capable of sustaining heavy loads and of enduring great fatigue. A saddle of a peculiar shape was first placed upon the pony. The load consisted of three bundles, each weighing sixty pounds. Two of these bundles were suspended across the saddle, and came down by

the sides of the pony, while the third was deposited on top of the saddle. The whole pack was covered with a skin to keep off the rain. Thus the pony sustained a load of one hundred and eighty pounds. Even liquids were conveyed in the same manner. Taffai, a mean rum, was carried on these horses in small kegs. Indeed, these hardy animals transported everything for sale; and even poultry of all kinds was carried in cages made of reeds strapped upon their backs. A pack-horseman drove ten ponies in a lead. He used no lines, but urged them on with big hickories and terrible oaths. Accustomed to their duty, they, however, seldom gave trouble, but jogged briskly along. The route and the stopping places became familiar, and, as evening approached, the little fellows quickened their trot with new life and activity. When the sun retired over the hills the caravan stopped; the packs were taken off, piled in a heap, and covered with skins; the horses were belled and turned out to find their food, which consisted of grass and young cane. It was usually late the next morning before the horses were collected and packed, for no person in an Indian country is fool enough to regard time. An attack from the natives upon traders was of rare occurrence. They imagined that they needed the supplies which they brought into their country, and regarding these singular merchants as their best friends, did not even rob them. A pack-horseman always drank taffai—it cheered him in the forest and emboldened him in distress. With a bottle slung by his saddle he often indulged, while those before and behind him followed his custom. Those going to Pensacola and other places were frequently in want of the stimulant, and it was customary for the traders whom they met coming from the market, to halt and treat and interchange jokes. The trader who suddenly rushed by a thirsty party was long remembered as a mean fellow.

Nothing stopped these men on their journey. They swam all swollen creeks and rafted over their effects or produce. Where they had no canoes, rivers were crossed in the same manner. If they reached a stream having large cane on its banks, these were presently cut, ten feet long, and tied up into bundles about three feet in circumference, which were placed in the water. Across these others were laid, which formed an

admirable raft, capable of sustaining great weight. Logs were, also, often employed in the construction of rafts. Guided by long grapevines, they were generally dragged safely across to the opposite side, where the wet ponies stood, ready to receive their packs again. Then all hands drank taffai, and journeyed on, with light hearts and laughing faces. The average travel was twenty-five miles a day. The route from Pensacola was a well-beaten path, leading up the country and across the fatal Murder Creek, and thence to within a few miles of the Catoma, when it diverged into several trails, one of which led to Tookabatacha, along the route of the old Federal road, the other to Montgomery and Wetumpka, by the Red Warrior's Bluff, now Grey's Ferry, upon the Tallapoosa. This trail continued to the Tennessee river.

BIENVILLE AND FORT TOULOUSE

But to return to Bienville and his romantic expedition. Around the stockading the governor cut entrenchments, and one hundred years afterwards, Jackson placed an American fort upon the ruins, which assumed his name. Bienville occupied the summer and fall in completing the fort and outhouses, and in exploring the surrounding country. He visited Tookabatcha, upon the Tallapoosa, and extended his journey among the lower Muscogees, upon the Chattahoochee —even crossing that river, and conferring with the Chiefs in the towns of Coweta and Cusseta, within the present limits of Georgia. Upon all these dangerous excursions he was accompanied by only a few faithful Canadians, and always performed his journeys on foot. Was not this whole expedition most interesting—nay, romantic! Here was the former Governor of Louisiana, and now the Lieutenant Governor, in the Centre of Alabama, in the deepest depths of her forests, among people with whom he had been at war, and who were yet tampered with by the English, visiting their towns, distributing presents, and exhorting them to form alliances with the French colony of Louisiana, and to expel the English who should attempt to form posts among them. Yes! citizens of the counties of Montgomery, Coosa, Tallapoosa, Macon and

Russell, reflect that one hundred and thirty-seven years ago the French Governor of Louisiana—the great and good Bienville—*walked* over your soil, and instituted friendly relations with its rude inhabitants—among whom not a solitary white man had a permanent abode—and established a small colony upon the east bank of the Coosa!

Giving the fort the name of "Toulouse," in honor of a distinguished French Count of that name, who had much to do with the government of France and her colonies, and leaving in command Marigny de Mandeville with thirty soldiers, and one of the priests, Bienville turned his boats down the river, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived at Mobile with the Indians and Canadians who had accompanied him.

Thus, we see, that although the French had been residing upon the Mobile river since 1702, and the Canadians had several times explored Central Alabama, yet no attempt was made to form permanent settlements in this region until twelve years afterwards, when it was so successfully accomplished by Bienville.

BATTLE OF THE HOLY GROUND

Claiborne, having determined to advance to the enemy's strong-hold, the line of march was taken up by an army consisting of Colonel Russell's third regiment, Major Cassels' battalion of horse, a battalion of militia, under Major Benjamin Smoot—Patrick May being adjutant, Dale and Heard captains, and Girard W. Creagh one of the lieutenants—the twelve months' Mississippi Volunteers, under Colonel Carson, and one hundred and fifty Choctaws, under Pushmatahaw numbering, in the aggregate, near one thousand men. A few days before, nine captains, eight lieutenants, and five ensigns, signed a remonstrance, in respectful language, against the march to the nation, and presented it to the general. They set forth that the time of service of many would soon expire, that the weather was cold, that they were too scantily supplied with clothing and food for such a campaign, and that the route to the enemy's towns was entirely a *pathless* one; but they stated their willingness to obey, if Claiborne should resolve to proceed.

Claiborne moved in a northeastern direction, until he

reached the high lands south of Double Swamp, at the distance of eighty miles, where he built a depot, called Fort Deposit, situated in the present county of Butler, and where he left the wagons, cannon, baggage and the sick, with one hundred men, as a guard. Thirty miles further brought him into the immediate neighborhood of the Holy Ground, which had been reached without the aid of a single path. The pork being exhausted, the troops were in a suffering condition, for they had only drawn, when leaving Fort Deposit, three days' allowance of flour. Econachaca (Holy Ground) had recently been erected by Weatherford, the prophets having assured the Indians that here no white man could approach without instant destruction. It was strongly fortified in the Indian manner, and had for some months formed a point to which those who had been routed in battle retreated, and where a great amount of plunder had been stored. It was situated upon a bluff, on the eastern side of the Alabama river, just below the present Powell's Ferry, in the county of Lowndes. Here many of the white prisoners and friendly Indians were burned to death, by order of the prophets, and when Claiborne was almost within sight of the town with his advancing army, Mrs. Sophia Durant and many other friendly half-breeds were mustered in the square and surrounded by lightwood fires, designed to consume them.

The troops advanced toward the town in three columns, the centre commanded by Colonel Russell, at the head of which was Claiborne himself, Lester's guards and Wells' dragoons acting as a corps of reserve.

At noon Carson's right column came in view of the town, and was vigorously attacked by the enemy, who had chosen their field of action. The town was nearly surrounded with swamps and deep ravines, so that the enemy, who afterwards retreated, could not be successfully pursued. Major Cassels, who had been directed to form his battalion of horse on the river bank, west of the town, failing to effect such a movement, fell back on the head of Carson's regiment, who, however, advanced and took his position. The third regiment, coming up in gallant style, did its duty. Major Smoot assumed his position in a proper manner, and all would have been right if Cassels' cavalry had not failed to obey orders, thereby permitting

hundreds of the enemy to escape along the Alabama river, by the western border of the town. The Indians, headed by Weatherford, for a short time fought with considerable fury, but afterwards fled with great rapidity. The short engagement resulted in the death of thirty Indians and negroes, whose bodies were afterwards counted upon the field. Many must have been severely wounded. Lucket, an American ensign, was killed and twenty men were wounded.

Several hours before the battle began the Indian women and children had been conveyed across the river, and were securely lodged in the thick forests of the region now familiarly known as the Dutch Bend of Autauga county. Here the retreating warriors, some of whom came over in boats, while others swam, joined them. Weatherford, seeing that his forces had deserted him, now pushed hard for his own safety. Coursing with great rapidity along the banks of the Alabama, below the town, on a gray steed of unsurpassed strength and fleetness—which he had purchased a short time before the commencement of hostilities of Benjamin Baldwin, late of Macon county—came at length to the termination of a kind of ravine, where there was a perpendicular bluff ten or fifteen feet above the surface of the river. Over this, with a mighty bound, the horse pitched with the gallant Chief, and both went out of sight beneath the waves. Presently they rose again, the rider having hold of the mane with one hand and his rifle firmly grasped in the other. Regaining his saddle the noble animal swam with him to the Autauga side.

THE VINE AND OLIVE COLONY

In addition to the ruinous failure of the vine and olive, the French were continually annoyed by unprincipled American *squatters*. Occupying their lands, without a shadow of title, they insultingly told the French that they intended to maintain their footing at all hazards. Several law suits arose, and although our Supreme Court decided in favor of the grantees, yet the latter became worn out with controversies, and allowed the intruders in many cases to retain possession for a small remuneration. On the other hand, many honorable Americans purchased their grants for fair considerations, and thus the French refugees were gradually rooted from the soil.

But, in the midst of all their trials and vicissitudes, the French refugees were happy. Immured in the depths of the Tombigby forest, where for several years want pressed them on all sides—cut off from their friends in France—surrounded by the Choctaws on one side, and the unprincipled squatters and land-thieves on the other—assailed by the venom of insects and prostrating fevers—nevertheless, their native gaiety prevailed. Being in the habit of much social intercourse, their evenings were spent in conversation, music and dancing. The larger portion were well educated, while all had seen much of the world, and such materials were ample to afford an elevated society. Sometimes their distant friends sent them rich wines and other luxuries, and upon such occasions parties were given and the foreign delicacies brought back many interesting associations. Well cultivated gardens, and the abundance of wild game, rendered the common living of the French quite respectable. The female circle was highly interesting. They had brought with them their books, guitars, silks, parasols and ribbons, and the village, in which most of them dwelt, resembled, at night, a miniature French town. And then, farther in the forest, others lived, the imprints of whose beautiful Parisian shoes on the wild prairie, occasionally arrested the glance of a solitary traveler. And then, again, when the old imperial heroes talked of their emperor, their hearts warmed with sympathy, their eyes kindled with enthusiasm, and tears stole down their furrowed cheeks.

WILLIAM WYATT BIBB, FIRST GOVERNOR OF ALABAMA

No sooner had the flourishing State of Alabama been thoroughly organized, than the citizens were called upon to mourn the death of their first governor. Riding in the forest one day, the horse of Governor Bibb fell with him to the ground, and he then received an injury from which he never recovered. He died at his residence, in the county of Autauga, in July, 1820, in the fortieth year of his age—calm, collected, peaceful—surrounded by numerous friends and relations.

Governor Bibb was five feet ten inches in height, with an erect but delicate frame. He was exceedingly easy and graceful in his bearing. His interesting face bore the marks of deep thought and great intelligence. His eyes, of a dark color, were mild, yet expressive. Whether thrown into the company of the rude or the refined, his language was pure and chaste. No one ever lived, either in Georgia or Alabama, who was treated with a greater degree of respect by all classes. This was owing to his high moral character, unsurpassed honor, excellent judgment, and a very high order of talents. Entirely free from that dogmatism and those patronizing airs which characterize many of our distinguished men, he invariably treated the opinions of the humblest citizen with courtesy and respect. He was, however, a man of firmness, swaying the minds of men with great success, and *governing by* seeming to *obey*.

In all the stations which he filled, Governor Bibb was eminently successful. When quite a young man his skill and attention as a physician, in the then flourishing town of Petersburg, Georgia, secured for him an extensive practice. He next went into the legislature from Elbert county, and, serving four years in that body, acquired a popularity rarely attained by one of his age. At the early age of twenty-five he was elected to Congress under the General Ticket System, by a vote so large as to leave no doubt but that he was a great favorite with the people. He immediately became a leading member of the lower House of the National Legislature—was an able and fearless advocate of the war of 1812, and a conscientious supporter of the administration of Madison. His contempor-

aries, at his first election, were Bolling Hall, George M. Troup and Howell Cobb. He had not been long in Congress before his popularity caused him to come within a few votes of being elected to the office of Speaker of the House. Afterwards the legislature of Georgia elected him to the Senate of the United States. He was thus a member of Congress from 1806, until 1816, when, as we have seen in the preceding pages, he was appointed by the President, Governor of Alabama *Territory,* and was afterwards elected by the people Governor of the *State* of Alabama. In reference to his Congressional career, we have often heard, from the lips of many of his distinguished contemporaries, that the practical order of his mind, the wisdom of his views, and the peculiar music of his voice, contributed to render him one of the most attractive and effective of speakers.

When Governor Bibb first established himself as a physician he married Mary, only daughter of Colonel Holman Freeman, of revolutionary memory, and then a citizen of Wilkes county. She was one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies of her day, and has ever been esteemed and admired by the early inhabitants of Alabama. She is now residing in the county of Dallas, in the enjoyment of fine health. Governor Bibb left two children by this lady—a son and a daughter. The latter, the late Mrs. Alfred V. Scott, who died some years ago, was much like her father in the mildness of her disposition, the grace and ease of her manners, and the intellectual beauty of her face.

After the death of Governor Bibb his brother, Thomas Bibb, who was President of the Senate, became the acting governor. He was a man of strong mind and indomitable energy.

In the preceding pages we have alluded to the mother of Governor Bibb. She was one of the most remarkable women we ever knew, for energy, decision, and superior sense. When Captain Bibb, her husband, died, he left her with eight children, and an estate much embarrassed by debt. Benajah, the ninth child, was born a few months after the death of his father. Mrs. Bibb worked the estate out of debt—educated her children, and lived to see them all in affluence, and many of them enjoying offices of honor and profit. She was known

to the early inhabitants of Alabama, by whom she was much esteemed, as Mrs. Barnett, having married a gentleman of that name. Thomas Bibb resembled his mother more than any of the children, in the native strength of his mind and the energy of his character. The memory of Governor William Wyatt Bibb is preserved in the name of a county in Georgia, and one in Alabama.

But here we lay down our pen. The early history of Alabama, as far as it rests in *our* hands, is ended, and our task is accomplished. To some other person, fonder than we are of the dry details of State legislation and fierce party spirit, we leave the task of bringing the history down to a later period.

Albert Pike

ALBERT PIKE

[1809—1891]

JAMES D. RICHARDSON

ALBERT PIKE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, December 29, 1809. His father died when he was but a child. He was of good lineage, descended from an old English family prominent in Devonshire in the Fourteenth Century. His ancestors in this country were men of mark, as is attested in the history of Essex County, Massachusetts. The Pikes, from the first settlement of the town of Newbury, to which they came as pioneers in 1635, have been noted for intelligence, liberality of opinions, and independence of action. We should expect to find the descendants of such men just what we have found them, energetic, unappalled at difficulties, determined for what was right and brave in defence of their sentiments. Such was Nicholas Pike, author of the first arithmetic published in America, the friend of George Washington, and the planter of the liberty tree in front of his residence in 1775, the branches of which arch State Street, Boston, to this day. Such was General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who explored the Rocky Mountains, gave name to Pike's Peak, and died in battle in the War of 1812. Such is the poet-soldier, Albert Pike, one of the heroes at Buena Vista, of whom General Taylor made honorable mention. The family has given us scholars, poets, clergymen, teachers, statesmen, jurists, and soldiers.

Albert Pike's father removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, when he was about four years of age, and he was reared there. He received his education in succession at the primary and grammar schools, at a private school, in an academy at Framingham, Massachusetts, and in August, 1825, passed his examination and entered the freshmen class at Harvard. To support himself and pay for his tuition at college, it was necessary for him to teach while pursuing his studies. He did so for six months in the fall and winter of that year, at Gloucester, teaching young men seven or eight years older than himself; then returned home and studied, fitting himself to enter the junior class. He taught in the town of Fairhaven six months, then in the grammar school at Newburyport, first as assistant and then as principal, and afterward for two or three years taught a private school there until March, 1831. He was by heredity and by nature a thinker, a student, and poet, large-minded, high-

strung, sensitive, chivalrous, conscious of his powers, yet diffident and modest; he was steadfast in his determination to do something and be a power in the world. Surrounded by rigid Puritans, who had little toleration for sentiment and scorned poetry and "flowery talk," as they called everything imaginative and ideal, he longed to breathe a freer air and lead a wider life than the purely materialistic one of wage-earning. All of his efforts therefore tended to this end, to make money enough to go to the newer western world. The Pacific coast was the goal for which he started in 1831. After stopping at St. Louis, Santa Fé, Fort Smith and Van Buren, he settled in Little Rock, Arkansas, where under the *nom de plume* of "Casca" he contributed a series of articles on the political topics of the day to the Little Rock *Advocate*. These attracted so much attention by their merit that he was offered and accepted the position of associate editor of the *Advocate*, which position he occupied for some time. In that Southern town he found the atmosphere he needed; he was loved and admired, his talents were appreciated, he was encouraged to put forth all his powers, and there he found fortune and fame.

In 1833 he was elected Assistant Secretary of the Council of the Territorial Legislature, commenced the study of law, and was admitted to the Bar in that State in the winter of 1834. He was married to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, October 10, 1834, and continued to reside in Little Rock. His poem, "Hymns to the Gods," which first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1839, and other sketches published from 1831 to 1854, entitle him to high rank as one of the poets of our country.

Professor Wilson (Christopher North) said of him to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie: "His massive genius marked him out to be the poet of the Titans." In 1834 he published "Prose Sketches and Poems"; "Ariel" appeared in 1834 or 1835; in 1836 appeared the "Ode to the Mocking-bird," which was republished in *Blackwood's* for March, 1840. From time to time other detached poems appeared in various publications and were always warmly welcomed by the readers. Finally, in 1854, he printed a collection of his poems, entitled 'Nugæ,' but only for private distribution.

In 1836 he was employed to supervise the publication of 'Revised Statutes of Arkansas,' for which work he received great credit. In the spring of 1835 he bought the *Advocate*, and soon afterward formed a copartnership in the law with William Cummins, which continued for several years. Finding that his management of the *Advocate* interfered with the law business, he, at the end of two years, sold the paper and devoted his entire time to the practice and study of law. In 1840 he was elected attorney of the Real Estate

Bank, and in 1842 one of the trustees, holding the two offices in succession for about twelve years.

In 1846 he raised a squadron of cavalry which he commanded with the rank of Captain, and served in the war with Mexico, having received special mention from Generals Taylor and Wool. Here he met Major Robert E. Lee, afterward General of the Confederate Army.

As a lawyer, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1849, where later a high eulogy was passed upon him by Daniel Webster. He practiced before that court with much distinction and won many cases, including some for the Creek Indians, some for the Choctaws, and a few for the Cherokees. In all questions relative to the Roman law, he was regarded as excellent authority. He translated the Pandects into English, and after he came to Washington to reside, in 1868, he spent several years completing a work relative to all the maxims of the Roman and the French law, including in his researches the twenty-two volumes of Duranton, several of Porthier, the five volumes of Marcade, who ranks as the highest authority of all (not excepting the courts of France and the most admirable of all writers on the law), and other works. To this he added the comments upon them of the French Courts and text writers, and of the Pandects.

In 1861 when Arkansas cast her lot with the Confederacy, he was made a Brigadier-general and placed in command of the Indian Territory. As the Agent of the Confederate Government he negotiated a number of treaties with the Indian tribes. After the close of the Civil War, he settled in Memphis, and practiced law and edited a morning daily paper there for about two years. In 1868 he removed to Washington, where he resided for the remainder of his life, except for a short period of time, when he lived in Alexandria, Virginia. He died in Washington, D.C., on April 2, 1891, lamented by all. His death was perfectly peaceful; from moment to moment the change was so slight, the extinction of the vital flame so gradual, that it was scarcely perceptible when the last breath was drawn and his great spirit returned to God. He had relinquished the active practice of the law about 1879 and after that appeared in the courts only by his briefs and pleadings in writing. He had been a fine Greek and Latin scholar, had taught himself many languages, and a great number of dialects, among them the Sanscrit, Hebrew, Old Samaritan, Chaldean, Persian and American Indian. From these he went on to a study of the Parsee and Hindoo beliefs and traditions and of the *Rig-Veda* and *Zend-Avesta*. He left fifteen large manuscript volumes of translations and commentaries of these ancient Aryan writings.

He was made a Mason in Little Rock in 1850, and devoted himself during the latter years of his life to the interests of the order and received all of the honors that it was possible to have conferred, culminating with the position of Grand Commander of the Mother Supreme Council of the World of the Scottish Rite, a position which he held for thirty-two years and until his death. He was the most eminent Mason in the world, not solely by virtue of his position in the order, but by his scholarly attainment, his admirable treatises on Masonic law and symbolism, his profound knowledge of statecraft, theology, and ethnology, his broad and comprehensive grasp of every subject and the even balance of his judgment. These great qualities constituted him the arbiter and judge of all questions that concerned the Supreme Councils of the world. Hallam calls him the "Homer of America," the "Zoroaster of modern Asia," a "Profound Philosopher, a Great Jurist, a Great Philologist, a Profound Ethnologist, and a Great Statesman and without doubt or rival, the Greatest of American Poets."

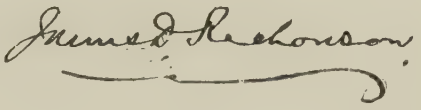
He was the author of more than twenty volumes of Masonic literature, besides the volumes of prose and poetry that gave him general fame. "Words Spoken of the Dead," his allocutions as Grand Commander, his allocutions as Provincial Grand Master of the Royal Order of Scotland, the Rituals of the Masonic Degrees from the fourth to the thirty-third, inclusive, which were rewritten by him, the Rituals of Consecration, of Installation, of the Lodge of Sorrow, the Funeral Service of the Knights Kadosh, innumerable addresses and lectures on Symbolism and Kindred Masonic subjects, the Morals and Dogma—a book of inestimable value to the Masonic student—and besides these, many essays, translations and compilations, which have never been printed, but which are carefully guarded in the library of the Supreme Council at Washington.

It has been well said that Albert Pike was a king among men by the divine right of merit; so majestic in appearance that wherever he moved on highway or byway, every passer-by turned to gaze upon him and admire him. Six feet two inches tall, with the proportions of a Hercules, and the grace of an Apollo! A face and head massive and leonine, recalled in every feature some sculptor's dream of a Grecian god. His long, wavy hair, flowing down over his shoulders added a strikingly picturesque effect, and the whole expression of his countenance told of power, combined with gentleness, refinement, and benevolence.

God never made a gentler gentleman, a better citizen, or a truer man. He climbed Fame's glittering ladder to its loftiest height. He died amid his books and pictures, his birds and flowers, with a full

faith in a glorious immortality. The world is his mausoleum and all mankind his mourners.

Standing as he did, preëminent as a man, lawyer, poet, scholar, and author, his merit was recognized to such an extent that the Congress by resolution of both houses set apart a United States Reservation in the Capital City of the country, to be dedicated to his memory, and it is occupied by a heroic statue of this leader, an honor which has never been accorded to any other person who served in the ranks of the Confederacy.



EVERY YEAR

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Life is a count of losses,
Every year;
For the weak are heavier crosses,
Every year;
Lost Springs with sobs replying
Unto weary Autumns' sighing,
While those we love are dying,
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing,
Every year.

The days have less of gladness,
Every year;
The nights more weight of sadness,
Every year;

Fair Springs no longer charm us,
The winds and weather harm us,
The threats of death alarm us,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows,
Every year;
Dark days and darker morrows,
Every year;
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until Time to Death resigns me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us,
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us,
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the Past go more dead faces,
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places,
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
"You can win no new affection,
"You have only recollection,
"Deeper sorrow and dejection,
"Every year."

Too true!—Life's shores are shifting,
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting,
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its Morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

Our life is less worth living,
Every year;
And briefer our thanksgiving,
Every year;
And Love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful,
Averts its eyes regretful,
Every year.

TO POSEIDON

I

God of the mighty deep! wherever now
The waves beneath thy brazen axles bow;
Whether thy strong, proud steeds, wind-winged and wild,
Trample the storm-vexed waters round them piled,
Swift as the lightning flashes that reveal
The quick gyrations of each massive wheel—
While round and under thee, with hideous roar,
The broad Atlantic, with thy scourging sore,
Thundering like antique Chaos in his spasms,
In heaving mountains and deep-yawning chasms,
Fluctuates endlessly; while through the gloom,
Their glossy sides and thick manes flecked with foam,
Career thy coursers, neighing with mad glee,
In fierce response to the tumultuous sea:—
Whether they tread the shifting sands below,
Among wrecked ships, where the green sea-plants grow,
Broad-leaved, and sighing with eternal motion
Over the pale, cold tenants of the ocean:
Oh, come! our lofty altars for thee stand,
Smoking with incense, on the level strand.

II

Perhaps with loose rein now thy horses roam
Over the Adriatic. No salt foam
Stains their fine limbs, but softly, leisurely,
They tread with silver feet that still, calm sea,
Fanning the waters with their flowing manes,
That gleam like mist in sunshine; while shrill strains
From clamorous trumpets round thy chariot ring,
And green-robed sea-gods praising thee, their king,
Chaunt loudly; while Apollo bends his gaze
Lovingly on thee, and his soft, clear rays
Tame thy wild coursers' eyes. The air feels warm
On the sea's forehead, where the cold, harsh storm
So lately thundered, and the rebel winds
That Æolus in cave and den now binds,

Beat their broad wings. Perhaps long leagues below
Thou sleepest in green caves, where sea-flowers glow
Brighter than sapphires: many a monster cumbers
The sand around thee; aged Triton slumbers
Care-free and still; and glad, sweet, bright eyes peep
From many a nook, watching thy dreamless sleep.

III

Perhaps thou art resting on some Indian isle,
Under a broad, thick tree, where, many a mile,
Stretches a sunny shore, with golden sands,
Piled in fantastic shapes by Naiads' hands;
Where the small waves come coyly, one by one,
And curl upon the beach, like molten gold,
Thick-set with jewellery, rare and old.
Sea-nymphs sit near, and with small delicate shells
Make thee such melody, as in deep dells,
Of a May-night, is by the Fairies made,
When, frolicking with some sober shade,
They sound their silver flute, soft, faint, and sweet,
In strange but exquisite tunes; and delicate feet
Dance softly on the grass-blades gemmed with dew,
That bend, not break: all wanton airs that blew
So lately through the spice-trees, hover there,
With overladen wings that loan to the air
Wealth of perfume. Oh! wilt thou not arise,
And come with them to our new sacrifice?

ODE TO THE MOCKING-BIRD

Thou glorious mocker of the world! I hear
  Thy many voices ringing through the glooms
Of these green solitudes; and all the clear,
Bright joyance of their song enthralls the ear,
  And floods the heart. Over the sphered tombs
Of vanished nations rolls thy music-tide:
  No light from History's starlit page illumes
The memory of these nations: They have died:
  None care for them but thou; and thou mayst sing,
  Over me, too, perhaps, as thy notes ring
Over their bones by whom thou once wast deified.

Glad scorner of all cities! Thou dost leave
  The world's mad turmoil and incessant din,
Where none in others' honesty believe,
Where the old sigh, the young turn gray and grieve,
  Where misery gnaws the maiden's heart within;
Thou fleest far into the dark green woods,
  Where, with thy flood of music, thou canst win
Their heart to harmony, and where intrudes
  No discord on thy melodies. Oh, where,
  Among the sweet musicians of the air,
Is one so dear as thou to these old solitudes?

Ha! what a burst was that! The Æolian strain
  Goes floating through the tangled passages
Of the still woods; and now it comes again,
A multitudinous melody, like a rain
  Of glassy music under echoing trees,
Close by a ringing lake. It wraps the soul
  With a bright harmony of happiness,
Even as a gem is wrapped, when round it roll
  Thin waves of crimson flame; till we become,
  With the excess of perfect pleasure, dumb,
And pant like a swift runner clinging to the goal.

I cannot love the man who doth not love,
As men love light, the songs of happy birds;
For the first visions that my boy-heart wove,
To fill its sleep with, were that I did rove
Through the fresh woods, what time the snowy herds
Of morning clouds shrunk from the advancing sun,
Into the depths of Heaven's blue heart, as words
From the Poet's lips float gently, one by one,
And vanish in the human heart; and then
I revelled in such songs, and sorrowed, when,
With noon-heat overwrought, the music-gush was done.
I would, sweet bird, that I might live with thee,
Amid the eloquent grandeur of these shades,
Alone with Nature!—but it may not be:
I have to struggle with the stormy sea
Of human life until existence fades
Into death's darkness. Thou wilt sing and soar
Through the thick woods and shadow-chequered glades,
While pain and sorrow cast no dimness o'er
The brilliance of thy heart; but I must wear,
As now, my garments of regret and care,
As penitents of old their galling sackcloth wore.

Yet, why complain? What though fond hopes deferred
Have overshadowed Life's green paths with gloom?
Content's soft music is not all unheard:
There is a voice sweeter than thine, sweet bird,
To welcome me, within my humble home;
There is an eye, with love's devotion bright,
The darkness of existence to illume.
Then why complain? When Death shall cast his blight
Over the spirit, my cold bones shall rest
Beneath these trees; and from thy swelling breast
Over them pour thy song, like a rich flood of light.

AULD LANG SYNE

"Should auld acquentance be forgot,
"And never brought to min'?
"Should auld acquentance be forgot,
"And Auld Lang Syne?

"For Auld Lang Syne, my Joe!
"For Auld Lang Syne;
"We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
"For Auld Lang Syne."

"An' surely ye'll your glasses fill,
"An' surely I'll fill mine,
An' we'll tak' a right gude willy-wought
"For Auld Lang Syne.
"For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

'Tis mony a year sin' first we met,
Wi song an' jest and wine,
And aft we saw the day-star rise
In Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our ups and doons,
Great sorrows, joys divine;
And some hae won, and some hae lost,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae foemen been, and charged
In column and in line,
Each fighting for his flag and faith,
And Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And they who lost, nae malice bear,
Nor murmur nor repine;
And they who won, the losers luve,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some hae seen the simmer sun
On mony a broad land shine,
And wandered mony a weary foot,
Sin' Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

The laurel and the cypress on
Some grassy graves entwine,
Where those are laid who lo'ed us weel
In Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

And some we luve, in foreign lands
To see their ain land pine,
And backward look, wi' fond regret,
To Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

We a' hae had our luves and hates—
The hates we a' resign,
But keep the luves a' fresh and green,
For Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

"An' there's a han', each trusty frien',
"And gi'e 's a han' o' thine!
"An' we'll tak' a right gude willy-wought,
"For Auld Lang Syne.
"For Auld Lang Syne, etc."

An' when we shut the book o' life,
An' a' of earth resign,
The memory shall, if sad, be sweet,
Of Auld Lang Syne.
For Auld Lang Syne, etc.

THE WIDOWED HEART

Lachrymæ pondera vocis habent.
Tristis eris, si solus eris: dominæque relictæ
Ante oculos facies stabit, ut ipsa, tuous.

Thou art lost to me forever!—I have lost thee, Isadore!
Thy head will never rest upon my loyal bosom more;
Thy tender eyes will never more look fondly into mine,
Nor thine arms around me lovingly and trustingly entwine—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art dead and gone, dear loving wife, thy heart is still and cold,
And mine, benumbed with wretchedness, is prematurely old:
Of our whole world of love and joy thou wast the only light,
A star, whose setting left behind, ah me! how dark a night!—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

The vines and flowers we planted, Love, I tend with anxious care,
And yet they droop and fade away, as though they wanted air;
They cannot live without thine eyes to feed them with their light:
Since thy hands ceased to train them, Love, they cannot grow aright;
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our little ones inquire of me, where is their mother gone—
What answer can I make to them, except with tears alone?
For if I say, "To Heaven," then the poor things wish to learn
How far it is, and where, and when their mother will return:
Thou art lost to them forever, Isadore!

Our happy home has now become a lonely, silent place;
Like Heaven without its stars it is, without thy blessed face:
Our little ones are still and sad;—None love them now but I,
Except their mother's spirit, which I feel is always nigh!—
Thou lovest us in Heaven, Isadore!

Their merry laugh is heard no more, they neither run nor play,
But wander round like little ghosts, the long, long Summer-day:
The spider weaves his web across the windows at his will,
The flowers I gathered for thee last are on the mantel still—
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Restless I pace our lonely rooms, I play our songs no more,
The garish Sun shines flauntingly upon the unswept floor;
The mocking-bird still sits and sings, O melancholy strain!
For my heart is like an Autumn-cloud that overflows with rain;
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Alas! how changed is all, dear wife, from that sweet eve in Spring,
When first my love for thee was told, and thou to me didst cling,
Thy sweet eyes radiant through their tears, pressing thy lips to mine,
In our old arbor, Dear, beneath the over-arching vine;
Those lips are cold forever, Isadore!

The moonlight struggled through the leaves, and fell upon thy face,
So lovingly upturning there, with pure and trustful gaze;
The Southern breezes murmured through the dark cloud of thy hair,
As like a happy child thou didst in my arms nestle there;
Death holds thee now forever, Isadore!

Thy love and faith so plighted then, with mingled smile and tear,
Was never broken, Darling, while we dwelt together here:
Nor bitter word, nor dark, cold look thou ever gavest me—
Loving and trusting always, as I loved and worshipped thee;
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou wast my nurse in sickness, and my comforter in health,
So gentle and so constant, when our love was all our wealth:
Thy voice of music cheered me, Love, in each desponding hour,
As Heaven's sweet honey-dew consoles the bruised and broken flower;
Thou art lost to me forever, Isadore!

Thou art gone from me forever; I have lost thee, Isadore!
And desolate and lonely I shall be forever more:
Our children hold me, Darling, or I to God should pray
To let me cast the burthen of this long, dark life away,
And see thy face in Heaven, Isadore!

TO A ROBIN

(Written in New Mexico on hearing the song of the only red-breast I ever saw there.)

Hush, where art thou clinging,
And what art thou singing,
Bird of my native land?
Thy song is as sweet as a fairy's feet
Stepping on silver sand.
And thou art now
As merry as though thou wert singing at home,
Far away, in the spray
Of a warm shower raining through odorous gloom;
Or as if thou wert hid, to the tip of thy wing,
By a broad oaken leaf in its greenness of Spring,
With thy nest lurking 'mid a gray heaven of shade,
To protect thy dear young from all harm fitly made.

Hush, hush! Look around thee!
Bleak mountains impound thee!
Cliffs gloomy, rocks barren and dead;
A desolate pine doth above thee incline,
But yields not a leaf for thy bed,
And lo! below,
No flowers of beauty or radiance bloom,
But weeds—grayheads—
That mutter and moan when the wind-tides loom.

And the rain never falls in the warm, sunny Spring,
To freshen thy heart or to strengthen thy wing.
But thou livest a hermit these deserts among,
Where Echo alone makes reply to thy song.

And while thou art chanting,
With head thus up-slanting,
Thou seemest a thought or a vision,
That flits with quick haste o'er the heart's lonely waste,
With an influence soothing, elysian:
Or a lone sweet tone,
That sounds for a time in the ear of sorrow;
Ah! soon, too soon,
I must bid thee a long and a sad good morrow:
But if thou wilt turn to the South thy wing,
I will meet thee again at the end of Spring;
And thy nest may be made where the peach and the vine
Shall shade thee, and tendril and leaf shall entwine.

Art thou not a stranger,
And darer of danger,
That over these mountains hast flown?—
For the land of the North is the clime of thy birth,
And here thou, like me, art alone.
Go back on thy track;
It were wiser and better for thee and me,
Than to moan, alone,
So far from the waves of our own bright sea;
Then the eyes that we left to grow dim, months ago,
Will greet us again with their idolized glow.
Let us haste, then, sweet bird, to revisit our home,
Where the oak-leaves are green, and the sea-waters foam.

THE MAGNOLIA

(Song)

What, what is the true Southern Symbol,
The Symbol of Honor and Right,
The Emblem that suits a brave people
In arms against number and might?
'Tis the ever green stately Magnolia,
Its pearl-flowers pure as the Truth,
Defiant of tempest and lightning,
Its life a perpetual youth.

French blood stained with glory the Lilies,
While centuries marched to their grave;
And over bold Scot and gay Irish
The Thistle and Shamrock yet wave:
Ours, ours be the noble Magnolia,
That only on Southern soil grows
The Symbol of life everlasting:—
Dear to us as to England the Rose.

Paint the flower on a field blue as Heaven,
Let the broad leaves around it be seen,
"Semper virens" the eloquent motto,
Our colors the Blue, White and Green.
Type of Chivalry, loyalty, virtue,
In Winter and Summer the same,
Full of leaf, full of flower, full of vigor—
It befits those who fight for a name.

For a name among Earth's ancient Nations,
Yet more for the Truth and the Right,
For Freedom, for proud Independence,
The old strife of Darkness and Light.
Round the World bear the flag of our glory,
While the nations look on and admire,
And our struggle immortal in story,
Shall the free of all ages inspire.

What though many fall in the conflict,
And our blood redden many a field?
The foe's on our soil, fellow-soldiers!
And God is our strength and our shield.
Through the fire and the smoke bear our banner
Ever on, while a fragment remains!
What though we are few and they many?
The Lord God of Armies still reigns.

ORA ATQUE LABORA

(Pray and Work)

Swiftly flashing, hoarsely dashing,
Onward rolls the mighty river;
Down it hurries to the sea,
Bounding on exultingly;
Still the lesson teaching ever,
Ora atque labora.

Trembling fountains on blue mountains,
Murmuring and overflowing
Through green valleys deep in hills,
Send down silver brooks and rills;
Singing, while in sunlight glowing,
Ora atque labora!

Onward flowing, ever growing,
In its beauty each rejoices;
While on Night's delighted ear,
Through the amber atmosphere,
Sounds the murmur of their voices,
Ora atque labora!

Archly glancing, lightly dancing,
See its eddies chase each other;
Round old roots they flashing whirl,
Over ringing pebbles curl;
Each one singing to his brother,
Ora atque labora!

Still descending, mingling, blending,
Lo! a broad, majestic river!
Under whose perpetual shocks,
Lofty crags and columned rocks
Shaken, echo as they quiver,
Ora atque labora!

Hoarsely roaring, swiftly pouring
Through tall mountains cloven asunder
Over precipices steep,
Plunging to abysses deep,
Loud the cataract's voices thunder,
Ora atque labora!

Sunlight shifting, white mist drifting
On its forehead, thence it marches,
Swelled with freshets and great rains,
Shouting through the fertile plains,
Spanned with aqueducts and arches
Ora atque labora!

Thus Endeavor striveth ever
For the thankless world's improvement:
Each true thought and noble word,
By the dull earth, though unheard,
Making part of one great movement—
Ora atque labora!

Work then bravely, sternly, gravely—
Life for this alone is given;
What is right, that boldly do,
Frankly speak out what is true—
Leaving the result to Heaven,
Ora atque labora!

A DIRGE

Over a companion, killed by Comanches and buried in the prairie.

Thy wife shall wait
Many long days for thee;
And when the gate
Swings on its unused hinges, she,
Opening her dim and grief-contracted eye,
And still forbidding hope to die
Longing for thee will look;
Till like some lone and gentle summer brook,
That pineth in the summer-heat away
And dies some day,
She waste her mournful life out at her eyes.
Vainly, ah! vainly we deplore
Thy death, departed friend! No more
Shalt thou be seen by us beneath the skies.
The barbed arrow has gone through
Thy heart, and all the blue
Hath faded from thy clay-cold veins, and thou,
With stern and pain-contracted brow,
Like one that wrestled mightily with death,
Art lying there.
Whether above the skies,
Thou at thy death didst soar,
And treadest Heaven's floor
With great joy beaming in thine eyes;
Or buried there
Commencest an eternal sleep,
And shalt in atoms only rise to the air—
As thinks despair:
We bid thee here a last, long, sad adieu!
Rest there, pale sleeper!
Another trophy of the grim old Reaper,
Cut down and withering under unknown skies.
Farewell! our course yet farther westward lies.
Thy grave is deeper than the wolf can go,
And we have driven the wheels above thee, so

That the Indian may not find thy sepulchre.
Farewell! for now the trains begin to stir;
And we with quivering lip
And lingering and reluctant step,
Must leave thee here, alone. Once more, farewell!

ODE

When shall the nations all be free,
And Force no longer reign;
None bend to brutal Power the knee,
None hug the gilded chain?
No longer rule the ancient Wrong,
The Weak be trampled by the Strong?—
How long, dear God in Heaven! how long,
The people wail in vain?

Do not th' Archangels on their thrones,
Turn piteous looks to Thee,
When round them thickly swarm the groans
Of those that would be free?
Of those that know they have the right
To Freedom, though crushed down by Might,
As all the world hath to the light
And air which Thou mad'st free?

The ancient Empires staggering drift
Along Time's mighty tide,
Whose waters, running broad and swift,
Eternity divide:
How many years shall pass, before
Over their bones the sea shall roar,
The salt sand drift, the fresh rains pour,
The stars mock fallen Pride?

What then the Great Republic's fate?
To founder far from land,
And sink with all her glorious freight,
Smitten by God's right hand?

Or shall she still her helm obey
In calm or storm, by night or day,
No sail rent, no spar cut away
  Exultant, proud and grand?

The issues are with God. To do,
  Of right belongs to us:
May we be ever just and true,
  For nations flourish thus!—
JUSTICE is mightier than ships;
RIGHT, than the cannon's brazen lips;
And TRUTH, averting dark eclipse,
  Makes fortunes prosperous.

July 4, 1853.

SHELLEY

The frail bark foundered, and the waves
Quenched a great light and left the world to mourn
It is enough to make the poet sick
Of his high art, and scorn the clamorous world,
And life, and fame, that guerdon dearly won
By broken hopes, sad days, and early death,
When he remembers the short bitter life,
And sad end of poor SHELLEY.

Fare thee well,
Young star of Poetry, now set forever!
Yet, though eclipsed forever to this world,
Still thy light fills the earth's dull atmosphere,
A legacy inestimable. Man
Hath done thee wrong, wronging himself the more,
By cold neglect, and small appreciation
Of thy divinest songs. The day will come
When justice will be done thee. Adonis,
The bound Prometheus, will become great lamps
Lit on the edges of thick darkness, blazing
Over broad lands and out on weltering seas,
Like glorious suns that midnight change to noon;

Great beacons on the fringes of the sea,
Speaking the glories of the hoary Past
To future ages, far in the womb of Time,
And flashing inspiration on that sea,
And all the earnest souls that journey there.
Then none of all the muse's younger sons
Will rival thee, except that glorious one,
Who burned thy corpse on Italy's fair shores.
But what is fame to thee? Small recompense
For persecution, obloquy, and wrong;
For poverty and shattered hopes, and life
Embittered till it was no pain to die!

1835.

TO APOLLO

From 'Nugæ.' The extract is from "Hymns to the Gods."

Most exquisite poet! Thou, whose great heart's swell
Pours itself out on mountain, lawn, and dell;
Thou who dost touch them with thy golden feet,
And make them for the Painter's use complete;
Inspired by whom the Poet's eyes perceive
Great beauty everywhere—in the slow heave
Of the unquiet sea, or in the roar
Of its resounding waters—on the shore
Of pleasant streams—in the dark, jagged rift
Of savage mountains, where the black clouds drift
Flushed with swift lightning—on the broad dark brow
Of silent Night, that solemnly and slow
Walks up the sky. Oh, thou, whose influence
Tinges all things with beauty, makes each sense
Double delight, and clothes with a delicate grace
All that is young and fair; while all the base
Flits far, like darkness!—thou that art in truth
Incarnate loveliness hear, while our youth
With earnestness yearning cry!
Answer our hymn, and come to us, Most High!

DIXIE

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accursed alliance!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and sabre!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!

How the South's great heart rejoices
At your cannons' ringing voices!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrong inflicted, insults spoken.

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter,
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.

Halt not till our Federation
Secures among earth's Powers its station!
Then at peace, and crowned with glory,
Hear your children tell the story!

If the loved ones weep in sadness,
Victory soon shall bring them gladness—
To arms!
Exultant pride soon banish sorrow,
Smiles chase tears away to-morrow.
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

[1802—1828]

WRIGHTMAN F. MELTON

EDWARD COOTE* PINKNEY† was born in London, England, October 1, 1802, the seventh of the ten children of William Pinkney and Ann Maria (Rodgers) Pinkney, who were married in 1789. William Pinkney, the father, did not have the advantage of a college education, but through native ability and constant study became the leading American lawyer of his time, Minister to the Court of Saint James and Attorney-general of the United States. While resident in London as special Minister to England he studied Latin, Greek, and elocution. In forensics Lord Erskine was his model. William Pinkney was a close student of English literature as well; he delighted in Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, and Johnson, and regarded the Bible not only as the Word of God but as the first of all literary works. He studied it closely, and his numerous great speeches show his familiarity with Biblical thought and phrase.

Maria Ann Rodgers, the mother of Edward Pinkney, was a native of Havre de Grace, Maryland. She was the daughter of John Rodgers, Esq., and a sister of Commodore John Rodgers of the United States Navy.

When Edward was two years old (August, 1804) the family returned to the United States, where for about a year William Pinkney was Attorney-general of Maryland. In 1806 the family returned to England, the father having been appointed Minister Extraordinary with Monroe, at that time Minister Resident of the United States in London. On Monroe's return to the United States Pinkney succeeded him and occupied the position until 1811. On November 24, 1810, William Pinkney wrote to President Madison: "The claims of my family to my professional exertions have been too long neglected." The family arrived in Annapolis in June, 1811, when Edward was about nine years old. In December of that year William Pinkney was appointed Attorney-general of the United States and held this position until February, 1814. During this time

*Since Coote appears in the baptismal register, and since the name is twice so spelled in a memorial printed two days after the editor's death and in his own paper, on which his brother Frederick was an assistant, we may as well accept the name Coote and commend the poet-editor's good judgment in never spelling out his unattractive middle name.

†The Maryland family spelled their name Pinkney, the Carolineans, Pinckney.

Edward was a student in the Baltimore College and in St. Mary's College, Baltimore.

In 1816, when William Pinkney was appointed Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg, with some special mission to be executed in Naples, Edward, at the age of fourteen, entered the United States Navy. He resigned his position in the Navy in 1822, in his twentieth year; the reason for his resignation is said to have been his determination to challenge his superior officer, Commodore Ridgely, as the result of an unwitting offence. Ridgely declined the challenge, and Pinkney posted him in the streets of Baltimore.

Edward C. Pinkney was admitted to the Bar in 1824, and on the twelfth of October of the same year was married to Miss Georgiana McCausland, daughter of Marcus McCausland, an Irish gentleman who had settled in Baltimore some years before. As a lawyer Pinkney was not successful, and after two years of struggle and failure he offered his services to the Mexican Navy; for some reason he was not assigned to a position, although it seems that his offer had been accepted. He returned to Baltimore, broken in health and spirit, to renew his fruitless struggle at the Bar. In recognition of Pinkney's literary attainments, first manifested in his "Rodolph—A Fragment," published in 1823 and later emphasized by the appearance in 1825 of a thin, unpretentious volume of poems, he was appointed professor of rhetoric and belles-lettres in the University of Maryland, a position without emolument. In December, 1827, he was chosen editor of *The Marylander,* a political paper founded in the interests of John Quincy Adams. From the first issue of the paper, on Wednesday, December 3, 1827, it was obvious that a brilliant editorial career was opening before Pinkney, but unfortunately his health was already irremediably broken. Early in the spring of 1828 he had to give up his editorial duties, and on Friday night, April 11, 1828, at ten minutes past ten o'clock, he peacefully expired. He was buried in the Unitarian Cemetery near Baltimore, but in May, 1872, his remains were moved to Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where they now lie within hailing distance of Sidney Lanier's grave. Pinkney was survived by his wife and a son; the wife always remembered him as her poet-husband.

Baltimore appreciates the distinction of having been, for a time at least, the home of the poets Edgar Allan Poe, Sidney Lanier, Edward Coote Pinkney, Francis Scott Key, James R. Randall, and a host of others of less note; but it is not unfair to the others to say that no one of them was so handsome, gallant, impulsive, fearless, and intense as Pinkney. A pair of "starry eyes" set his muse a-rocking and his hand was ever on the hilt of his sword in readi-

ness to redress an insult. From one of the newspapers of the day Miss Boyle, his biographer, quotes: "We have never seen manly beauty exhibited in such just proportions, or with so much effect. His form rose gracefully a few degrees above the common height of man, every feature, every limb seemed a masterpiece of Nature. The ample forehead, the mild yet piercing eye, the happy blending of color in his countenance, its placid yet melancholy and intelligent expression, rendered him an object of interest to every beholder." Akin to this largeness of frame and form was his largeness of heart, which impulsively responded to the cries of all in need; Goldsmith-like, he would pawn his valuables in behalf of those who seemed to be poorer than himself.

Before commenting on Edward C. Pinkney's poetry it is not out of place to mention that his younger brother, Frederick Pinkney, born October 14, 1804, on board the brig *Mary,* on which his parents were returning from England, was also a man of literary distinction. He was associated with Edward in the publication of *The Marylander.* "In strong contrast to the wild, restless spirit of his poet-brother, the calm beauty of his muse reveals the high hope of his soul." "The high hope of his soul" is well nigh all that Frederick Pinkney's verse does reveal, for he was lacking in the wild, restless spirit, the imaginative creative faculty essential to those higher forms of verse which possess something more than calm beauty.

Bishop William Pinkney, a cousin of Edward, also attempted verse. In a letter to his mother he acknowledges that he cannot write poetry, but assures her that the fever for rhyming is not easily broken. "The Old Clock," his best known poem, shows very clearly that it was influenced by the work of his poet-cousin, Edward.

Without hesitation, we may conclude that Edward was the poet of the Pinkney family; and notwithstanding the fact that he wrote the principal part of his verse at twenty or thereabouts, he was numbered at the time as "one of the five greatest poets" of the country.

His poem entitled "A Health" was counted by the *Athenæum* as one of the prettiest things in American poetry. Poe quoted it in full and gave it no mean praise: "The taint of which I speak (pleasurable sadness) is clearly perceptible even in a poem so full of brilliancy and spirit as the 'Health' of Edward Coote Pinkney. . . . The poem just cited is especially beautiful; but the poetic feeling which it induces we must refer chiefly to our sympathy in the

poet's enthusiasm. We pardon his hyperboles for the evident earnestness with which they are uttered."

The *North American Review* (January, 1824), while finding some fault with the moral tone of Pinkney's "Rodolph," adds: "The author evidently has much of the genuine spirit of poetry; his thoughts are occasionally bold and striking; some passages are wrought with much felicity of expression and clothed with a rich and glowing imagery; and notwithstanding the obscurity, . . . and a few minor imperfections, a highly poetical vein runs through the whole performance."

That Pinkney was a poet born is unmistakably declared by nearly every line he wrote. Nevertheless, it is interesting to consider certain features of his verse, both as to style and as to theme, with a view to ascertaining influences and sources. With all his romanticism his verse abounds in classical touches. In his footnotes he refers to Herodotus, Suetonius, and Horace, while thoughts from Ovid have been detected in his poems.

During some portion of the six years spent by Pinkney in the United States Navy, he was cruising in the Mediterranean Sea, and through his own eager eyes he saw and learned to love Italy. In "A Health," "The Indian's Bride," and some other of the shorter pieces, there are striking reminders of Petrarch.

It is generally understood that Pinkney's "Italy" is in imitation of Mignon's song in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." Professor Trent finds that Pinkney's 'Poems' show plainly his indebtedness to Wordsworth and Byron, from both of whom he makes direct quotations. How far Pinkney himself may have influenced other poets would be the subject of another paper.

It is rather of curious interest than of significant importance to ask who inspired the beautiful serenades with which his small volume so abounds. With the exception of one, it is fair to give credit for this inspiration to his wife, Georgiana McCausland—thus described by one who knew her in the flesh: "Her eyes were of a deep violet color, her glossy black hair fell over a forehead exquisitely shaped and as pure and white as polished marble, while on her cheek the rose and lily were equally blended. She played the harp and sang divinely. Her beauty and accomplishments made her a much admired belle."

Pinkney's poetical career, which began with "Rodolph—A Fragment" and ended with "The Beauty—A Fragment," gave way at last to the necessity that compelled him to devote his last year to writing prose for *The Marylander*. This paper was commended for the independence and dignity with which Pinkney defended the

truth and the boldness with which he exposed falsehood. Even in the midst, however, of such occupation he found time for occasional songs printed in the columns of his political newspaper. In fine, we may say that in spite of the brevity of his life, and the painful necessity he was under of devoting a part of his meagre years to writing prose, Pinkney will live as our Petrarch or Carew, standing near the head of the limited list of American Cavalier lyrists.

ITALY

I

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?
Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the chrystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odours of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernant trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves,
Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's yellow sand.

II

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet thine eye
But fairy isles like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved!—towards that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

III

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty, and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heav'n their curled
And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

IV

There Art too shows, when Nature's beauty palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both conspire
To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of flame
—The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

THE INDIAN'S BRIDE

I

Why is that graceful female here
With yon red hunter of the deer?
Of gentle mien and shape, she seems
  For civil halls designed,
Yet with the stately savage walks
  As she were of his kind.
Look on her leafy diadem,
Enriched with many a floral gem:
Those simple ornaments about
  Her candid brow, disclose
The loitering Spring's last violet
  And Summer's earliest rose;

But not a flower lies breathing there,
Sweet as herself, or half so fair.
Exchanging lustre with the sun,
A part of day she strays—
A glancing, living, human smile,
On nature's face she plays.
Can none instruct me what are these
Companions of the lofty trees?—

II

Intent to blend with his her lot,
Fate formed her all that he was not;
And, as by mere unlikeness thoughts
Associate we see,
Their hearts from very difference caught
A perfect sympathy.
The household goddess here to be
Of that one dusky votary—
She left her pallid countrymen,
An earthling most divine.
And sought in this sequestered wood
A solitary shrine.
Behold them roaming hand in hand,
Like night and sleep, along the land;
Observe their movements:—he for her
Restrains his active stride,
While she assumes a bolder gait
To ramble at his side:
Thus, even as the steps they frame,
Their souls fast alter to the same.
The one forsakes ferocity,
And momently grows mild;
The other tempers more and more
The artful with the wild.
She humanizes him, and he
Educates her to liberty.

III

Oh say not, they must soon be old,
Their limbs prove faint, their breasts feel cold!

Yet envy I that sylvan pair,
More than my words express,
The singular beauty of their lot,
And seeming happiness.
They have not been reduced to share
The painful pleasures of despair:
Their sun declines not in the sky,
Nor are their wishes cast,
Like shadows of the afternoon,
Repining towards the past:
With nought to dread, or to repent,
The present yields them full content.
In solitude there is no crime;
Their actions are all free,
And passion lends their way of life
The only dignity;
And how should they have any cares
Whose interest contends with theirs?—

IV

The world, or all they know of it,
Is theirs:—for them the stars are lit;
For them the earth beneath is green,
The heavens above are bright;
For them the moon doth wax and wane,
And decorate the night;
For them the branches of those trees
Wave musick in the vernal breeze;
For them upon that dancing spray
The free bird sits and sings,
And glitt'ring insects flit about
Upon delighted wings;
For them that brook, the brakes among,
Murmurs its small and drowsy song;
For them the many coloured clouds
Their shapes diversify,
And change at once, like smiles and frowns,
Th' expression of the sky.

For them, and by them, all is gay,
And fresh and beautiful as they:
The images their minds receive,
  Their minds assimilate,
To outward forms imparting thus
  The glory of their state.
Could aught be painted otherwise
Than fair, seen through her star-bright eyes?
He too, because she fills his sight,
  Each object falsely sees;
The pleasure that he has in her,
  Makes all things seem to please.
And this is love;—and it is life
They lead—that Indian and his wife.

A PICTURE-SONG

How may this little tablet feign the features of a face,
Which o'er-informs with loveliness its proper share of space;
Or human hands on ivory enable us to see
The charms, that all must wonder at, thou work of Gods, in
  thee!

But yet, methinks, that sunny smile familiar stories tells,
And I should know those placid eyes, two shaded chrystal
  wells;*
Nor can my soul, the limner's art attesting with a sigh,
Forget the blood, that decked thy cheek, as rosy clouds the sky.

They could not semble what thou art, more excellent than fair,
As soft as sleep or pity is, and pure as mountain-air;
But here are common, earthly hues, to such an aspect wrought,
That none, save thine, can seem so like the beautiful of
  thought.

The song I sing, thy likeness like, is painful mimicry
Of something better, which is now a memory to me.
Who have upon life's frozen sea arrived the icy spot,
Where men's magnetic feelings show their guiding task forgot.

*See Lanier's "My Springs."

The sportive hopes, that used to chase their shifting shadows on,
Like children playing in the sun, are gone—forever gone;
And on a careless, sullen peace, my double-fronted mind,
Like Janus when his gates were shut, looks forward and behind.

Apollo placed his harp, of old, awhile upon a stone,
Which has resounded since, when struck, a breaking harp-string's tone;
And thus my heart, though wholly now from early softness free,
If touched, will yield the music yet, it first received of thee.

SONG

We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart, that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory.

But still the old empassioned ways
And habits of my mind remain,
And still unhappy light displays
Thine image chambered in my brain,
And still it looks as when the hours
Went by like flights of singing birds,
Or that soft chain of spoken flowers,
And airy gems, thy words.

*See Ovid's "Metamorphoses," VIII, 13 (Weber).

LINES

From the Portfolio of H——.

We met upon the world's wide face,
  When each of us was young—
We parted soon, and to her place
  A darker spirit sprung;
A feeling such as must have stirred
The Roman's bosom when he heard,
  Beneath the trembling ground,
The God, his genius, marching forth
From the old city of his mirth,
  To lively music's sound.

A sense it was, that I could see
  The angel leave my side—
That thenceforth my prosperity
  Must be a falling tide;
A strange and ominous belief,
That in spring-time the yellow leaf
  Had fallen on my hours;
And that all hope must be most vain,
Of finding on my path again,
  Its former, vanished flowers.

But thou, the idol of my few
  And fleeting better days—
The light that cheered when life was new
  My being with its rays—
And though, alas!—its joy be gone,
Art yet, like tomb-lamps, shining on
  The phantoms of my mind—
The memories of many a dream
Floating on thought's fantastic stream,
  Like storm-clouds on the wind!

Is thy life but the wayward child
  Of fever in the heart,
In part a crowd* of fancies wild,
  Of ill-made efforts part?
Are such accurst familiars thine,
As by thee were made early mine?
  And is it as with me—
Doth hope in birthless ashes lie,
And seems the sun an hostile eye
  Thy pains well-pleased to see?

I trust, not so:—though thou hast been
  An evil star to mine,
Let all of good the world has seen
  Hang ever upon thine.
May thy suns those of summer be,
And time show as one joy to thee,
  Like thine own nature pure;
Thou didst but rouse, within my breast,
The sleeping devils from a rest,
  That could not long endure.

The firstlings of my simple song
  Were offered to thy name:
Again the altar, idle long,
  In worship rears its flame.
My sacrifice of sullen years,
My many hecatombs of tears,
  No happier hours recall—
Yet may thy wandering thoughts restore
To one who ever loved thee more
  Than fickle fortune's all.

And now, farewell!—and although here
  Men hate the source of pain,
I hold thee and thy follies dear,
  Nor of thy faults complain.

*"Crow'd" in the original (1825).

For my misused and blighted powers,
My waste of miserable hours,
I will accuse thee not:—
The fool who could from self depart,
And take for fate one human heart,
Deserved no better lot.

I reck of mine the less, because
In wiser moods I feel
A doubtful question of its cause,
And nature, on me steal—
An ancient notion, that time flings
Our pains and pleasures from his wings
With much equality—
And that, in reason, happiness
Both of accession and decrease
Incapable must be.

SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, Lady, up—look out, and be
A sister to the night!—

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye,
Within my watching breast;
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, Lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay,
With looks, whose brightness well might make
Of darker nights a day.

SONG

I need not name thy thrilling name,
  Though now I drink to thee, my dear,
Since all sounds shape that magic word,
  That fall[s] upon my ear—Mary;
And silence, with a wakeful voice,
  Speaks it in accents loudly free,
As darkness hath a light that shows
  Thy gentle face to me—Mary.
I pledge thee in the grape's pure soul,
  With scarce one hope, and many fears,
Mixt, were I of a melting mood,
  With many bitter tears—Mary—
I pledge thee, and the empty cup
  Emblems this hollow life of mine,
To which, a gone enchantment, thou
  No more wilt be the wine—Mary.

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements and kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her lips each flows
As one may see the burthened bee forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness, of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns—the idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace a picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts a sound must long remain,
But memory such as mine of her so very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh will not be life's but her's.

I filled this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex the seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry, and weariness a name.

THE OLD TREE

(From the Note-Book of a Traveller.)

I

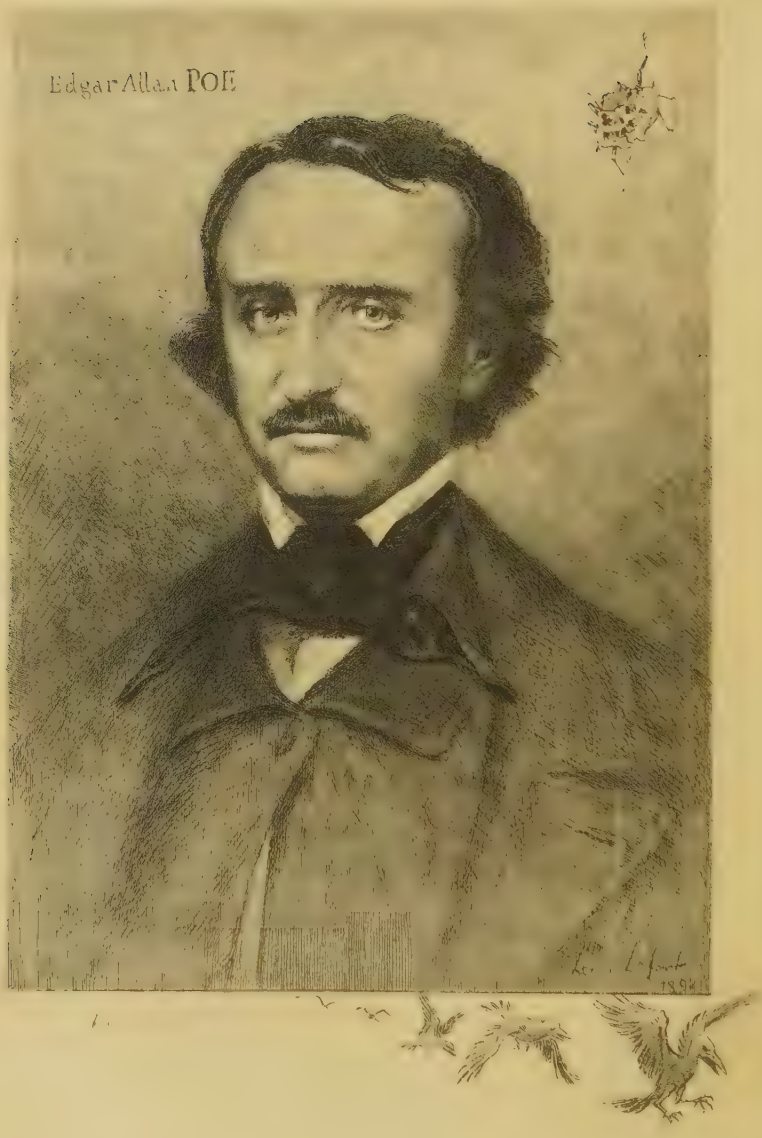
And is it gone, that venerable tree,
The old spectator of my infancy!—
It used to stand upon this very spot,
And now almost its absence is forgot.
I knew its mighty strength had known decay,
Its heart, like every old one, shrunk away,
But dreamt not that its frame would fall, ere mine
At all partook my weary soul's decline.

II

The great reformist, that each day removes
The old, yet never on the old improves
The dotard, Time, that like a child destroys,
As sport or spleen may prompt, his ancient toys,
And shapes their ruins into something new—
Has planted other playthings where it grew.
The wind pursues an unobstructed course,
Which once among its leaves delayed perforce;
The harmless Hamadryad, that of yore,
Inhabited its bole, subsists no more;
Its roots have long since felt the ruthless plow—
There is no vestige of its glories now!

But in my mind, which doth not soon forget,
That venerable tree is growing yet;
Nourished, like those wild plants that feed on air,
By thoughts of years unconversant with care,
And visions such as pass ere man grows wholly
A fiendish thing, or mischief adds to folly.
I still behold it with my fancy's eye,
A vernant record of the days gone by:
I see not the sweet form and face more plain,
Whose memory *was* a weight upon my brain.
—Dear to my song, and dearer to my soul,
Who knew but half my heart, yet had the whole
Sun of my life, whose presence and whose flight
Its brief day caused, and never ending night!
Must this delightless verse, which is indeed
The mere wild product of a worthless weed,
(But which, like sun-flowers, turns a loving face
Towards the lost light, and scorns its birth and place,)
End with such cold allusion unto you,
To whom, in youth, my very dreams were true?
It must; I have no more of that soft kind,
*My age is not the same, nor is my mind.

*Horace. [Pinkney's note.]


Edgar Allan POE

Edgar Allan Poe

EDGAR ALLAN POE

[1809—1849]

JAMES A. HARRISON

EDGAR ALLAN POE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, January 19, 1809, a year frequently signalized as the birth-year of Gladstone, Darwin, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other celebrities whose work revolutionized the century. From his birth everything seemed bizarre and fantastic in the course and current of this drama: *fleurs du mal* were thickly strewn along the way; paradoxes abounded; mixed nationalities traversed, as veins traverse marble, a curiously composite nature. His mother was an English actress of whom little is authentically known; his father belonged to the well-known Poe family of Baltimore, in whom Irish and Welsh blood mingled with Scotch and Pennsylvanian ancestral threads, forming a mosaic of blended lineage. The vivid neurotic temperament of the young "Bostonian" (as he called himself on the title page of 'Tamerlane,' his first volume) was doubtless due to that commixture, as well as to the peculiar training which it later underwent in the great School of Circumstances.

David Poe, the poet's father, was a young Baltimore attorney, hardly of age when his children were born. His parents were bitterly opposed to the marriage; but as young Poe loved the stage, and the Widow Hopkins (*née* Arnold) possessed charming gifts, they were married, and began a tour of the country. It was during this Bohemian life, while they were playing in Boston, that little Edgar, a remarkably beautiful child, was born. He had been preceded by William Henry, also gifted with poetic talent, dying young, and followed by a sister, Rosalie, who died in the 'seventies in a Washington church home.

Arriving in Richmond, Virginia, with Mr. Placide's company of players, Mrs. Poe was taken very ill and died after a brief period in direst poverty; David Poe had probably already died of consumption in Norfolk, and the three helpless children were thrown on public charity. The McKenzies, who kept a fashionable girls' school in Richmond, took charge of Rosalie; William Henry was sent to Baltimore relatives; and Edgar was taken in (not adopted) by Mrs. Allan, who induced her husband, John Allan, a well-to-do merchant, to take compassion on the sprightly boy and give him a home. Here he remained, in the household of the Allans, from 1811 to 1827. Five

years of this time, from 1815 to 1820, were spent in England, whither Mr. Allan, a Scotchman by birth, went on business, taking his family with him. Edgar spent these years, so far as is known, at Dr. Bransby's school in Stoke Newington, now a suburb of London. It is not known whether he ever met any of his English, Irish, or Welsh relatives.

On his return to Richmond, in 1820, Mr. Allan put Edgar at the best private schools there, where the boy distinguished himself in classical and other studies, in elocution, and in all kinds of athletic sports. He was sent to the University of Virginia in 1826, a year after it was founded, and there distinguished himself in French, Latin, and Italian, occupying Room No. 13, West Range, now the headquarters of "The Raven Society." Over the door of this room is an interesting bronze plaque presented by the Misses Whiton and Bangs of Washington, District of Columbia, while in the noble library room of the rotunda a striking bronze bust by Zolnay, the Roumanian sculptor, commemorates the presence of the poet. There is absolutely no record of gambling, drunkenness, or dissipation against Poe in the archives of the University. In December, at the end of the scholastic year, Poe returned home and did not go back to the University.

All this time he must have been working at 'Tamerlane, and Other Poems,' a thin little volume which appeared in 1827 in Boston, after he had left the Allan house in consequence of a quarrel with Mr. Allan. The same year Poe joined the Army, under the assumed name of Edgar A. Perry, and was ordered first to Charleston, South Carolina, where he gathered material afterward woven into the celebrated story of "The Gold Bug," and then to Fortress Monroe. This discovery was first made by Mrs. Weiss, and later verified from the Army records by George E. Woodberry. At Charlottesville, the neighboring Ragged Mountains furnished him material (amplified by one of Macaulay's "Essays") for another tale; and his English experiences at Dr. Bransby's school revive spectrally in "William Wilson"; while there seems little doubt that one or two of his early teachers, especially Dr. Blaettermann, moved grotesquely to and fro in his German and French tales.

Tiring of army life and its mathematical schedules, Poe obtained an honorable discharge as sergeant, and was admitted through Senator Ellis's influence to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Meanwhile his devoted friend, the first Mrs. Allan (*née* Valentine), had died, and Poe grieved deeply over the irreparable loss. Never really in love with military life, the poet soon grew restive at the Academy and through purposed insubordination, in-

excusable under the circumstances, was dismissed in December, 1830. In 1829 his second thin volume of poems, 'Al Aaraaf,' appeared, in its title a second time emphasizing the Arabian-Oriental association of his mind; and in 1831 the third volume of poems appeared, when he was twenty-two. The tie with the Allans was now effectively and finally broken, all the more because in 1830 Mr. Allan had married Miss Louisa Gabriella Patterson of New York, and Poe's hope of inheriting Mr. Allan's large fortune was dissipated by the successful arrival of several little Allan heirs. The second Mrs. Allan seems to have been a cold but estimable lady, who had no use for the poet waif and ended by cherishing toward him a bitter resentment, aggravated, it is said, by Poe's unseemly conduct.

At this point ensued another stage-like disappearance of the unhappy wanderer, from 1831 to 1833, leaving us in the dark as to his whereabouts.

The one great thing that Baltimore, where he lived later, did for Poe, was to discover his eminent talent as a short-story writer. In 1833 the Baltimore *Family Visitor,* a weekly publication of short duration, advertised that it would give one hundred dollars for the best short story and fifty dollars for the best poem submitted for publication to its literary columns. The committee of award consisted of Messrs. J. P. Kennedy (author of 'Swallow Barn' and 'Horseshoe Robinson'), Dr. Miller, and Mr. Latrobe, the last of whom, forty-two years later, when the Poe monument was dedicated, told the story.

As early as 1831, when he was only twenty-two, Poe had already begun to develop the exquisite prose style, so lucid, melodious, and imaginative, which afterward characterized all his romances, the natural gift of a great genius flowering in secrecy without aid from any external source. Unconscious of the gift himself, perhaps, but compelled by dire want to exercise it, he submitted to this committee the six now famous "Tales of the Folio Club," written in Roman letters, and bound together in a dainty quarto book, and his poem on "The Coliseum." Almost equally in favor of any one of the six, the committee at last decided on "A Manuscript Found in a Bottle," giving this the one hundred dollar prize, but awarding the fifty dollar prize to a poem by Professor Hewitt.

The other stories were "A Descent into the Maelstrom," "Lionizing," "The Assignation," "Siope and Epimanes," with ten others, all marked by the same logic, precision, bizarre originality and powerful imaginative force, placing Poe at one bound, in his twenty-fourth year, far beyond all his American contemporaries, in the front rank of romantic prose writers. His success soon led to an

engagement, first as contributor, then as editor, with *The Southern Literary Messenger,* lately founded at Richmond, Virginia. Thither he moved, in 1836, with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and his "child-wife," Virginia Clemm, his first cousin, whom he married in Baltimore first, and later, again, for some unknown reason, in Richmond, falsifying her age in the wedding license* as he had falsified his own once before on entering West Point.

The Messenger throve for eighteen months under Poe's management, and its columns swarmed with the products of his pen—sketches, poems, merciless anonymous criticisms of his contemporaries, the first instalment of "Autography" articles, and the incongruous overflow of an overworking fancy.

Rumors of bad habits, however, now began to circulate about the young editor, who had been reared in the convivial school of the olden time and sometimes thoughtlessly took a "dram" before breakfast. Mr. Thomas White, proprietor of *The Messenger,* a fanatic on this subject, took umbrage at Poe's obstinacy, and finally, finding remonstrances vain, cancelled the engagement. Poe had never, in the very heyday of his extraordinary activity for *The Messenger,* received a salary that was even decent. A small thousand dollars marked at one period its highest point—the lowest was forty dollars a month. The writer has collected, in Chapter VI of his 'Life and Letters of Poe,' the full statistics of the poet's contributions and remuneration during the year and a half of his connection with the magazine. Poe increased the patronage from seven hundred to five thousand subscribers, and first published in its columns some of his most celebrated pieces—"Morella," "Metzengerstein," "Hans Pfhal," "Shadow," "A Tale of Jerusalem," "Arthur Gordon Pym," etc., etc. Many poems were recast and republished, and new ones were added. The ringing criticisms evoked clamors here, indignation there, admiration everywhere.

"Adrift" is the word that best characterizes the period 1837-1844, when he loitered by the way in New York and Philadelphia, and made the acquaintance of Burton, George R. Graham, and Rufus Griswold, contributed to *The Gift, The Museum, The Dollar Magazine* (in which "The Gold Bug" won a one hundred dollar prize), became the editor of Burton's *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine* for short periods, and printed the famous "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," evidently inspired in title and contents by the Arabian Nights, albeit of unparalleled ingenuity and poetic power.

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*First discovered and given to the writer by Robert Lee Traylor, but "appropriated," without acknowledgment, by an "enterprising newspaper."

Meanwhile a word as to the home life of the Poes might not be out of place at this point. The marriage of the author to his young cousin, Virginia Clemm, was truly the anchor that kept his restless life from going to pieces, and the guardian angel was the strong and sheltering presence of his aunt-"mother," the mother of his Virginia, Maria Clemm. This noble woman has been derided and slandered by Griswold, Stoddard, and other biographers of the poet; but she it was who, in all their troubles and all their poverty, their struggles for actual food, and varied misadventure, held the little family together, kept it from perishing absolutely, and like a true Niobe held aloft her protecting bosom while the storm fell about her defenceless children. The writer has had access to much of her unpublished correspondence, and every letter breathes of vigorous yet tender personality, working day and night at menial duties for the support of her family. Her daughter, Virginia, was a beautiful girl of delicate constitution, a wife at fourteen, destined to be carried away at twenty-five. With her Poe lived on the happiest terms, an almost ideal life of domestic peace, disturbed only by the want and illness that beset them after they went to live at Fordham, New York, where she died of consumption in 1847. All the testimony surrounds this death with singular pathos and lifts it to a pedestal side by side with the tragic romance of Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The last landmark in this crowded existence is the life in New York and in Fordham, the hamlet at the end of Manhattan Island, where the Poes resided from 1846 to 1849.

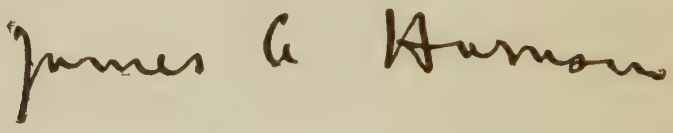
When Philadelphia had lost its interest and its charm, and nothing seemed possible there for the editor and author, Poe resumed his Bedouin-like existence, took up his little family and moved them to New York, where he rambled about the city, and lived in first one lodging and then another—Amity Street, Carmine Street, East Broadway, moving finally, in 1846, to the little cottage at Fordham. N. P. Willis befriended him; he attended Miss Lynch's literary *salons,* he delivered lectures, wrote for many reviews, and became in 1845 editor and first proprietor of *The Broadway Journal.* The same year (January 29, 1845) saw the publication of "The Raven," first in Willis's *Evening Mirror,* and then, a month later, in the *American Whig Review,* appearing again later in the year in book form as 'The Raven, and Other Poems.'

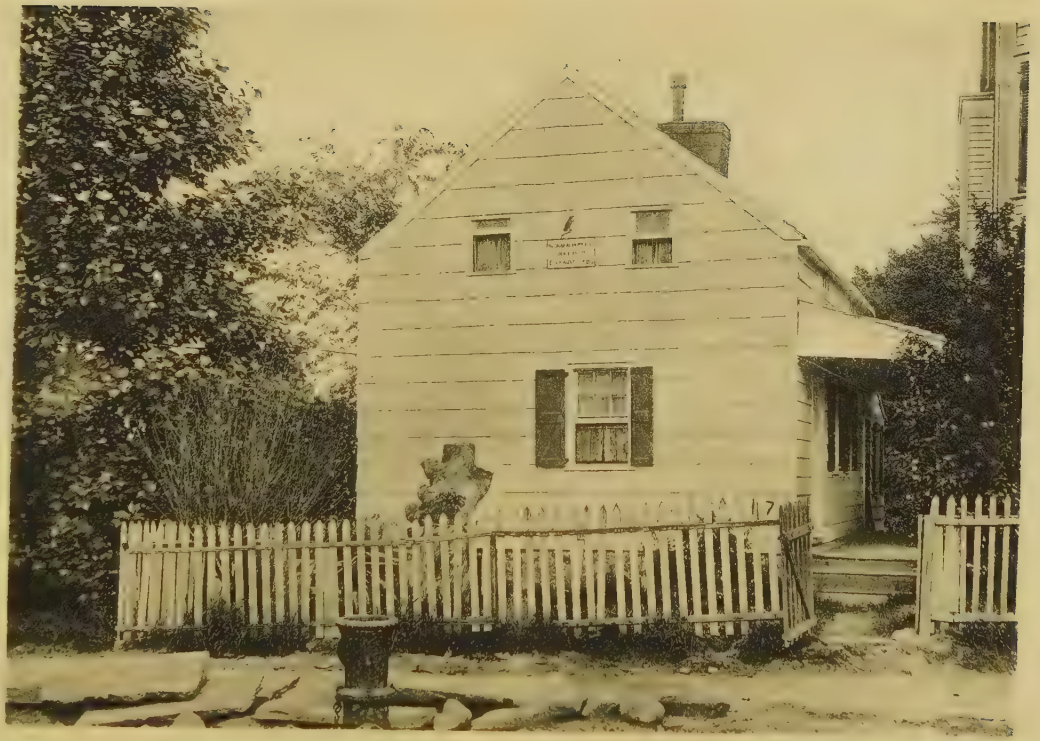
In 1846 the little house at Fordham sheltered the Poes, and here Virginia, the delicate wife, unstrung by suffering and overcome by anxieties of all kinds, succumbed in 1847, and Poe, frantic with grief, was left alone. "The Raven" had prophetically foreshadowed the situation—the lover, the death of a beautiful young woman, the

hopeless, haunting despair. What more was there to live for? And yet over the tomb rose the star of "Ulalume."

In all his later love scenes the writer of this sketch has never been able to discover anything but the purest and noblest feeling; no hint of an *amour* disturbs their purity; and when, on Poe's final visit to Richmond, he revisited Mrs. Shelton, it was to make an honorable proposal of himself to the Elmira Royster of his youth, his first love. She accepted the erratic poet, and the marriage seemed about to take place, when in October, 1849, the end came.

On his way home to Fordham to meet Mrs. Clemm and make the final arrangements, Poe stopped in Baltimore, and was there drugged to death by unknown persons during an exciting political campaign. He expired of brain delirium, superinduced by exposure and drugs, in one of the rooms of the Old Washington Hospital on Broadway, October 7, 1849.





Poe's Cottage at Fordham

EDGAR ALLAN POE

By W. P. TRENT

I SAW the other day, on the Corso Umberto Primo, two cheap volumes exposed in a bookseller's window. They attracted my attention because one was adorned with a cut of Byron, the other with a wretched likeness of Poe. I could not help contrasting them with a book I had just seen in the Piazza di Spagna—a well printed French monograph on the life and works of Emerson. The contrast seemed instructive. For some years Continental students, especially such as have had a doctor's dissertation to prepare, have been issuing elaborate treatises on this or that British or American writer of eminence—Thomson, Young, Crabbe, Hawthorne, for example; but, so far as my experience goes, cheap editions of the works of these authors are not often exposed in the windows of European book-shops. This means merely that an appeal to a small sophisticated class is one thing, an appeal to what may be fairly called a public, quite another. Some cultivated Frenchmen and Italians feel a deep admiration for Shelley and some for Emerson; but it is Scott and Byron, Cooper and Poe who may really be said to have conquered the Continent. On the other hand, it is equally plain that these conquerors have sometimes been severely, not to say scurvily, treated at home—that their triumph has not been universal and ungrudged.

To inquire why this is true with regard to Poe is perhaps as good a way as any to attack the difficult task of endeavoring to determine what he stands for in literature.

One reason for the impression Poe has made upon many readers in both the Old World and the New is to be found in the fact that his imagination was unique and striking, and most skilfully embodied in literary forms of which he was a consummate master—the melodious lyric of strange, haunting woe and the short story of psychological and physical horror; of marvelous yet plausible adventure; of mystery deftly analyzed and unraveled; of weird, inductible experience. He was not totally free of indebtedness to British and Continental writers of the romantic school, and he certainly gave the Old World very little of that "form and pressure" of the New World which it has continually demanded from American writers. He was very fortunate, too, in securing Baudelaire as a translator and sponsor; and doubtless his wayward life and his strange fate have helped to spread his reputation throughout the world. But when all is said, Poe's Continental fame is probably

based in the main, and firmly, upon the unique and impressive character of his genius.

But the lovers of another great American writer will at once ask: Did not Hawthorne also possess a unique and impressive genius, embodied not only in beautiful and weird short stories, but in sustained romances, in works of a scope which Poe could not compass? And the admirer of Poe must, if he be catholic in taste and judgment, answer that Hawthorne is superior to Poe in sustained genius and comparable to him in the unique and artistic character of his literary work. But Hawthorne's fame is by no means so cosmopolitan as that of Poe. Does it follow, then, that the extent of a writer's fame is not a very important test of his greatness? I do not think so. Without attempting the invidious and difficult task of allotting to two such writers their respective places in their country's literature, we may still point out that Hawthorne has the strength and the weakness of the artist whose genius attaches itself in the main to an epoch and a soil, and Poe the strength and the weakness of the artist whose genius inhabits a region "out of space, out of time." If Hawthorne's genius had been more universal, and if Poe had been less resolute in his artistic purposes and less clear and concrete in his intelligence, might it not have been the New Englander's face looking at me in Rome from the cover of that cheap book? To ask this question is at once to emphasize Poe's merits and to illustrate the value of cosmopolitan fame as a test of eminence.

Poe has made not only a very wide appeal but also a very strong one to some readers. This is another way of saying that his writings have, in our modern jargon, an "atmosphere" of their own; that he himself was endowed with "temperament;" that he is the god of their idolatry to many sympathetic souls. If one could completely explain this phenomenon, one would be master of most of the secrets of life. Without seeking to explain it, we may regard it as a prime factor in Poe's fame.

But writers of "temperament" almost invariably encounter antipathy as well as sympathy, and Poe has not escaped the workings of this law. There are readers who are deaf to haunting melodies, who shun all displays of morbidity, who dislike being made to shudder, who do not enjoy subtle analysis, who cherish a grudge against the inductable. In other words, there have been, there are now, and there probably always will be, persons insensible to Poe's merits and very keenly alive to his defects and limitations. Such antipathetic readers have been regrettably common in America. Sectional prejudice has been visible both in the excessive denunciation and in the

superlative praise Poe's work has received. His life and his character, too, have lent themselves to partisan treatment, which has not been without unfortunate consequences to the cause of impartial criticism. Narrow and rigid ideals of life and literature, inseparable from the rudimentary culture of an Anglo-Saxon democracy which has assimilated strains of population rather than of civilization, have militated against the frank acceptance of the Bohemian and rather decadent Poe as a truly great and original writer within well-defined limits. That he does not overtly make for moral betterment, that the beautiful and the strange rather than the useful and the normal dominate his writings, whether in verse or in prose, accounts in large measure for the fact that our Halls of Fame commemorate half-known or forgotten worthies and have no space for one of the most illustrious names in the entire literature of the Nineteenth Century. The phenomenon is somewhat startling, but it is also, in all probability, entirely transitory. Although it seems idle to expect that Poe will ever make a positive appeal to certain temperaments and certain orders of mind, it seems just as idle to suppose that the zeal of his admirers in America, strengthened as that is by the permanence of his fame abroad, will not in time overcome the indifference and suspicion with which the more utilitarian portion of our public has viewed both the man and his works.

This brief analysis of Poe's standing abroad and at home has been valueless if it does not suggest a few points upon which friends and foes and more or less disinterested students would do well to ponder. In the first place, it seems clear that Poe will gain, if his admirers somewhat moderate the exuberance of their claims in his behalf. If they freely admit that some of his stories, "Berenice" for example, are over-morbid, that most of his efforts at the grotesque are for the elect only, that acute and valuable though his criticism was it was singularly limited and self-centered, that his fingers touched but few strings of the lyre of poetry, that finally condonation is a word that has a better right to figure frequently in his biography than exculpation, we may expect the next quarter of a century to witness a sensible diminution of hostility and imperfect sympathy toward Poe in the reading public of America. Then again, despite Poe's ably expounded theory with regard to the nonexistence of really sustained long poems—a theory which could easily be extended to other forms of literature—it remains true that the world has agreed that a few writers have displayed loftily sustained genius, and that these writers form a class apart from and above all others. The world may be wrong in this, but it is a world slow to confess mistakes of the sort; and I fear that Poe and certain

insouciant critics of our day will scarcely succeed in prostrating or standing on its head the pyramid formed by the hierarchies of genius. It is just as well to admit once for all that Poe, great and authentic though his achievements surely are, has a place considerably below the apex of the pyramid we are discussing—or imagining. This fact need not affect one whit the zeal with which his worshipers perform their private devotions, if they are as idolatrous as Baudelaire. The individual has his rights, as well as the world; and what Poe means or should mean to the reader to whom he makes a special appeal is something which in the last analysis must almost entirely escape the objective critic, and must partly escape even the most subtle and sympathetic of subjective or impressionistic critics. It is calm, objective criticism, however, that seems to do most to shape the opinions of the masses of men, that most helps to keep alive a writer's fame; and, if this be true, it is well for an author if his admirers come to some sort of understanding with those who care more for literature in the large than they do for any writer, no matter how illustrious. And, in the case of Poe, it is singularly easy for his admirers to make common cause with objective critics and students of literature.

Poe, both friendly and critical readers will agree, makes a specially strong and wide appeal because he was a master of both the harmonies—he was an exquisite poet and, at his best, the wielder of a prose style subtly adapted to the subjects he treated. "Israfel," "The Raven," "To One in Paradise," the lyric "To Helen," "The Fall of the House of Usher," "Ligeia," "Shadow," "Eleanora"—to name no others—these poems and stories could have proceeded only from a unique and masterly artist, and they are far, very far, from exhausting the best of his memorable achievements. Make this claim, and avoid using with regard to Poe and his works language that is appropriate only to Shakespeare or Milton or Swift or Scott —that is, to large, powerful geniuses—and observe, stanch advocate of his well-deserving and prospering cause, whether the intelligent and catholic-minded readers of your acquaintance will say you Nay. Point out the permanence of the appeal made by poetry, point out the reserve and self-control of Poe's art, emphasize the pathos of his struggles against inherited disease and an alien environment, dwell upon his merits and admit his limitations and defects, and what may be called the neutral body of readers is won for all time.

But behold!—what began as an inquiry has ended as a plea, so impossible is it to preserve an attitude of scientific impartiality in connection with literature, and especially in connection with a man and a writer like Poe, interesting in his life and fascinating in his

works. A plea, however, for ungrudging recognition of the distinction conferred upon American literature by the greatest of Southern writers is one which comes with no bad grace from a Southern man; and a plea for balanced as opposed to partisan and rhapsodical criticism is not out of place in a work which aims to give a conspectus of the literary achievements of a homogeneous group of States. Poe is the greatest ornament of Southern Literature, and he is one of the chief glories of the literature of our nation and our race. We feel all the more convinced of this fact because we find that the praise we give him is echoed back from the four quarters of the globe. Wherever men appreciate the strange and the beautiful embodied in words there Poe is known and admired. Writers in other lands have looked upon him as their master, and they have expressed their wonder when they have been told that a not inconsiderable proportion of his own countrymen are blind to his merits. They do not understand the phenomenon, mainly on account of the fact that Poe's limitations scarcely affect them, since they are not called upon to treat him as the competitor for literary honors, but almost solely as the bestower of literary pleasure. We can understand the phenomenon better because we know that in America he has been too often pitted against this writer or that, and made the subject of partisan praise or blame. In his interest, as well as in that of our national literature, we perceive that it is desirable, for the time being, at least, to decline making invidious comparisons and extravagant claims, to insist only upon such of his merits as have been acknowledged by millions of readers at home and abroad, and to ask whether it really is not an insult to ourselves and our literature to suppose that the decadent and abnormal elements in his work cannot easily be thrown off and the sound and noble elements assimilated. He is a poet and story-teller for all time. Let us hope that he will soon be a source of pleasure and pride to most of his fellow countrymen.

W. P. Trent.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
  Like those Nicéan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
  The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
  To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
  Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
  To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
  How statue-like I see thee stand!
  The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
  Are Holy Land!

ISRAFEL

And the angel Israfel, whose heartstrings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—*Koran.*

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
  "Whose heart-strings are a lute;"
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
  Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
  In her highest noon,
  The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
  While, to listen, the red levin
  (With the rapid Pleiads, even,
  Which were seven,)
  Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
  And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
  By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
  Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angels trod,
  Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
  Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
  Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
  Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
  Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
  With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
  With the fervor of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
  Is a world of sweets and sours;
  Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
  Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
  Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
  A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
  From my lyre within the sky.

ELDORADO

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied—
"If you seek for Eldorado!"

THE CITY IN THE SEA

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
Their shrines and palaces and towers
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not)
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvelous shrine

Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine.
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;

For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy Heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
  Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
  Shall do it reverence.

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now or never more!
See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven!
Let no bell toll, then—lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!
And I!—to-night my heart is light!—No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a pæan of old days."

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before,
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore.

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere,
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born

Out of which a miraculous crescent
  Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
  Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian;
  She rolls through an ether of sighs—
  She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
  These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
  To point us the path to the skies—
  To the Lethean peace of the skies—
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
  To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
  With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
  Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
  Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
  Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
  Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed letting sink her
  Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
  Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
  Let us on by this tremulous light!
  Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sibyllic splendor is beaming
  With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
  See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
  And be sure it will lead us aright—
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
  That cannot but guide us aright,
  Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—"What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On the night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir.
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me.
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With the crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar.

What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE VALLEY OF UNREST

Once it smiled a silent dell
Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley's restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet Heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye—
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

By permission of H. S. Stone and Company.

(ROME)

THE thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as I best could; but when he ventured upon insult, I vowed revenge. You, who so well know the nature of my soul, will not suppose, however, that I gave utterance to a threat. *At length* I would be avenged; this was a point definitely settled —but the very definitiveness with which it was resolved precluded the idea of risk. I must not only punish, but punish with impunity. A wrong is unredressed when retribution overtakes its redresser. It is equally unredressed when the avenger fails to make himself felt as such to him who has done the wrong.

It must be understood that neither by word nor deed had I given Fortunato cause to doubt my good-will. I continued, as was my wont, to smile in his face, and he did not perceive that my smile *now* was at the thought of his immolation.

He had a weak point—this Fortunato—although in other regards he was a man to be respected and even feared. He prided himself on his connoisseurship in wine. Few Italians have the true virtuoso spirit. For the most part their enthusiasm is adopted to suit the time and opportunity—to practise imposture upon the British and Austrian millionaires. In painting and gemmary, Fortunato, like his countrymen, was a quack—but in the matter of old wines he was sincere. In this respect I did not differ from him materially: I was skilful in the Italian vintages myself, and bought largely whenever I could.

It was about dusk, one evening during the supreme madness of the carnival season, that I encountered my friend. He accosted me with excessive warmth, for he had been drinking much. The man wore motley. He had on a tight-fitting parti-striped dress, and his head was surmounted by the conical cap and bells. I was so pleased to see him that I thought I should never have done wringing his hand.

I said to him, "My dear Fortunato, you are luckily met.

How remarkably well you are looking to-day! But I have received a pipe of what passes for Amontillado, and I have my doubts."

"How?" said he. "Amontillado? A pipe? Impossible! And in the middle of the carnival!"

"I have my doubts," I replied; "and I was silly enough to pay the full Amontillado price without consulting you in the matter. You were not to be found, and I was fearful of losing a bargain."

"Amontillado!"

"I have my doubts."

"Amontillado!"

"And I must satisfy them."

"Amontillado!"

"As you are engaged, I am on my way to Luchesi. If any one has a critical turn, it is he. He will tell me—"

"Luchesi cannot tell Amontillado from Sherry."

"And yet some fools will have it that his taste is a match for your own."

"Come, let us go."

"Whither?"

"To your vaults."

"My friend, no; I will not impose upon your good-nature. I perceive you have an engagement. Luchesi—"

"I have no engagement—come."

"My friend, no. It is not the engagement, but the severe cold with which I perceive you are afflicted. The vaults are insufferably damp. They are incrusted with nitre."

"Let us go, nevertheless. The cold is merely nothing. Amontillado! You have been imposed upon. And as for Luchesi, he cannot distinguish Sherry from Amontillado."

Thus speaking, Fortunato possessed himself of my arm. Putting on a mask of black silk, and drawing a roquelaire closely about my person, I suffered him to hurry me to my palazzo.

There were no attendants at home; they had absconded to make merry in honor of the time. I had told them that I should not return until the morning, and had given them explicit orders not to stir from the house. These orders were

sufficient, I well knew, to insure their immediate disappearance, one and all, as soon as my back was turned.

I took from their sconces two flambeaus, and giving one to Fortunato, bowed him through several suites of rooms to the archway that led into the vaults. I passed down a long and winding staircase, requesting him to be cautious as he followed. We came at length to the foot of the descent, and stood together on the damp ground of the catacombs of the Montresors.

The gait of my friend was unsteady, and the bells upon his cap jingled as he strode.

"The pipe," said he.

"It is farther on," said I; "but observe the white web-work which gleams from these cavern walls."

He turned towards me, and looked into my eyes with two filmy orbs that distilled the rheum of intoxication.

"Nitre?" he asked at length.

"Nitre," I replied. "How long have you had that cough?"

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!—ugh! ugh! ugh!"

My poor friend found it impossible to reply for many minutes.

"It is nothing," he said, at last.

"Come," I said, with decision, "we will go back; your health is precious. You are rich, respected, admired, beloved; you are happy, as once I was. You are a man to be missed. For me it is no matter. We will go back; you will be ill, and I cannot be responsible. Besides, there is Luchesi—"

"Enough," he said; "the cough is a mere nothing; it will not kill me. I shall not die of a cough."

"True—true," I replied; "and, indeed, I had no intention of alarming you unnecessarily—but you should use all proper caution. A draught of this Medoc will defend us from the damps."

Here I knocked off the neck of a bottle which I drew from a long row of its fellows that lay upon the mould.

"Drink," I said, presenting him the wine.

He raised it to his lips with a leer. He paused and nodded to me familiarly, while his bells jingled.

"I drink," he said, "to the buried that repose around us."

"And I to your long life."

He again took my arm, and we proceeded.

"These vaults," he said, "are extensive."

"The Montresors," I replied, "were a great and numerous family."

"I forget your arms."

"A huge human foot d'or, in a field azure; the foot crushes a serpent rampant whose fangs are imbedded in the heel."

"And the motto?"

"*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

"Good!" he said.

The wine sparkled in his eyes and the bells jingled. My own fancy grew warm with the Medoc. We had passed through walls of piled bones, with casks and puncheons intermingling, into the inmost recesses of the catacombs. I paused again, and this time I made bold to seize Fortunato by an arm above the elbow.

"The nitre!" I said; "see, it increases. It hangs like moss upon the vaults. We are below the river's bed. The drops of moisture trickle among the bones. Come, we will go back ere it is too late. Your cough—"

"It is nothing," he said; "let us go on. But first, another draught of the Medoc."

I broke and reached him a flagon of De Grâve. He emptied it at a breath. His eyes flashed with a fierce light. He laughed and threw the bottle upwards with a gesticulation I did not understand.

I looked at him in surprise. He repeated the movement—a grotesque one.

"You do not comprehend?" he said.

"Not I," I replied.

"Then you are not of the brotherhood."

"How?"

"You are not of the masons."

"Yes, yes," I said, "yes, yes."

"You? Impossible! A mason?"

"A mason," I replied.

"A sign," he said.

"It is this," I answered, producing a trowel from beneath the folds of my roquelaire.

"You jest," he exclaimed, recoiling a few paces. "But let us proceed to the Amontillado."

"Be it so," I said, replacing the tool beneath the cloak, and again offering him my arm. He leaned upon it heavily. We continued our route in search of the Amontillado. We passed through a range of low arches, descended, passed on, and, descending again, arrived at a deep crypt, in which the foulness of the air caused our flambeaus rather to glow than flame.

At the most remote end of the crypt there appeared another less spacious. Its walls had been lined with human remains, piled to the vault overhead, in the fashion of the great catacombs of Paris. Three sides of this interior crypt were still ornamented in this manner. From the fourth the bones had been thrown down, and lay promiscuously upon the earth, forming at one point a mound of some size. Within the wall thus exposed by the displacing of the bones, we perceived a still interior recess, in depth about four feet, in width three, in height six or seven. It seemed to have been constructed for no especial use within itself, but formed merely the interval between two of the colossal supports of the roof of the catacombs, and was backed by one of their circumscribing walls of solid granite.

It was in vain that Fortunato, uplifting his dull torch, endeavored to pry into the depth of the recess. Its termination the feeble light did not enable us to see.

"Proceed," I said; "herein is the Amontillado. As for Luchesi—"

"He is an ignoramus," interrupted my friend, as he stepped unsteadily forward, while I followed immediately at his heels. In an instant he had reached the extremity of the niche, and finding his progress arrested by the rock, stood stupidly bewildered. A moment more and I had fettered him to the granite. In its surface were two iron staples, distant from each other about two feet, horizontally. From one of these depended a short chain, from the other a padlock. Throwing the links about his waist, it was but the work of a few seconds to secure it. He was too much astounded to resist. Withdrawing the key, I stepped back from the recess.

"Pass your hand," I said, "over the wall; you cannot help feeling the nitre. Indeed it is *very* damp. Once more let me

implore you to return. No? Then I must positively leave you. But I must first render you all the little attentions in my power."

"The Amontillado!" ejaculated my friend, not yet recovered from his astonishment.

"True," I replied; "the Amontillado."

As I said these words I busied myself among the pile of bones of which I have before spoken. Throwing them aside, I soon uncovered a quantity of building stone and mortar. With these materials and with the aid of my trowel, I began vigorously to wall up the entrance of the niche.

I had scarcely laid the first tier of the masonry when I discovered that the intoxication of Fortunato had in a great measure worn off. The earliest indication I had of this was a low moaning cry from the depth of the recess. It was *not* the cry of a drunken man. There was then a long and obstinate silence. I laid the second tier, and the third, and the fourth; and then I heard the furious vibrations of the chain. The noise lasted for several minutes, during which, that I might hearken to it with the more satisfaction, I ceased my labors and sat down upon the bones. When at last the clanking subsided, I resumed the trowel, and finished without interruption the fifth, the sixth, and the seventh tier. The wall was now nearly upon a level with my breast. I again paused, and holding the flambeaus over the mason work, threw a few feeble rays upon the figure within.

A succession of loud and shrill screams, bursting suddenly from the throat of the chained form, seemed to thrust me violently back. For a brief moment I hesitated—I trembled. Unsheathing my rapier, I began to grope with it about the recess; but the thought of an instant reassured me. I placed my hand upon the solid fabric of the catacombs, and felt satisfied. I reapproached the wall. I replied to the yells of him who clamored. I reëchoed—I aided—I surpassed them in volume and strength. I did this, and the clamorer grew still.

It was now midnight, and my task was drawing to a close. I had completed the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth tier. I had finished a portion of the last and the eleventh; there remained but a single stone to be fitted and plastered in.

I struggled with its weight; I placed it partially in its destined position. But now there came from out the niche a low laugh that erected the hairs upon my head. It was succeeded by a sad voice, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the noble Fortunato. The voice said—

"Ha! ha! ha!—he! he! he!—a very good joke indeed—an excellent jest. We will have many a rich laugh about it at the palazzo—he! he! he!—over our wine—he! he! he!"

"The Amontillado!" I said.

"He! he! he!—he! he! he!—yes, the Amontillado. But is it not getting late? Will not they be awaiting us at the palazzo—the Lady Fortunato and the rest? Let us be gone."

"Yes," I said, "let us be gone."

"*For the love of God, Montresor!*"

"Yes," I said, "for the love of God!"

But to these words I hearkened in vain for a reply. I grew impatient. I called aloud—

"Fortunato!"

No answer. I called again—

"Fortunato!"

No answer still. I thrust a torch through the remaining aperture and let it fall within. There came forth in return only a jingling of the bells. My heart grew sick—on account of the dampness of the catacombs. I hastened to make an end of my labor. I forced the last stone into its position; I plastered it up. Against the new masonry I reërected the old rampart of bones. For the half of a century no mortal has disturbed them. *In pace requiescat.*

SILENCE—A FABLE

The mountain pinnacles slumber; valleys, crags, and caves *are silent.*

"LISTEN to *me,*" said the Demon, as he placed his hand upon my head. "The region of which I speak is a dreary region in Libya, by the borders of the river Zäire. And there is no quiet there, nor silence.

"The waters of the river have a saffron and sickly hue; and they flow not onward to the sea, but palpitate forever and forever beneath the red eye of the sun with a tumultuous and convulsive motion. For many miles on either side of the river's oozy bed is a pale desert of gigantic water-lilies. They sigh one unto the other in that solitude, and stretch towards the heaven their long and ghastly necks, and nod to and fro their everlasting heads. And there is an indistinct murmur which cometh out from among them like the rushing of subterrene water. And they sigh one unto the other.

"But there is a boundary to their realm—the boundary of the dark, horrible, lofty forest. There, like the waves about the Hebrides, the low underwood is agitated continually. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And the tall primeval trees rock eternally hither and thither with a crashing and mighty sound. And from their high summits, one by one, drop everlasting dews. And at the roots strange poisonous flowers lie writhing in perturbed slumber. And overhead, with a rustling and loud noises, the gray clouds rush westwardly forever, until they roll, a cataract, over the fiery wall of the horizon. But there is no wind throughout the heaven. And by the shores of the river Zäire there is neither quiet nor silence.

"It was night, and the rain fell; and, falling, it was rain, but having fallen, it was blood. And I stood in the morass among the tall lilies, and the rain fell upon my head—and the lilies sighed one unto the other in the solemnity of their desolation.

"And, all at once, the moon arose through the thin ghastly mist, and was crimson in color. And mine eyes fell upon a huge gray rock which stood by the shore of the river, and

was lighted by the light of the moon. And the rock was gray, and ghastly, and tall—and the rock was gray. Upon its front were characters engraven in the stone; and I walked through the morass of water-lilies, until I came close unto the shore, that I might read the characters upon the stone. But I could not decipher them. And I was going back into the morass, when the moon shone with a fuller red, and I turned and looked again upon the rock, and upon the characters—and the characters were DESOLATION.

"And I looked upwards, and there stood a man upon the summit of the rock; and I hid myself among the water-lilies that I might discover the actions of the man. And the man was tall and stately in form, and was wrapped up from his shoulders to his feet in the toga of old Rome. And the outlines of his figure were indistinct—but his features were the features of a deity; for the mantle of the night, and of the mist, and of the moon, and of the dew, had left uncovered the features of his face. And his brow was lofty with thought, and his eye wild with care; and in the few furrows upon his cheek I read the fables of sorrow, and weariness, and disgust with mankind, and a longing after solitude.

"And the man sat upon the rock, and leaned his head upon his hand, and looked out upon the desolation. He looked down into the low, unquiet shrubbery, and up into the tall primeval trees, and up higher at the rustling heaven, and into the crimson moon. And I lay close within shelter of the lilies, and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude—but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"And the man turned his attention from the heaven, and looked out upon the dreary river Zäire, and upon the yellow ghastly waters, and upon the pale legions of the water-lilies. And the man listened to the sighs of the water-lilies, and to the murmur that came up from among them. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude—but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I went down into the recesses of the morass, and waded afar in among the wilderness of the lilies and called unto the hippopotami which dwelt among the fens in the recesses of the morass. And the hippopotami heard my call,

and came, with the behemoth, unto the foot of the rock, and roared loudly and fearfully beneath the moon. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude—but the night waned, and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I cursed the elements with the curse of tumult; and a frightful tempest gathered in the heaven, where before there had been no wind. And the heaven became livid with the violence of the tempest—and the rain beat upon the head of the man—and the floods of the river came down—and the river was tormented into foam—and the water-lilies shrieked within their beds—and the forest crumbled before the wind—and the thunder rolled—and the lightning fell—and the rock rocked to its foundation. And I lay close within my covert and observed the actions of the man. And the man trembled in the solitude—but the night waned and he sat upon the rock.

"Then I grew angry and cursed, with the curse of *silence,* the river, and the lilies, and the wind, and the forest, and the heaven, and the thunder, and the sighs of the water-lilies. And they became accursed, and *were still.* And the moon ceased to totter up its pathway to heaven—and the thunder died away—and the lightning did not flash—and the clouds hung motionless—and the waters sunk to their level and remained—and the trees ceased to rock—and the water-lilies sighed no more—and the murmur was heard no longer from among them, nor any shadow of sound throughout the vast illimitable desert. And I looked upon the characters of the rock, and they were changed—and the characters were SILENCE.

"And mine eyes fell upon the countenance of the man, and his countenance was wan with terror. And, hurriedly, he raised his head from his hand, and stood forth upon the rock and listened. But there was no voice throughout the vast illimitable desert, and the characters upon the rock were SILENCE. And the man shuddered, and turned his face away, and fled afar off, in haste, so that I beheld him no more."

* * * * * *

Now there are fine tales in the volumes of the Magi—in the iron-bound, melancholy volumes of the Magi. Therein, I say, are glorious histories of the Heaven, and of the Earth,

and of the mighty Sea—and of the Genii that overruled the sea, and the earth, and the lofty heaven. There was much lore too in the sayings which were said by the Sibyls; and holy, holy things were heard of old by the dim leaves that trembled around Dodona—but, as Allah liveth, that fable which the Demon told me, as he sat by my side in the shadow of the tomb, I hold to be the most wonderful of all! And as the Demon made an end of his story, he fell back within the cavity of the tomb and laughed. And I could not laugh with the Demon, and he cursed me because I could not laugh. And the lynx, which dwelleth forever in the tomb, came out therefrom, and lay down at the feet of the Demon, and looked at him steadily in the face.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED

From "The Murders in Rue Morgue."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair; but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Ourang-Outang. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or

rather in the morning, of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the key-hole of the closet. Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man for some moments was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house. Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Ourang-Outang as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive. A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accom-

plish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue. Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night-clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs towards the windows; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitations of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned. The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Ourang-Outang into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated

burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding down than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Ourang-Outang. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-Outang must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the *Jardin des Plantes*. Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two, about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen*. It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him especially for one master-stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity. I mean the way he has *'de nier ce qu'est et d'expliquer ce que n'est pas.'* "

LITERARY ESTIMATE OF HAWTHORNE

A Criticism of "Twice-Told Tales."

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation—in the composition of a rhymed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exalteration of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort—without a certain duration or repetition of purpose—the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water upon the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things—pungent and spirit-stirring—but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum,* and thus fail to satisfy the Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were we called upon, however, to designate that class of

composition, which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius—should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion—we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality*. Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, notify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading, would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fulness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or extrinsic influences—resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents; but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents—he then combines such events that may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one pre-established design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed, and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poet's highest idea—the idea of the Beautiful—the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or

expression which have their basis in Truth. But truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a table-land of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression—(the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added here, *par parenthèse,* that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect,* many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius; although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit—we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of "The Tales of a Traveller" of Washington Irving, and these "Twice-Told Tales" of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but, upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's Tales we would say, emphatically,

that they belong to the highest region of Art—an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretentions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these "Twice-Told Tales." As Americans we feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality—a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is but imperfectly understood. The inventive or original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of mind. Mr. Hawthorne is original at *all* points.

LETTER TO F. W. THOMAS

PHILADELPHIA, May 25, 1842.

MY DEAR THOMAS—Through an accident I have only just received yours of the 21st. Believe me, I never dreamed of doubting your friendship, or of reproaching you for your silence. I knew you had good reasons for it; and, in this matter, I feel that you have acted for me more judiciously, by far, than I should have done for myself. You have shown yourself, from the first hour of our acquaintance, that *rara avis in terris*—"a true friend." Nor am I the man to be unmindful of your kindness.

What you say respecting a situation in the Custom House here gives me new life. Nothing could more precisely meet my views. Could I obtain such an appointment, I would be enabled thoroughly to carry out all my ambitious projects. It would relieve me of all care as regards a mere subsistence, and thus allow me time for thought, which, in fact, is action. I repeat that I would ask for nothing farther or better than a situation such as you mention. If the salary will barely enable me to live I shall be content. Will you say as much for me to Mr. Tyler, and express to him my sincere gratitude for the interest he takes in my welfare?

The report of my having parted company with Graham is correct; although in the forthcoming June number there is no announcement to that effect; nor had the papers any authority for the statement made. My duties ceased with the May number. I shall continue to contribute occasionally. Griswold succeeds me. My reason for resigning was disgust with the namby-pamby character of the Magazine—a character which it was impossible to eradicate. I allude to the contemptible pictures, fashion-plates, music, and love-tales. The salary, moreover, did not pay me for the labour which I was forced to bestow. With Graham, who is really a very gentlemanly, although an exceedingly weak man, I had no misunderstanding. I am rejoiced to say that my dear little wife is much better, and I have strong hope of her ultimate recovery. She desires her kindest regards—as also Mrs. Clemm.

I have moved from the old place—but should you pay an unexpected visit to Philadelphia, you will find my address at Graham's. I would give the world to shake you by the hand; and have a thousand things to talk about which would not come within the compass of a letter. Write immediately upon receipt of this, if possible, and do let me know something of yourself, your own doings and prospects; see how excellent an example of egotism I set you. Here is a letter nearly every word of which is about myself or my individual affairs. You saw White—little Tom. I am anxious to know what he said about things in general. He is a *character* if ever one was. God bless you—

EDGAR A. POE.

JAMES KNOX POLK

[1795—1849]

J. M. McCONNELL

SINCE the days of Andrew Jackson, the Presidents of the United States have been, almost without exception, either military heroes swept into high civil office on a passing wave of popularity, or political party leaders who began at the bottom of the ladder in office-holding, and who, by faithfulness to their party and the support of its organization, have been elevated to the chair of Chief Executive. Few of them have been great statesmen. Our eleventh President, though a man of intellectual strength and practical ability, was no exception to the general rule and belongs to the second class.

James Knox Polk was born in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, November 2, 1795. He was the son of Samuel Polk and Jane Knox, both of Scotch-Irish descent. His paternal grandfather, Ezekiel Polk, and a great-uncle, Colonel Thomas Polk, were signers of the famous Mecklenburg Declaration of May 20, 1775, and the latter was generally recognized as the leading spirit in that daring movement. Following the tide of emigration which set in toward the West in the early part of the Nineteenth Century, Samuel Polk in 1806 moved with his family to the Duck River Valley, Tennessee. Here he engaged in farming and surveying, and was assisted in this work by his son, James Knox Polk. The boy showing himself of studious habits, his father encouraged his tastes in this direction, and after keeping him two years and a half at Murfreesborough Academy for preparation, entered him, in 1815, at the University of North Carolina. The future President's course in college was an entire success—earnestness, diligence, and thoroughness characterizing all his work. Three years after entrance, he was graduated at the head of his class and delivered the Latin salutatory oration. Proud of her distinguished son's achievements in later years, his *alma mater* conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. during his term as President of the United States.

The year following his graduation Mr. Polk began the study of law in the office of Felix Grundy, a prominent Democratic-Republican and a leader of the Tennessee Bar. During his two years' sojourn in Nashville, he made the acquaintance of General Andrew Jackson and was a frequent visitor at "The Hermitage." The two

men became fast personal and political friends and remained so throughout their careers. In the latter part of 1820 Mr. Polk was admitted to the practice of law in his State and, meeting with success from the start, rose rapidly in his profession.

Inclined toward politics, he became a candidate for the State Legislature, and having been elected served one term in this body. Two years later he was chosen to represent his district in the United States Congress, and so acceptable were his services in this capacity that he was "returned by the same constituency, for fourteen years in succession." In 1839 he voluntarily resigned to offer himself for the governorship of Tennessee.

Diligent application to all the business of the House, and a careful study of the subjects of legislation, soon made Mr. Polk a leader in Congress and brought him into numerous positions of influence. In December, 1827, he was appointed a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs and later, during the same session, was made chairman of a special committee selected to examine into the state of the United States Treasury, with special reference to the surplus accumulating there. He was put on the important Ways and Means Committee in 1832, and, after hearing the examination of the directors of the United States Bank conducted before this Committee, made some reputation for himself with the Jackson party by returning a minority report which strongly condemned the Bank's management. During the next session, as chairman of the committee, it fell to his lot to defend President Jackson and Secretary Taney for removing the Government deposits from the Bank; and on June 20, 1834, he made a speech in their defence which was probably his ablest effort while a member of the House. The speech shows a thorough study of the question discussed and was delivered in a clear, forceful style.

At the organization of the twenty-fourth Congress Mr. Polk was elected to the speakership over his colleague, John Bell, and two years later was again elected to the same position. Though lacking in some of the qualities of an ideal presiding officer, close application to the duties of his office, tact and a spirit of fairness made him in the main acceptable to the members. The excited discussions of the slavery question, and the right of petition occasioned by the presentation of abolition petitions to Congress, made his position an exceedingly difficult one to fill; and the failure of the Whigs to unite in the customary vote of thanks upon his retirement from the speakership was due more to bitter feeling between parties than to any personal fault of the Speaker.

In 1839 Mr. Polk was elected Governor of Tennessee and served one term. He was twice defeated in an effort at reëlection, first in

1841 and again in 1843. His inaugural upon taking the oath of office October 14, 1839, was an excellent statement of the interpretation put upon the National Constitution by the States' Rights Party. The leading policy of his administration as Governor was the matter of internal improvements by the State Government.

When the National Democratic Convention was assembled at Baltimore (May, 1844), the principal candidates for nomination by the party were Mr. Lewis Cass of Michigan and President Van Buren. A two-thirds majority rule was adopted for nomination, and upon the first ballot Mr. Van Buren received over half, but not quite two-thirds of the votes. Mr. Cass was then made the leading candidate, but Van Buren's supporters were unwilling to yield the nomination to him. Mr. Polk's name was proposed as a compromise between the two leaders, and upon the ninth ballot he was nominated. The Whig convention selected the brilliant Henry Clay as their standard-bearer. The Democrats adopted a platform declaring for the "re-occupation of Oregon and the reannexation of Texas," and the "jingo" phrase "fifty-four forty or fight" was the campaign cry. The result of the election gave Polk 170 electoral votes and Clay 105, Tennessee being among the States supporting the Kentuckian. Mr. Polk was inaugurated March 4, 1845.

The historian Bancroft, Secretary of the Navy in President Polk's Cabinet, says of his work as President: "His administration viewed from the standpoint of results was perhaps the greatest in our National history." His Vice-president, Mr. George M. Dallas, says of President Polk: "He left nothing unfinished; what he attempted, he did." A brief survey of our eleventh President's administration will, I think, prove the statement of his associates in office to be true. There were four purposes of his administration: The reëstablishment of the independent Treasury system which was inaugurated by President Van Buren, but had been repealed by the Whigs; a reduction of the high tariff of 1842; the settlement of the dispute between Great Britain and the United States over the Northwest boundary in such a way as to retain Oregon and yet avoid war with England; the defence of the claim of Texas to the territory lying between the Nueces and Rio Grande rivers, even to the point of war with Mexico, and in the latter event to indemnify ourselves with a generous slice of Mexican territory. How well all these plans were brought to a successful accomplishment is familiar to every student of American history. The Sub-Treasury system was quickly put into operation and has continued ever since; the protective tariff was reduced practically to a revenue basis, and the country entered upon a period of prosperity extending to the Civil War; the firm and dignified attitude of the President, who had to strengthen the hands of his timid

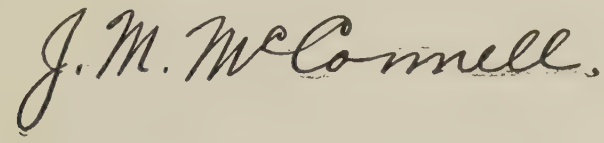
Secretary of State, Buchanan, forced Great Britain to a fair and amicable settlement of the Northwest boundary controversy.

The accomplishment of the fourth purpose of his administration was a more difficult task than the other three, and led to war with Mexico. Mr. Polk has been charged by some with forcing and waging a territorial war on a weaker nation. The facts in the case, however, would seem to discredit the charge. The real aggression against Mexico, if there was any at all, was in the annexation of Texas. Annexation having been accomplished, defence of Texan territory against Mexican invasion was an unavoidable National obligation. Burgess in "The Middle Period" says: "The fact is, it was a defensive war at the outset, and if the Mexicans were excited to their move across the Rio Grande by the appearance of United States troops on the northern bank, they had only to thank themselves for bringing them there by previously massing their own troops on the south bank." A cession of territory to indemnify the victorious nation for the expenses of the war, and to cover claims held against the conquered, is customary; and had the acquisition of new territory not added fuel to the burning slavery question the possibility is that no criticism of the terms of the treaty would have occurred.

As an administrator President Polk was firm, independent, and skilful, but he lacked breadth of vision and sympathy. Unquestionably he was influenced by his close friend and political associate, Andrew Jackson, and had imbibed some of his party narrowness. The feeling of personal responsibility for all departments of his administration, and lack of confidence in others, made the duties of Chief Executive unnecessarily burdensome to him. He died June 15, 1849, a few months after leaving office, worn out largely by ceaseless attention to the details of his administration.

Mr. Polk deserves to be classed as a successful rather than as a great man. He possessed an excellent but not a brilliant intellect, trained it thoroughly, was persevering of purpose, and made the very best use of his opportunities. A close student of party politics and measures, and a loyal supporter of Jackson's policies, he reaped the reward of his faithfulness. His career exemplifies the proverb: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." As a speaker he lacked the warmth that stirred; he appealed more to the reason than to the emotions, and convinced rather than enthused. He was wanting in powers of imagination and made little use of figurative language, but was always simple, clear, and forceful. The florid orators of his day would have done well to take lessons from his direct, straightforward method of speech. The title "Napoleon of the

stump," given to him by political admirers in his State, seems at this day to have been extravagant.



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GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS

From Jenkins's 'Life of James K. Polk.'

DEEPLY impressed with a sense of gratitude to my fellow-citizens for the confidence they have reposed in me by elevating me to the Chief Executive Office in the State, and duly sensible of the weight of responsibility which will devolve upon me, I enter upon the discharge of its duties firmly relying upon the coöperation of the coördinate departments of the State Government, in all such measures of public policy as may be calculated to maintain the high character of the State, and to advance and promote the interests, the happiness and prosperity of the people. A proper respect for public opinion, as well as a compliance with public expectation, seem to require that I should upon this occasion publicly declare the leading principles which I shall deem it proper to be observed in the conduct of the State Administration, so far as the action of the Executive branch may be concerned.

Under our happy system of Government, the ultimate and

supreme sovereignty rests in the people. The powers of government delegated by the people to their public functionaries, are by our constitution divided between the Federal and State authorities. The State Governments are not, as has been erroneously supposed by some, subordinate to the Federal Government. "They are coördinate departments of one simple and integral whole." The States have parted with certain enumerated and specified powers, and, by the Constitution of the United States, these are delegated to the Federal Government, and can only be rightfully exercised by that Government. "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." By the partition of powers thus distinctly defined, it is manifest that each government possesses powers which are withheld from the other. And so long as each acts within its legitimate and proper sphere, the system works harmoniously, and affords to the citizen a greater amount of security for life, liberty and property, and in the pursuit of happiness, than is to be found under any other government which has ever existed. When either overleaps the true boundary prescribed for its action, and usurps the exercise of powers properly belonging to the other, the harmony of the system is disturbed, and agitating collisions arise which are calculated to weaken the bonds of union. Whilst, therefore, the States should be jealous of every encroachment of the Federal Government on *their* rights, they should be careful to confine themselves in their own action to the exercise of powers clearly reserved to them.

It will, I do not doubt, be the patriotic desire of my constituents, as I know it will be mine, in the discharge of the functions to which I am called, that "the support of the State Governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns, and the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies," and that the "preservation of the General Government, in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet-anchor of our peace at home, and safety abroad," shall be scrupulously observed and inviolably maintained.

In ascertaining the true line of separation between the powers of the General Government and of the States, much difficulty has often been experienced in the operations of our

system. The powers delegated to the General Government are either express or implied. The general rule of construction laid down by the General Assembly of Virginia in 1799, may be regarded as a sound one by which to determine whether a given power has been delegated to that Government, or is reserved to the States. That rule is—"Whenever a question arises concerning the constitutionality of a particular power, the first question is, whether the power be *expressed* in the constitution. If it be, the question is decided. If it be not *expressed,* the next question must be, whether it is properly an *incident* to an expressed power, and *necessary* to its execution. If it be, it may be exercised by Congress. If it be not, Congress cannot exercise it." If the power be not *expressed,* it is not enough that it may be *convenient* or *expedient* to exercise it, for such a construction of the Constitution of the United States would refer its exercise to the unlimited and unrestrained discretion of Congress—to determine what would be *convenient* or *expedient;* thereby making the exercise of important powers, by the General Government, to depend upon the varying discretion of successive Congresses. It must be a *"necessary and proper"* power. It must be an *incident* to an *express* power, *"necessary and proper"* to carry that express power into effect, and, without which, it could not be exercised, and would be nugatory.

Mr. Jefferson, whose sound expositions of the relative powers of the Federal and State Governments but few of my constituents will be prepared at this day to question, near the close of a long and eventful life of public usefulness, declared "to be most false and unfounded, the doctrine that the compact, in authorizing its federal branch to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States, has given them thereby a power to do whatever *they* may think, or pretend, would promote the general welfare, which construction would make that, of itself, a complete government, without limitation of powers; but, that the plain sense and obvious meaning were, that they might levy the taxes necessary to provide for the general welfare, by the various acts of power therein specified and delegated to them, and by no others."

In all cases of well-founded constitutional doubt, it is safest and wisest for all the functionaries of government, both State and Federal, to abstain from the exercise of the doubtful power. In all such cases, it is both safest and wisest to appeal to the people, the only true source of power in the constitutional forms, by an amendment of the fundamental law, to remove such doubt, either by an enlargement, or a restriction of the doubtful power in question.

The Federal Government has at different times assumed, or attempted to exercise powers, which, in my judgment, have not been conferred upon that government by the compact. Among these, I am free to declare my solemn conviction that the Federal Government possesses no constitutional power to incorporate a National Bank. The advocates of a bank insist that it would be *convenient and expedient,* and that it would promote the "general welfare"; but they have, in my judgment, failed to show that the power to create it is either *expressly* granted, or that it is an *incident* to any *express* power, that is "necessary and proper" to carry that power into effect. The alarming dangers of the power of such a corporation (vast and irresponsible as experience has shown it to be) to the public liberty, it does not fall within the scope of my present purpose fully to examine. We have seen the power of associated wealth in the late Bank of the United States, wrestling with a giant's strength with the Government itself—and although finally overthrown it was not until after a long and doubtful contest. During the struggle, it manifested a power for mischief which it would be dangerous to permit to exist in a free country. The panic and alarm, the distress and extensive suffering, which in its convulsive struggle to perpetuate its power it inflicted on the country, will not soon be forgotten. Its notorious alliance with leading politicians, and its open interference by means of the corrupting power of money in the political contests of the times, has converted it into a political engine, used to control elections and the course of public affairs. No restraints of law could prevent any similar institution from being the willing instrument used for similar purposes. The State of Tennessee, through her Legislature, has repeatedly declared her settled opinions against the existence of such an institution, and at no time in its favor. She has in-

structed her Senators, and requested her Representatives in Congress to vote against the establishment of such an institution. In these opinions, heretofore expressed by the State, I entirely concur.

Of the same character is the power which at some time has been attempted to be exercised by the Federal Government, of first collecting by taxation on the people a surplus revenue beyond the wants of that Government, and then distributing such surplus, in the shape of donations, among the States; a power which has not been conferred on that Government by any express grant, nor is it an incident to any express power, "necessary and proper" for its execution. To concede such a power, would be to make the Federal Government the tax-gatherer of the States, and accustom them to look to that source from which to supply the State Treasuries, and to defray the expenses of the State Governments. It is clear that this constituted no one of the objects of the creation of the Federal Government; and to permit its exercise would be to reduce the States to the degraded condition of subordinate dependencies upon that Government, to destroy their separate and independent sovereignty, and to make the Government of the Union in effect a consolidation. The power to make provision for the support of its own Government, by the levy of the necessary taxes upon its own citizens, and the adoption of such measures of policy for its internal Government not inconsistent with the Federal Constitution, as may be deemed proper and expedient, "remains to each State among its domestic and unalienated powers exercisable within itself and by its domestic authorities alone."

A surplus Federal revenue, raised by means of a tariff of duties, must necessarily be collected in unequal proportions from the people of the respective States. The planting and producing States must bear the larger portion of the burden. It was this inequality which has heretofore given rise to the just complaints of these States, as also of the commercial interests, against the operations of a high and protective tariff. If the proceeds of the sales of the public lands be set apart for distribution among the States, as has been sometimes proposed, the operation and effect would be the same; for, by abstracting from the Federal Treasury the proceeds of the sales of the

public lands, a necessity is thereby created for an increased Tariff to the amount thus abstracted. To collect a surplus revenue by unequal taxation, and then to return to the people, by a distribution among the States, their own money, in sums diminished by the amount of the cost of collection and distribution, aside from its manifest injustice, is a power which it could never have been intended to confer on the Federal Government.

When, from the unforeseen operation of the revenue laws of the United States, a surplus at any time exists or is likely to exist in the Federal Treasury, the true remedy is, to reduce or to repeal the taxes so as to collect no more money than shall be absolutely necessary for the economical wants of that Government, and thus leave what would otherwise be surplus uncollected in the pockets of the people. The act of Congress of 1836, by which a large amount of the surplus on hand was distributed among the States, is upon its face a *deposit* and not a *donation* of the sums distributed. The States have become the debtors to the Federal Government for their respective proportions, and are subject to be called upon to refund it. Had the act provided for an absolute *donation* to the States, so palpable an infraction of the Constitution it is scarcely possible to conceive could have been sanctioned. By making it assume the form of a mere *deposit* of the money of the United States in the State Treasuries for safe-keeping until needed for public purposes, it became the law. Though it may not be probable that the sums distributed on deposit will be called for at an early period, if indeed they will ever be, unless in cases of exigencies growing out of a foreign war, yet the States should be at all times prepared to meet the call when made; and it will be unsafe for them to rely upon the sums they have received as a permanent fund. They should rather look to their own credit and resources in the accomplishment of their purposes.

It becomes the duty of all States, and especially of those whose constitutions recognize the existence of domestic slavery, to look with watchfulness to the attempts which have been recently made to disturb the rights secured to them by the Constitution of the United States. The agitation of the abolitionists can by no possibility produce good to any portion of the Union, and must, if persisted in, lead to incalculable mis-

chief. The institution of domestic slavery, as it existed at the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and as it still exists in some of the States, formed the subject of one of the compromises of opinion and of interest upon the settlement of which all the old States became parties to the compact and agreed to enter the Union. The new States were admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the old States, and are equally bound by the terms of the compact. Any attempt on the part of the Federal Government to act upon the subject of slavery, as it exists within the States, would be a clear infraction of the Constitution; and to disturb it within the District of Columbia, would be a palpable violation of the public faith, as well as of the clear meaning and obvious intention of the framers of the Constitution. They intended to leave, and they did in fact leave, the subject to the exclusive regulation and action of the States and Territories within which slavery existed or might exist. They intended to place, and they did in fact place it, beyond the pale of action within the constitutional power of the Federal Government. No power has been conferred upon the Federal Government, either by express grant or necessary implication, to take cognizance of, or in any manner or to any extent to interfere with, or to act upon the subject of domestic slavery, the existence of which in many of the States is expressly recognized by the Constitution of the United States.

Whether the agitation we have recently witnessed upon this delicate and disturbing subject has proceeded from a mistaken philanthropy, as may have been the case with a few misguided persons; or whether there is, I regret to say, but too much reason to fear, from a desire on the part of many persons, who manifest by their conduct a reckless disregard of the harmony of the Union and of the public good, to convert it into a political engine, with a view to control elections, its progress should be firmly resisted by all the constitutional means within the power of the State. The most casual observer of passing events cannot fail to have seen that modern Abolitionism, with rare and few exceptions among its advocates, has become, to a great extent, purely a political question. That many of the leading abolitionists are active political partisans, fully identified with, and constituting no inconsiderable part of, one of the

political parties of the country, can no longer admit of doubt. They address themselves to the prepossessions and prejudices of the community in which they live, against slavery in the abstract, and, availing themselves of these prepossessions and prejudices, are struggling to control political events. All the lovers of the Union of the States, and all patriotic citizens, whether of the slaveholding or non-slaveholding States, who are ardently attached to our free institutions, must view with indignant reprobation the use made of such an unholy agitation with such objects. The attempts made to introduce it for discussion into the Federal Legislature have been met in the proper spirit, not only by Southern Representatives, but by a large portion of the Northern delegation in Congress. It is fortunate for the country, that, in the midst of this agitation, there is at the head of the Federal Government a Chief Magistrate who, in the patriotic discharge of his high duties, has placed the seal of his unqualified condemnation upon any attempted action by Congress upon the subject of slavery in any manner, or to any extent whether existing within the States or within the District of Columbia. That he deserves and will receive the support of the States and of the people, in every portion of the Union, in maintaining his uncompromising and publicly declared determination to preserve inviolate the compromises of the Federal Constitution and the reserved rights of the slaveholding States on this subject, cannot be doubted.

EXTRACTS FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS

The most admirable and wisest system of well-regulated self-government among men, ever devised by human minds, has been tested by its successful operation for more than half a century; and, if preserved from the usurpations of the federal government on the one hand; and the exercise by the States of power not reserved to them on the other, will, I fervently hope and believe, endure for ages to come, and dispense the blessings of civil and religious liberty to distant generations. To effect objects so dear to every patriot, I shall devote myself with anxious solicitude. It will be my desire to guard against that most fruitful source of danger to the har-

monious action of our system, which consists in substituting the mere discretion and caprice of the executive, or of majorities in the legislative department of the government, for powers which have been withheld from the federal government by the constitution. By the theory of our government, majorities rule; but this right is not an arbitrary or unlimited one. It is a right to be exercised in subordination to the constitution, and in conformity to it. One great object of the constitution was to restrain majorities from oppressing minorities, or encroaching upon their just rights. Minorities have a right to appeal to the constitution, as a shield against such oppression.

That the blessings of liberty which our constitution secures may be enjoyed alike by minorities and majorities, the executive has been wisely invested with a qualified veto upon the acts of the legislature. It is a negative power, and is conservative in its character. It arrests for the time hasty, inconsiderate, or unconstitutional legislation; invites reconsideration, and transfers questions at issue between the legislative and executive departments to the tribunal of the people. Like all other powers, it is subject to be abused. When judiciously and properly exercised, the constitution itself may be saved from infraction, and the rights of all preserved and protected.

The inestimable value of our federal Union is felt and acknowledged by all. By this system of united and confederated States, our people are permitted, collectively and individually, to seek their own happiness in their own way; and the consequences have been most auspicious. Since the Union was formed, the number of States has increased from thirteen to twenty-eight; two of these have taken their position as members of the confederacy within the last week. Our population has increased from three to twenty millions. New communities and States are seeking protection under its aegis, and multitudes from the Old World are flocking to our shores to participate in its blessings. Beneath its benign sway, peace and prosperity prevail. Freed from the burdens and miseries of war, our trade and intercourse have extended throughout the world. Mind, no longer tasked in devising means to accomplish or resist schemes of ambition, usurpation, or conquest, is devoting itself to man's true interests, in developing his fac-

ulties and powers, and the capacity of nature to minister to his enjoyments. Genius is free to announce its inventions and discoveries; and the hand is free to accomplish whatever the head conceives, not incompatible with the rights of a fellow-being. All distinctions of birth or of rank have been abolished. All citizens, whether native or adopted, are placed upon terms of precise equality. All are entitled to equal rights and equal protection. No union exists between Church and State; and perfect freedom of opinion is guaranteed to all sects and creeds.

These are some of the blessings secured to our happy land by our federal Union. To perpetuate them, it is our sacred duty to preserve it. Who shall assign limits to the achievements of free minds and free hands, under the protection of this glorious Union? No treason to mankind, since the organization of society, would be equal in atrocity to that of him who would lift his hand to destroy it. He would overthrow the noblest structure of human wisdom, which protects himself and his fellow-man. He would stop the progress of free government, and involve his country either in anarchy or despotism. He would extinguish the fire of liberty which warms and animates the hearts of happy millions, and invites all the nations of the earth to imitate our example. If he say that error and wrong are committed in the administration of the government, let him remember that nothing human can be perfect; and that under no other system of government revealed by Heaven, or devised by man, has reason been allowed so free and broad a scope to combat error.

Has the sword of despots proved to be a safer or surer instrument of reform in government than enlightened reason? Does he expect to find among the ruins of this Union a happier abode for our swarming millions than they now have under it? Every lover of his country must shudder at the thought of the possibility of its dissolution, and will be ready to adopt the patriotic sentiment: "Our federal Union—it must be preserved." To preserve it, the compromise which alone enabled our fathers to form a common constitution for the government and protection of so many States, and distinct communities, of such diversified habits, interests and domestic institutions, must be sacredly and religiously observed. Any attempt to disturb or destroy these compromises, being terms

of the compact of Union, can lead to none other than the most ruinous and disastrous consequences.

It is a source of deep regret that, in some sections of our country, misguided persons have occasionally indulged in schemes and agitations, whose object is the destruction of domestic institutions existing in other sections—institutions which existed at the adoption of the constitution, and were recognized and protected by it. All must see that if it were possible for them to be successful in attaining their object, the dissolution of the Union, and a consequent destruction of our happy form of government, must speedily follow.

I am happy to believe, that at every period of our existence as a nation, there has existed, and continues to exist, among the great mass of our people, a devotion to the Union of the States, which will shield and protect it against the moral treason of any who would seriously contemplate its destruction. To secure a continuance of that devotion, the compromises of the constitution must not only be preserved, but sectional jealousies and heartburnings must be discountenanced; and all should remember that they are members of the same political family, having a common destiny. To increase the attachment of our people to the Union, our laws should be just. Any policy which shall tend to favor monopolies, or the peculiar interests of sections or classes, must operate to the prejudice of the interests of their fellow-citizens and should be avoided. If the compromises of the constitution be preserved—if sectional jealousies and heartburnings be discountenanced—if our laws be just, and the government be practically administered strictly within the limits of power prescribed to it—we may discard all apprehensions for the safety of the Union.

With these views of the nature, character, and objects of the government, and the value of the Union, I shall steadily oppose the creation of those institutions and systems which, in their nature, tend to pervert it from its legitimate purposes, and make it the instrument of sections, classes, and individuals. We need no National Bank, or other extraneous institutions, planted around the government to control or strengthen it in opposition to the will of its authors. Experience has taught us how unnecessary they are as auxiliaries of the public

authorities, how impotent for good and how powerful for mischief.

Ours was intended to be a plain and frugal government: and I shall regard it to be my duty to recommend to Congress and as far as the Executive is concerned, to enforce by all the means within my power, the strictest economy in the expenditure of the public money, which may be compatible with the public interests.

A national debt has become almost an institution of European monarchies. It is viewed in some of them, as an essential prop to existing governments. Melancholy is the condition of that people whose government can be sustained only by a system which periodically transfers large amounts from the labor of the many to the coffers of the few. Such a system is incompatible with the ends for which our republican government was instituted. Under a wise policy, the debts contracted in our revolution, and during the war of 1812, have been happily extinguished. By a judicious application of the revenues, not required for other necessary purposes, it is not doubted that the debt which has grown out of the circumstances of the last few years may be speedily paid off.

I congratulate my fellow-citizens on the entire restoration of the credit of the general government of the Union, and that of many of the States. Happy would it be for the indebted States if they were freed from their liabilities, many of which were incautiously contracted. Although the government of the Union is neither in a legal nor a moral sense bound for the debts of the States, and it would be a violation of our compact of Union to assume them, yet we can not but feel a deep interest in seeing all the States meet their public liabilities, and pay off their just debts, at the earliest practicable period. That they will do so, as soon as it can be done without imposing too heavy burdens on their citizens, there is no reason to doubt. The sound moral and honorable feeling of the people of the indebted States cannot be questioned; and we are happy to perceive a settled disposition on their part, as their ability returns, after a season of unexampled pecuniary embarrassment, to pay off all just demands, and to acquiesce in any reasonable measure to accomplish that object.

* * * * * *

The republic of Texas has made known her desire to come into our Union, to form a part of our confederacy, and to enjoy with us the blessing of liberty secured and guaranteed by our constitution. Texas was once a part of our country—was unwisely ceded away to a foreign power—is now independent, and possesses an undoubted right to dispose of a part or the whole of her territory, and to merge her sovereignty as a separate and independent State, in ours. I congratulate my country that, by an act of the last Congress of the United States, the assent of this government has been given to the reunion; and it only remains for the two countries to agree upon the terms, to consummate an object so important to both.

I regard the question of annexation as belonging exclusively to the United States and Texas. They are independent powers, competent to contract; and foreign nations have no right to interfere with them, or to take exceptions to their reunion. Foreign powers do not seem to appreciate the true character of our government. Our Union is a confederation of independent States, whose policy is peace with each other and all the world. To enlarge its limits, is to extend the dominion of peace over additional territories and increasing millions. The world has nothing to fear from military ambition in our government. While the chief magistrate and the popular branch of Congress are elected for short terms by the suffrages of those millions who must, in their own persons, bear all the burdens and miseries of war, our government cannot be otherwise than pacific. Foreign powers should, therefore, look on the annexation of Texas to the United States, not as the conquest of a nation seeking to extend her dominions by arms and violence, but as the peaceful acquisition of a territory once her own, by adding another member to our confederation, with the consent of that member—thereby diminishing the chances of war, and opening to them new and ever-increasing markets for their products.

To Texas the reunion is important, because the strong protecting arm of our government would be extended over her, and the vast resources of her fertile soil and genial climate would be speedily developed; while the safety of New Orleans, and of our southwestern frontier, against hostile aggression,

as well as the interest of the whole Union, would be promoted by it.

In the earlier stages of our national existence, the opinion prevailed with some, that our system of confederated States could not operate successfully over an extended territory, and serious objections have, at different times, been made to the enlargement of our boundaries. These objections were earnestly urged when we acquired Louisiana. Experience has shown that they were not well founded. The title of numerous Indian tribes to vast tracts of country has been extinguished. New States have been admitted into the Union; new territories have been created, and our jurisdiction and laws extended over them. As our population has expanded, the Union has been cemented and strengthened; as our boundaries have been enlarged, and our agricultural population has been spread over a large surface, our federative system has acquired additional strength and security. It may well be doubted whether it would not be in greater danger of overthrow, if our present population were confined to the comparatively narrow limits of the original thirteen States, than it is now that they are sparsely settled over an expanded territory. It is confidently believed that our system may be safely extended to the utmost bounds of our territorial limits; and that, as it shall be extended, the bonds of our Union, so far from being weakened, will become stronger.

None can fail to see the danger to our safety and future peace, if Texas remains an independent State, or becomes an ally or dependency of some foreign nation more powerful than herself. Is there one among our citizens who would not prefer perpetual peace with Texas, to occasional wars, which so often occur between bordering independent nations? Is there one who would not prefer free intercourse with her, to high duties on all our products and manufactures which enter her ports or cross her frontiers? Is there one who would not prefer an unrestricted communication with her citizens, to the frontier obstructions which must occur if she remains out of the Union? Whatever is good or evil in the local institutions of Texas, will remain her own, whether annexed to the United States or not. None of the present States will be responsible for them, any more than they are for the local

institutions of each other. They have confederated together for certain specified objects.

Upon the same principle that they would refuse to form a perpetual union with Texas, because of her local institutions our forefathers would have been prevented from forming our present Union. Perceiving no valid objection to the measure, and many reasons for its adoption, vitally affecting the peace, the safety, and the prosperity of both countries, I shall, on the broad principle which formed the basis, and produced the adoption of our constitution, and not in any narrow spirit of sectional policy, endeavor, by all constitutional, honorable, and appropriate means, to consummate the express will of the people and government of the United States, by the reannexation of Texas to our Union, at the earliest practicable period.

Nor will it become in a less degree my duty to assert and maintain, by all constitutional means, the right of the United States to that portion of our territory which lies beyond the Rocky Mountains. Our title to the country of the Oregon is "clear and unquestionable"; and already are our people preparing to perfect that title, by occupying it with their wives and children. But eighty years ago, our population was confined on the west by the ridge of the Alleghanies. Within that period—within the lifetime, I might say of some of my hearers—our people, increasing to many millions, have filled the eastern valley of the Mississippi; adventurously ascended the Missouri to its head springs; and are already engaged in establishing the blessings of self-government in valleys, of which the rivers flow to the Pacific. The world beholds the peaceful triumphs of the industry of our emigrants. To us belongs the duty of protecting them adequately, wherever they may be upon our soil. The jurisdiction of our laws, and the benefits of our republican institutions, should be extended over them in the distant regions which they have selected for their homes. The increasing facilities of intercourse will easily bring the States, of which the formation in that part of our territory cannot long be delayed, within the sphere of our federative Union. In the meantime, every obligation imposed by treaty or conventional stipulations, should be sacredly respected.

EDWARD ALFRED POLLARD

[1831—1872]

JAMES S. WILSON

WHEN Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy, there was gathered together on the staff of the *Examiner* a brilliant group of editorial writers, of whom John Daniel and E. A. Pollard plied, perhaps, the most trenchant pens. Bitter opposition to Jefferson Davis and extreme antagonism to the policies of his Cabinet, together with intense admiration for Generals Joseph E. Johnston, P. G. T. Beauregard, and Floyd, marked the editorials of the *Examiner,* and were also characteristic of the later attitude of its editors.

The birthplace of Edward Alfred Pollard was "Alta Vista" in Albemarle County, and the date of his birth February 27, 1831. His father, Major Richard Pollard, U.S.A., who was a Bachelor of Civil Law of the College of William and Mary, and his mother, Pauline Cabell, were the parents of a large family of children and were related to many of the most distinguished families of Virginia. From his ancestral home, young Pollard was sent successively to Hampden-Sidney College, the University of Virginia, and the College of William and Mary. He was at the University from 1847 to 1849, and on the fourteenth of October, 1850, was duly matriculated in the department of mental philosophy and law at the college in Williamsburg. The registration in his own handwriting gives his age as eighteen, a figure which does not accord with any of the years to which his birth has been ascribed. It is probable that in his earlier collegiate career Pollard had formed habits of gay living which were not acceptable to the discipline of a college, which then had for its president Johns, the Episcopal Bishop; for on October thirty-first he was "accused of improper conduct at the City Hotel." A little later, November nineteenth, he was, in the language of the faculty book and of Dogberry, given "leave to withdraw," and all his fees were ordered refunded. In the following January we find recorded in Bishop Johns's own handwriting, "an application was received from Mr. Pollard to be allowed to return to college. The faculty decided unanimously that his return would be inexpedient." Accordingly, he did not return, but his course was carried on in Baltimore.

Soon, however, he ended his chequered college career and engaged in journalistic work in California, in which State he remained

until 1855, when he went to Mexico and later to Nicaragua. After returning to the East for a short while, he sailed for Europe and then visited China and Japan. During the term of President Buchanan he was clerk of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives; but in 1860 he unequivocally avowed himself an ardent advocate of secession.

His work as an author of books was begun in 1859 with the publication of 'Black Diamonds.' These sketches of Virginia life were widely read and warmly praised, even by such men as Horace Greeley, to whom the second edition was dedicated.

Early in his life Pollard lost his young and beautiful wife, and the gloom which this grief brought into his life seems never entirely to have passed. After the war he was, however, married again. His second wife was Marie Antoinette Granier-Dowell, who had been divorced from her husband, James Dowell, soon after the outbreak of the war. During the sad days after his first wife's death, Pollard became deeply interested in religious matters, and was even admitted by Bishop William Meade of the Protestant Episcopal Church as a candidate for holy orders. The feelings of the time, however, became too tense for him to keep out of active participation in political matters, and in 1861 he joined the staff of the Richmond *Examiner,* continuing one of the principal editors until 1867.

He published 'Letters of the Southern Spy in Washington and Elsewhere,' in 1861, and spent much time in writing the 'Southern History of the War,' published in different forms in 1862-'64-'66.

On May 9, 1864, he secured passage on the English vessel *Greyhound,* meaning to run the blockade for England, where he intended to act as a kind of journalistic representative of the South. Unfortunately the *Greyhound* was stopped by the United States steamer *Connecticut* the day after sailing, and Pollard, suspected of being a spy, was sent to Fort Warren at Boston Harbor. From May twenty-ninth to August twelfth he was kept in close and rigorous confinement, in spite of appeals to the United States officials and the British representatives. At length, released on parole, he spent several months in Brooklyn, hoping to be exchanged, and at last was ordered to report to Fortress Monroe in Virginia. He reached there on the first day of December, and received the promise of General Butler that he should be speedily exchanged. Through misunderstanding or ill will at Washington, he was again thrown into prison and kept in solitary confinement until, by the intervention of General Butler, he was allowed to return to Richmond in January, 1865. In the same year he published in Richmond a vivid and caustic account of his

experiences, under the title, 'Observations in the North: Eight Months in Prison and on Parole.'

In 1866 was issued 'The Lost Cause,' a new version of his 'Southern History,' but entirely rewritten. He brought out in the next year a French edition of his 'Lost Cause' for Louisiana; and in the same year appeared 'Lee and his Lieutenants.' 'The Lost Cause Regained' followed in 1868, and in 1869 and 1870 were published the last of his books: 'The Life of Jefferson Davis' and a well written guide book, 'The Virginia Tourist.' In 1867 he also began in Richmond the publication of *Southern Opinion,* a periodical which lived for only two years; and during the presidential canvass of 1868 he established *The Political Pamphlet.*

A dark tragedy saddened his life in 1868; for his brother and co-editor, Henry Rives Pollard, was shot down on the streets of Richmond by James Grant. Soon after this event, E. A. Pollard removed to New York, and in that city and Brooklyn he spent the remainder of his life writing for the current periodicals. On December 12, 1872, at his brother Richard's home in Lynchburg, Edward Alfred Pollard died of Bright's disease after an illness extending over two years.

Few of Pollard's books have a real claim on the future. His 'Observations in the North' presents one or two vivid pictures, for example, the picturesque account of a breakfast with General Ben Butler; and in the 'Black Diamonds' are here and there glimpses of the real Southern negro; yet it is only by those books which were concerned with Southern political affairs that Pollard has left his impress on Southern thought.

The 'Southern History,' 'The Lost Cause,' and the 'Life of Jefferson Davis,' have exerted a considerable influence upon the ideas of men in regard to the Civil War and the causes of the failure of the Confederacy. 'The Lost Cause' is so similar both in treatment and in spirit to the 'Southern History' that they may be considered together. Though less partisan than the 'Life of Jefferson Davis,' both books express clearly enough their author's views on controversial subjects. The political and financial, as well as the martial, events of the war are carefully reviewed, and the writer places the censure for failures where he thinks censure to be due. He admires Lee and Jackson, Johnston and Floyd, but against the "President's Pets" he is merciless and even bitter.

The books are ponderous in size, yet there is the sustained interest throughout them of a well-told narrative. As authoritative, final history, they are too biased to be trusted far, but as contemporary history, full of personal feeling and exciting incident, yet

unburdened by too frequent anecdote, they are of value and importance.

The most vigorous, the most intense book written by Pollard is the 'Life of Jefferson Davis, with a Secret History of the Southern Confederacy.' The author was avowedly no friend of the man whose life he wrote; for in him he thought he saw the destroyer of the Confederacy. He thought that when President Davis was elected "a great cause was committed to an incompetent leader"; and throughout the war he most ill-advisedly, but scathingly and fearlessly, criticized the public actions of the Government and the private actions of Mr. Davis. When he undertook to write his life, though the ex-President was yet living, he did not modify the bitterness of his invective. He represented Mr. Davis as a scholarly student and an eloquent orator; but as a statesman, narrow and shallow, unjust to his enemies; and to his friends disposed to nepotism and partisanship, and inordinately ambitious.

Of the writers in the South during the war, E. A. Pollard was certainly one of the most virile. Though he lacked somewhat the elegant diction and crushing force which characterized the best of the writings of John M. Daniel, his chief on the *Examiner,* yet his style was marked by a directness and a lack of that straining after-effect which marred at times the over-fine expression of Daniel. At its best, his language is marked by a niceness of diction and a harmony of phrasing that prove the genuineness of his taste.

Of the Confederate cause, he said: "It has been called a 'rebellion,' but that is only a name, a vile wind, the hiss of a weak and toothless argument," and he writes with rare descriptive force when he depicts "the decisive moments that make victories."

He was too partisan to be a great historian. Intense in his feeling, ardent in the championship of his friends and heroes, he was frequently partial in his judgments; but, in spite of the errors of expression and statement that crept into his histories, when he gave his full power of expression and finish to his work, he was as an author a virile yet polished master of his style. Yet it is neither as the polished writer nor as the historian that he will most probably be remembered, but as the exponent of a point of view—as the voice of the opposition to the policies of President Davis and his Cabinet.

James Southall Wilson

JEFFERSON DAVIS AS AN ORATOR

From 'Life of Jefferson Davis.'

Mr. Davis's career in the Senate of the United States was not connected with the origination of any great public measure, and had but little of severely historical distinction. He was a quiet member, illustrating in that august assembly a fine eloquence, a studied and refined manner, and a habit rather scholarly than popular. . . . He had none of the original resources of a great genius, a creator; but he had a characteristically senatorial manner, a mind variously and richly stored from cultivated leisure, and an eloquence which was without parallel in his times, and, in fact, ascends to comparison with the best models in history of public and deliberative discourse. . . . The events of the past few years have not only made the name of Jefferson Davis familiar to the companies of statesmen and politicians; it has been introduced to the world of letters, and discussed there with an interest scarcely second to that it has inspired in the political circle. His exhibitions of scholarship, the fine literary effects of his style, his sonorous State papers, his skilled narration of the origin and conduct of the war, his powerful and sometimes splendid vindication with the pen of the cause of Southern Confederacy have made him, no matter whatever else of reputation he may have lost or diminished in the struggle, one of the first literary names in America. It has been said that his very numerous and full state papers would make a very ingenious history of the war. They might be collected in another interest, as a model of style, containing as they do, some of the best and most vigorous English extant in this corrupt literary period of the country, in which the language of our ancestors suffers so much from the zeal of Yankee reformers. But it is as an orator that we propose to regard Mr. Davis in this chapter—a view in which it is remarkable he has been scarcely considered by his countrymen, although discussed in so many respects, and surrounded and assailed by almost every weapon of criticism. Here his displays during the war were less frequent than with the pen; they were few and but very imperfectly reported; they were almost lost to fame in the dingy

records of the Confederate newspapers; but what of well-preserved record he has left, as an orator, in the Senate of the United States is sufficient, we think, to entitle him to a large measure of admiration, to repair, to some extent, other parts of his reputation, and to leave him with an honorable and not lightly adorned name to survive the misfortunes of his purely political career.

The Senate of the United States is undoubtedly the highest school of eloquence in America. It was in this school, where had reigned the triumvirate of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, where had been the theatre of the greatest and most dignified contests in American politics, where resided the memories of the country's greatest men, that Mr. Davis formed his style. It was a fit school. Of all the living orators of America, Mr. Davis was best suited to address a small and cultivated assembly. No one abhorred more than he did that vulgar and detestable style of eloquence, which the world is disposed to designate as peculiarly *American*, and of which exaggeration is the prevailing characteristic. His sober and classical speech had nothing in common with that Fourth-of-July oratory which captivates the masses; it rejected all extravagances; it had none of that rhetorical excess which has disfigured so many American statesmen. To those accustomed to the inflated style of the hustings and the extravagances of American oratory, it was indeed refreshing to listen to the polished yet forcible language of the Senator from Mississippi, to mark his apt political words, and to hear the hautboy tones of his rich and manly eloquence.

The qualities of Mr. Davis as an orator were of rare and cultivated type. His person realized all that the popular imagination pictured for an orator. His thin, spare figure, his almost sorrowful cast of countenance, composed, however, in an invariable expression of dignity, gave the idea of a body worn by the action of the mind, an intellect supporting in its prison of flesh the pains of constitutional disease, and triumphing over physical confinement and affliction. His cheek-bones were hollow; the vicinity of his mouth was deeply furrowed with intersecting lines; and the intensity of expression was rendered acute by angular facial outline. "In face and form," said one who frequently saw him in the Senate, "he

represents the Norman type with singular fidelity, if my conception of that type be correct." Observing him in a casual group of three of the then most distinguished public men of the South, sitting in abstracted conversation in the Chamber of the Senate, the same writer thus continues his description: "Davis sat erect and composed; Hunter, listening, rested his head on his hand; and Toombs, inclining forward, was speaking vehemently. Their respective attitudes were no bad illustration of their individuality. Davis impressed the spectator, who observed the easy but authoritative bearing with which he put aside or assented to Toombs' suggestions, with the notion of some slight superiority, some hardly acknowledged leadership; and Hunter's attentiveness and impassibility were characteristic of his nature, for his profundity of intellect wears the guise of stolidity, and his continuous industry that of inertia; while Toombs's quick utterance and restless head bespoke his nervous temperament and activity of mind."

Mr. Davis had a personal figure which was commanding in every attitude. His carriage was erect—there was a soldierly affectation, of which, indeed, the hero of Buena Vista gave evidence through his life, having the singular conceit that his genius was military, and fitter for arms than for the council. He had a precise manner, and an austerity that at first was forbidding; but he had naturally a fondness for society, and often displayed tenderness to those with whom he was intimate. When he spoke he was always self-possessed. His style as a speaker was very deliberate—sometimes with majestic slowness pouring out his wealth of language, and anon with low searching tones penetrating the ear even more distinctly than the strained utterance of other speakers. His voice was always clear and firm, without tremor; his elocution excellent. The matter of his speeches was invariably sound and sensible. A scholar, but not in the pedantic sense of the term; a man remarkable for the range of his learning, though making no pretentions to the doubtful reputation of the sciolist, his reading was classical and varied, his fund of illustration large, and his resources of imagery plentiful and always apposite.

But what was most remarkable in Mr. Davis' style of eloquence was a manner which we believe constitutes the highest

art of the orator—that of apparent *self-continence* in the expression of passion. It is by this peculiar manner, the appearance of suppressing the struggling emotions of the heart and only half speaking what is felt, that the consummate orator often conveys more of passion to his hearers than when his rage "wreaks itself upon expression," and is lost in the storm and multitude of words. It is a nice art—a magnetic power; and Mr. Davis, of all the speakers whom the author has ever heard in America, had it to perfection. He seldom stormed, he seldom spoke loudly or impetuously; but he often filled the hearts of his hearers with unspeakable passion, and captured their entire sympathies by that evidently forced moderation of tone and language which leaves to the power of *suggestion* much that expression declines to attempt, and is incapable of conveying.

There was another remarkable trait of Mr. Davis as an orator. His eloquence was haughty and defiant, and his manners singularly imperious. He spoke as one who would not brook contradiction, who delivered his statements of truth as if without regard to anything said to the contrary, and who disdained the challenges of debate. With an eye sometimes kindling like the light that blazed on "Diomed's crest," with a countenance engraven with passion; with a form erect but elastic, he presented the clear-cut, conspicuous front of a proud and dangerous antagonist. The author recollects him in one of the passages of the debate in the Senate on the famous Kansas bill, when he shone as the impersonation of defiant pride, and threw his haughty challenge in the face of a political enemy. Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, had twitted some of his Democratic friends for what he declared their alleged defection, and had promised certain conditions to them when he was able to dictate their restoration to the party. Mr. Davis rose suddenly to his feet, with erect and dilated figure, and, striking his breast, exclaimed proudly and passionately: "*I scorn your quarter!*"

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS

From 'The Lost Cause.'

THE sun of the twenty-first of July rose with more than usual splendor. It was a calm Sabbath morning. The measured sounds of artillery told that both armies were on the alert. Smoke curling away from the cannon's mouth rose slowly into the air; glistening masses of troops could be seen on the distant landscape, and far away in the west rose the dark outline of the Blue Ridge, which enclosed, as an amphitheatre, the woods and hollows, the streams and open spaces of Manassas Plain.

The night before the battle Gen. Beauregard had decided to take the offensive. Gen. Johnston had arrived during the day, but only with a portion of the Army of the Shenandoah; five thousand of his men having been detained on the railroad for want of transportation. It was determined that the two forces, less than thirty thousand effective men of all arms, should be united within the lines of Bull Run, and thence advance to the attack of the enemy, before Patterson's junction with McDowell, which was daily expected. But a battle was to ensue, different in place and circumstances from any previous plan on the Confederate side.

The Confederate army was divided into eight brigades, stretching for eight or ten miles along the defensive line of Bull Run. The right of the line was much stronger than the left, in position and numbers; the extreme left at Stone Bridge being held by Colonel Evans with only a regiment and battalion. It had been arranged by McDowell, the Federal commander, that the first division of his army, commanded by Gen. Tyler, should take position at Stone Bridge, and feign an attack upon that point, while the second and third divisions were, by routes unobserved by the Confederates, to cross the run, and thus effect a junction of three formidable divisions of the grand army, to be thrown upon a force scattered along the stream for eight miles, and so situated as to render a concerted movement on their part impracticable.

A little after sunrise the enemy opened a light cannonade upon Col. Evans's position at Stone Bridge. This continued

for an hour, while the main body of the enemy was marching to cross Bull Run, some two miles above the Confederate left. Discovering, to his amazement, that the enemy had crossed the stream above him, Col. Evans fell back. As the masses of the enemy drew near, military science pronounced the day lost for the Confederates. They had been flanked by numbers apparently overwhelming. That usually fatal and terrible word in military parlance—"*flanked*"—may be repeated with emphasis.

It is true that Col. Evans, who had held the position at Stone Bridge, where the enemy's feint was made, had discovered the nature of that demonstration in time to form a new line of battle, as the main body of the enemy emerged from the "Big Forest," where it had worked its way along the tortuous, narrow track of a rarely-used road. But the column that crossed Bull Run numbered over sixteen thousand men of all arms. Col. Evans had eleven companies and two field-pieces. Gen. Bee, with some Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi troops, moved up to his support. The joint force was now about five regiments and six field-pieces. That thin line was all that stood between sixteen thousand Federals and victory. It is wonderful that this small force of Confederates should have, for the space of an hour, breasted the unremitting battle-storm, and maintained for that time odds almost incredible. But they did it. It was frequently said afterwards by military men, in Richmond that the Confederates had been whipped, but that the men in the novelty of their experience of a battlefield, "did not know it."

But at last the blended commands of Bee and Evans gave way before the surging masses of the enemy. The order for retreat was given by General Bee. The Confederates fell back sullenly. Their ranks were fast losing cohesion; but there was no disorder; and, at every step of their retreat, they stayed, by their hard skirmishing, the flanking columns of the enemy. There were more than five-fold odd against them. The enemy now caught the idea that he had won the day; the news of a victory was carried to the rear; the telegraph flashed it to all the cities in the North, and before noon threw Washington into exultations.

General Bee had a soldier's eye and a recognition of the

situation. The conviction shot through his heart that the day was lost. As he was pressed back in rear of the Robinson House, he found Gen. Jackson's brigade of five regiments ready to support him. It was the timely arrival of a man who, since that day, never failed to be in the front of a battle's crisis, and to seize the decisive moments that make victories. Gen. Bee rushed to the strange figure of the Virginia commander, who sat his horse like marble, only twisting his head in a high black stock, as he gave his orders with stern distinctness. "General," he pathetically exclaimed, "they are beating us." "Then, sir," replied Jackson, "we'll give them the bayonet." The words were as a new inspiration. Gen. Bee turned to his over-tasked troops, exclaiming, "There are Jackson and his Virginians standing like a *stone wall*. Let us determine to die here and we will conquer."

In the meantime, where were the Confederate Generals—Beauregard and Johnston? They were four miles away. Gen. Beauregard had become involved in a series of blunders and mishaps, such as had been seldom crowded into a single battle-field. In ignorance of the enemy's plan of attack, he had kept his army posted along Bull Run for more than eight miles, waiting for his wily adversary to develop his purpose to him. He had, at an early hour of the morning, determined to attack with his right wing and centre on the enemy's flank and rear at Centreville, with precautions against the advance of his reserves from the direction of Washington. Even after his left flank had been so terribly engaged, he supposed that this movement would relieve it; and in his official report of the action, he writes: "By such a movement, I confidently expected to achieve a complete victory for my country by 12 o'clock, M."

It was half-past ten in the morning when Gen. Beauregard learned that his orders for an advance on Centreville had miscarried. He and Gen. Johnston had taken position on a commanding hill, about half a mile in the rear of Mitchell's Ford, to watch the movements of the enemy. While they were anxiously listening there for sounds of conflict from the Confederate front at Centreville, the battle was bursting and expending its fury upon their left flank. From the hill could be witnessed the grand diorama of the conflict. The roar of

artillery reached there like protracted thunder. The whole valley was a boiling crater of dust and smoke. The enemy's design could be no longer in doubt; the violent firing on the left showed, at last, where the crisis of the battle was; and now immense clouds of dust plainly denoted the march of a large body of troops from the Federal centre.

Not a moment was now to be lost. It was instantly necessary to make new combinations, and these the most rapid, to meet the enemy on the field upon which he had chosen to give battle. It was evident that the left flank of the Confederates was being overpowered. Dashing on at a headlong gallop, Gens. Beauregard and Johnston reached the field of action, in the rear of the Robinson House, just as the command of Bee and Evans had taken shelter in a wooded ravine, and Jackson's brigade had moved up their left, to withstand the pressure of the enemy's attack. It was a thrilling moment. Gen. Johnston seized the colours of the 4th Alabama regiment, and offered to lead the attack. Gen. Beauregard leaped from his horse, and turning his face to his troops, exclaimed: "I have come here to die with you."

In the meantime the Confederate reserves were rapidly moving up to support the left flank. The movement of the right and centre, begun by Jones and Longstreet, was countermanded. Holmes's two regiments and a battery of artillery of six guns, Early's brigade and two regiments from Bonham's brigade, with Kemper's four six-pounders were ordered up to support the left flank. The battle was re-established; but the aspect of affairs was yet desperate in the extreme. Confronting the enemy's attack Gen. Beauregard had as yet not more than sixty-five hundred infantry and artillerists, with but thirteen pieces of artillery, and two companies of cavalry. Gens. Ewell, Jones (D. R.), Longstreet and Bonham had been directed to make a demonstration to their several fronts, to retain and engross the enemy's reserves and forces on their flank, and at and around Centreville. Gen. Johnston had left the immediate conduct of the field to Beauregard, and had gone in the direction of the Lewis House, to urge reinforcements forward.

The battle was now to rage long and fiercely on the plateau designated by the two wooden houses—the Henry and Robin-

son House—which stood upon it. Gen. Beauregard determined to repossess himself of the position, and formed his line for an assault; his right rushed to the charge, while his centre, under Jackson, pierced that of the enemy. The plateau was won, together with several guns; but the enemy threw forward a heavy force of infantry, and again dispossessed the Confederates. It was evident that the latter were being slowly overpowered by the weight of numbers. A force, estimated at twenty thousand infantry, seven companies of cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of artillery were bearing hotly and confidently down on their position, while perilous and heavy reserves of infantry and artillery hung in the distance.

It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon. Fortunately the reinforcements pushed forward, and directed by Gen. Johnston to the required quarter, were at hand just as Gen. Beauregard had ordered forward a second effort for the recovery of the disputed plateau. The brigades of Holmes and another were put in a line. Additional pieces of artillery came dashing up, and a new inspiration seemed to be caught by the Confederates. The line swept grandly forward; shouts ran along it; and steadily it penetrated the fire of the enemy's artillery. The whole open ground was again swept clear of the enemy; but it was strewn with the evidences of a terrible carnage. Gen. Bee had fallen near the Henry House, mortally wounded. A little further on, Col. Bartow, of Georgia had fallen, shot through the heart—and one of the bravest and most promising spirits of the South was there quenched in blood. But the tide of fortune had changed; the plateau was now firmly in our possession; and the enemy, driven across the turnpike and into the woods, was visibly disorganized.

But there were to be three stages in the battle of Manassas. We have already described two: the enemy's flank movement and momentary victory, and the contest for the plateau. The third was now to occur; and the enemy was to make his last attempt to retrieve the fortune of the day.

His broken line was rapidly rallied. He had re-formed to renew the battle, extending his right with a still wider sweep to turn the Confederate left. It was a grand spectacle, as this crescent outline of battle developed itself, and threw forward on the broad, gentle slopes of the ridge occupied by its clouds

of skirmishers, while as far as the eye could reach, masses of infantry and carefully-preserved cavalry stretched through the woods and fields.

But while the Federals rallied their broken line, under the shelter of fresh brigades, and prepared for the renewal of the struggle, telegraphed signals from the hills warned Gen. Beauregard to "look out for the enemy's advance on the left." At the distance of more than a mile, a column of men was approaching. At their head was a flag which could not be distinguished; and even with the aid of a strong glass, Gen. Beauregard was unable to determine whether it was the Federal flag or the Confederate flag—that of the Stripes or that of the Bars. "At this moment," said Gen. Beauregard, in speaking afterwards of the occurrence, "I must confess my heart failed me. I came, reluctantly, to the conclusion that, after all our efforts, we should at last be compelled to leave to the enemy the hard-fought and bloody-field. I again took the glass to examine the flag of the approaching column; but my anxious inquiry was unproductive of result—I could not tell to which army the waving banner belonged. At this time all the members of my staff were absent, having been dispatched with orders to various points. The only person with me was the gallant officer who has recently distinguished himself by a brilliant feat of arms—General, then Colonel, Evans. To him I communicated my doubts and my fears. I told him that I feared the approaching force was in reality Patterson's division; that, if such was the case, I would be compelled to fall back upon our reserves, and postpone, until the next day, a continuation of the engagement."

Turning to Col. Evans, the anxious commander directed him to proceed to Gen. Johnston, and request him to have his reserves collected in readiness to support and protect a retreat. Col. Evans had proceeded but a little way. Both officers fixed one final, intense gaze upon the advancing flag. A happy gust of wind shook out its folds, and Gen. Beauregard recognized the Stars and Bars of the Confederate banner! At this moment an orderly came dashing forward. "Col. Evans," exclaimed Beauregard, his face lighting up, "ride forward, and order General Kirby Smith to hurry up his command, and strike them on the flank and rear!"

It was the arrival of Kirby Smith with a portion of Johnston's army left in the Shenandoah Valley, which had been anxiously expected during the day, and now cheer after cheer from regiment to regiment announced his welcome. As the train approached Manassas with some two thousand infantry, mainly of Elzey's brigade, Gen. Smith knew, by the sounds of firing, that a great struggle was in progress, and, having stopped the engine, he had formed his men, and was advancing rapidly through the fields. He was directed to move on the Federal left and centre. At the same time, Early's brigade, which had just come up, was ordered to throw itself upon the right flank of the enemy. The two movements were made almost simultaneously, while Gen. Beauregard himself led the charge in front. The combined attack was too much for the enemy. The fact was that his troops had already been demoralized by the former experiences of the day; and his last grand and formidable array broke and crumbled into pieces under the first pressure of the assault. A momentary resistance was made on a rising ground in the vicinity of what was known as the Chinn House. As the battle surged here, it looked like an island around which flames were gathered in all directions. The enemy was appalled. He had no fresh troops to rely on; his cannon were being taken at every turn; lines were no sooner formed than the Confederates broke them again; they gave way from the long-contested hill; the day was now plainly and irretrievably lost.

As the enemy was forced over the ridge or narrow plateau, his former array scattered into flight, spreading each moment, until the fields were soon covered with the black forms of flying soldiers. But in this general and confused rout a singular panic penetrated, as by a stroke of lightning, and rifted the flying army into masses of mad and screaming fugitives. As the retreat approached Cub Run bridge, a shot from Kemper's battery took effect upon the horses of a team that was crossing; the wagon was overturned in the centre of the bridge, and the passage obstructed; and at once, at this point of confusion, the Confederates commenced to play their artillery upon the train carriages and artillery wagons, reducing them to ruins. Hundreds of flying soldiers were involved in the common heap of destruction; they dashed down

the hill in heedless and headlong confusion; the main passage of retreat was choked; and for miles the panic spread, flying teams and wagons confusing and dismembering every corps, while hosts of troops, all detached from their regiments, were mingled in one disorderly rout. Vehicles tumbled against each other; riderless horses galloped at random; the roar of the flight was heard for miles through clouds of dust; and as the black volume of fugitives became denser, new terrors would seize it, which called for agonizing efforts at extrication, in which horses trampled on men, and great wheels of artillery crushed out the lives of those who fell beneath them.

CHARCOAL SKETCHES

From 'Black Diamonds.'

When I was last through the country here, I made the acquaintance of a very old "Guinea negro," Pompey by name, who had been imported at an early age from the African coast; and a livelier, better dispositioned and happier old boy I have never met with. The only marks of African extraction which Pompey retained in his old age, were that he would talk Guinea "gibberish" when he got greatly excited, and that he used occasionally some curious spells and superstitious appliances, on account of which most of the negroes esteemed him a great "conjurer." Pompey is a very queer old fellow, and his appearance and wonderful stories inspire the young with awe. He looks like a little, withered old boy; and the long fantastic naps of his wool give him a mysterious air. According to his story, he once traveled to Chili through a subterranean passage of thousands of miles. He also is occasionally bribed to exhibit to his young mass'rs the impression of a ring around his body, apparently produced by the hug of a good strong rope, but which he solemnly avers was occasioned by his having stuck midway in a keyhole, when the evil witches were desperately attempting to draw him through that aperture.

Pompey had married a genteel slavewoman, a maid to an old lady of one of the first families of Carolina, and lived very unhappily with his fine mate, because she could not

understand "black folks' ways." It appears that Pompey frequently had recourse to the black art to inspire his wife with more affection for him; and having in his hearing dropped the remark, jokingly, one day, that a good whipping made a mistress love her lord the more, I was surprised to hear Pompey speak up suddenly, and with solemn emphasis, "Mass'r Ed'rd, I b'leve dar *is* sumthin' in dat. When de 'ooman get *ambitious*"—he means high-notioned and passionate—"de debble is sot up against you, and no use to honey dat chile; you jest got to beat him out, and he bound to come out 'fore the breath come out, anyhow." I am inclined to recommend Pompey's treatment for all "ambitious" negroes, male or female.

By way of parenthesis, I must tell you how Pompey's mistress scolds him. He is so much of a boy, that she has imperceptibly adopted a style of quizzing him and holding him up to ridicule, to which he is very sensitive. I will just note the following passage between the two: In the absence of the butler, Pompey is sometimes called to the solemn office of waiting on the table, at which elevation he is greatly pleased. Imagine the scene of a staid and orderly breakfast, attending on which is Pompey, having a waiter tucked with great precision under his arm, and presenting the appearance of a most complacent self-consequence. Unluckily, however, making some arrangement in the pantry, he produces a nervous jostle of china. "Pompey, Pompey," cries his mistress, "what are you doing? Ah, Pompey, you are *playing with the little mice,* ain't you?" Pompey, in a fluster of mortification at this accusation, denies playing with "little mice." "Ah, yes, Pompey, I know you want to have a little play—here, Martha, Sally, take Pompey out into the yard and let him play!" The two maid-servants approach poor old uncle Pompey in a most serious manner, to take him out to play, but he shoves them aside, and crestfallen, and with bashful haste, retreats from the room; while the two women solemnly keep alongside of him, as if really intent upon the fulfilment of the orders of their mistress to put the old fellow through a course of gambolling on the green.

Pompey is greatly cut up by such scoldings; and to be

made a jest of before the genteeler and more precise servants is his especial punishment and pain in this world.

I must confess for myself a strong participation in Pompey's contempt for "town negroes." Whenever he espies a sable aristocrat, he uses the strongest expression of disgust, "dam jumpy fish," etc.; and then he will discourse of how a good negro should do his work soberly and faithfully, illustrating the lesson always by indicating what he does, while Henry a more favored slave, has nothing, according to Pompey's account, to do, but to recline in an easy chair and eat "cake." I agree with Pompey, as to what constitutes a useful and respectable negro, and tell him that we shall have some such from the country from which he came, at which prospect he is greatly pleased. "Ah, Mass'r," says he, "dat is de nigger dat can do your work; he de chile dat can follow arter de beast, like dis here," tugging away and gee-hawing while he speaks, at the hard mouth of a stupid mule, with which he is plowing in the garden. "But I tells you what, Mass'r Ed'rd," continues Pompey, impressively, "no matter how de dam proud black folks hold der head up, and don't love de mule, and don't love de work, and don't love nothing but de ownselves, I tells you what, I ain't but nigger nohow; and I tells you, and I tells 'em all, *de nigger and de mule am de axle-tree* of de world."

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The religious element is very strong in Aunt Debby's character, and her *repertoire* of pious minstrelsy is quite extensive. Her favorite hymn is in the following words, which are repeated over and over again:

> Oh run, brother, run! Judgment day is comin'!
> Oh run, brother, run! Why don't you come along?
> The road so rugged, and the hill so high—
> And my Lord call me home,
> To walk the golden streets of my New Jerusalem.

Aunt Debby's religion is of that sort—always begging the Lord to take her up to glory, and professing the greatest anxiety to go *right now!* This religious enthusiasm, however, is not to be taken at its word.

You have doubtless heard the anecdote of Cæsar, which

is too good not to have been told more than once; though even if you have heard the story before, it will bear repetition for its moral. Now, Cæsar one day had caught it, not from Brutus, but from Betty—an allegorical coquette in the shape of a red cowhide. On retiring to the silence of his cabin at night, Cæsar commenced to soliloquize, rubbing the part of his body where the castigation had been chiefly administered, and bewailing his fate with tragic desperation, in the third person. "Cæsar," said he, "most done gone—don't want to live no longer! Jist come, good Lord, swing low the chariot, and take dis chile away! Cæsar ready to go—he *wants* to go!" An irreverent darkey outside, hearing these protestations, tapped at the door. "Who dar?" replied Cæsar, in a low voice of suppressed alarm. "De angel of de Lord come for Cæsar, 'cordin' to request." The dread summons had indeed come, thought Cæsar; but blowing out the light with a sudden whiff, he replied in an unconcerned tone, "*De nigger don't live here.*"

There is one other trait wanting to complete Aunt Debby's character. Though at an advanced age, she is very coquettish; and keeps up a regular assault on a big lout of the name of Sam, whom she affects to despise as "jist de meanest nigger de Lord ever put breath in." I overheard some words between them last holiday. "I'se a white man to-day," says Sam, "and I'se not gwine to take any of your imperence, old 'ooman;" at the same time, taking the familiar liberty of poking his finger into her side like a brad-awl. "Get 'long, Sa—tan!" replied Aunt Debby, with a shove, but a smile at the same time, to his infernal majesty. And then they both fell to laughing for the space of half a minute, although I must confess, that I could not understand what they were laughing at.

Aunt Debby may serve you, my dear C., as a picture of the happy, contented, Southern slave. Some of your Northern politicians would represent the slaves of the South as sullen, gloomy, isolated from life—in fact, pictures of a living death. Believe me, nothing could be further from the truth. Like Aunt Debby, they have their little prides and passions, their amusements, their pleasantries, which constitute the same sum of happiness as in the lives of their masters.

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

[1871—]

JOHN A. HOWARD

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST was born in the County of Harrison, in the State of West Virginia, April 19, 1871. He spent his youth on the cattle ranges of his father, the Honorable Ira Carper Post. Here he had the big, open, virile life, upon which he drew for so much rich incident in his later romance of this country. He was educated at the University of West Virginia, taking there both the academic and law degrees, and winning successively the annual honors for declamation, oration, and debate.

His taste for creative fiction was then to be observed. Like Guy de Maupassant, he wrote stories and tales, and like Guy de Maupassant, he destroyed them. Of all these earlier efforts no one of them was ever offered to a printer, and no one of them remains.

Immediately after his graduation he was selected to present the name of a prominent gubernatorial candidate to the Democratic State Convention at Parkersburg. This speech so impressed the Convention that he was placed on the National ticket as a Presidential elector. He was elected and sat in the Electoral College as its secretary—the youngest member ever chosen to that body.

After the Presidential campaign he formed a partnership with the prosecuting attorney of Ohio County at Wheeling, and for several years assisted at the trial of every sort of criminal case. He made a profound study of crimes. The result of this study was the conception of that strange, original, fascinating character, Randolph Mason, and the volume of stories involving him as a central figure, a great legal misanthrope without moral sense, who believed that all wrongs, even murder, could be committed in such a manner that before the law they were not crimes.

In the clean-cut introduction to this book, 'The Strange Schemes of Randolph Mason,' Mr. Post tells us how he came to discover this new, wholly virgin, literary field and how he came to create Randolph Mason. "The high ground of the field of crime has not been explored; it has not even been entered. The book-stalls have been filled to weariness with tales based upon plans whereby the *detective* or *ferreting* power of the State might be baffled. But, prodigious marvel! no writer has attempted to construct tales based upon plans whereby the *punishing* power of the State might be baffled.

"All wrongs are not crimes. Indeed only those wrongs are crimes in which certain technical elements are present. The law provides a Procrustean standard for all crimes. Thus a wrong, to become criminal, must fit exactly into the measure laid down by the law, else it is no crime; if it varies never so little from the legal measure, the law must, and will, refuse to regard it as criminal, no matter how injurious a wrong it may be. There is no measure of morality, or equity, or common right that can be applied to the individual case. The gauge of the law is iron bound. The wrong measured by this gauge is either a crime or it is not. There is no middle ground.

"Hence it is, that if one knows well the technicalities of the law, one may commit horrible wrongs that will yield all the gain and all the resulting effect of the highest crimes, and yet the wrongs perpetrated will constitute no one of the crimes described by the law. Thus the highest crimes, even murder, may be committed in such manner that although the criminal is known and the law holds him in custody, yet it cannot punish him."

The author tells us that in order properly to develop these legal problems he required a central figure, and that in the construction of this central figure he had the greatest difficulty. The figure must of necessity be a lawyer of shrewdness and ability. And he says: "Here a grave difficulty presented itself. No attorney, unless he were a superlative knave, could be presumed to suggest the committing of wrongs entailing grievous injury upon innocent man. Hence the necessity for a character who should be without moral sense and yet should possess all the requisite legal acumen. Such a character is Randolph Mason."

The book has gone through thirteen editions. Two or three great criminal cases, like that of Leutgert in Chicago and Thorne's case in New York, brought the book into wide discussion and startlingly verified one of the stories in the volume, "The Corpus Delicti." The book at once gave Mr. Post a position among American writers. To discover in an imitative age a new character and a new untrodden field was no little achievement.

Aside from its literary value, the book has found its way into almost every Eastern law school as a parallel reading. It has continued since its publication to receive always a higher estimate. Its proper place in literature has been finally indicated by the *Review of Reviews*. When the board of editors of that discriminating periodical undertook to collect from the literature of every country the mystery stories of that language which by the consensus of opinion were considered to be masterpieces, they included Mr. Post's story, "The Corpus Delicti," in the American volume, along with Poe's "The Gold Bug" and Washington Irving's "Wolfert Webber."

The first book was followed a year or two later by a second, 'The Man of Last Resort.' In these volumes the author dealt principally with crimes. He showed how all crimes, including forgery, robbery, false pretence, embezzlement, and even murder, were technical conceptions of the law, which Randolph Mason could so handle that although the criminal was known and the law held him in custody, yet it could not punish him.

The author's third book, 'Dwellers in the Hills,' is a romance of the old West Virginia cattle country, in which his youth was passed. Mr. Post felt that the curious, distinctive life of this Southern border ought somehow to be preserved. It was the oldest cattle land in America, and differed wholly from the Western life so common in fiction. It was full of ancient customs and incrusted with a folk-lore and traditions all its own. It was in fact a civilization apart. His great-grandfather had crossed the Alleghanies into these beautiful hills from an Eastern State that did not please him. He came like some feudal baron, with retainers, armed with the heavy hunting-rifle and carrying silver loaded on a pack-horse. With this silver he bought from the pioneer great tracts of the fertile grass land lying along the Buckhannon River, and established a cattle business. The herds were driven across the mountains to Baltimore, and from this beginning a big, robust, richly colored civilization grew that has no counterpart anywhere in America.

Here again Mr. Post entered an undiscovered literary field. The West had been tramped and re-tramped by the "copy" hunters, but here was an ancient civilization of which no writer had ever heard. The story moves swiftly. It covers merely three days of stress. But in spite of this movement the style of the story is a perpetual pleasure. There is caught in this style, as by some witchery, the dreamy, alluring atmosphere of the green sod, the bright rivers, and the haze of the hills. There is in it, too, the big, virile emotions of that land, the old weird tales, the fairy things that inhabit and the dread things that haunt. The style is pictorial, the visualization striking. It is a piece of sound artistic work.

The book had its greatest success in England, where vigorous, moving, out-of-door life is more appreciated than with us. The most pertinent criticism of the book is from an English critic: "Like Stevenson, Mr. Post has written a note above the subject." But when one appreciates the fact that outside the material aspect of a land there is always lying an immaterial aspect, and that this immaterial aspect may be weird, poetic, sterile, or rich with dreams, one sees how a style, woven to catch this illusive atmosphere may seem a garment too rich or too delicate for the natural incidents which is must necessarily cover.

The characters of this book are living people from a living land. They have the primitive strength and the charm of an old, isolated civilization. The dialogue gives admirably the quaint, unforgettable humor of the hills. The speech, the songs, the quaint, big people, the horses and the men, the vast yellow river, the fighting cattle, the loves, the hates, the fears, the brutal swing and drive of primitive emotions, and the vague illusive charm of the Hills—all this vanished civilization is preserved to us like some butterfly in amber.

Mr. Post soon became related to corporate interests in the practice of the law and wholly abandoned criminal cases. The best business of this character was in the Federal Courts; and looking to this practice he formed a law partnership and settled in a more central part of West Virginia. This firm was one of the strongest in the State, and for five years it was on one side or the other of almost every important suit instituted in the Northern District of West Virginia. As a result of the labor incident to this partnership, Mr. Post's health was broken down, and he was sent by his physicians to Brides le Bains in the south of France for the cure; but the recuperation has been slow and he has not been able to return to the practice of the law.

Mr. Post gave to the practice of corporate law the same searching inquiry that he gave to the study of crimes, and the result has been that he has prepared a series of stories turning on curious phases of our commercial and corporate law, with the same central character of Randolph Mason, entitled 'The Corrector of Destinies.' These latter Randolph Mason stories show an advance over the earlier ones in technique. They are more subtle, more human, more artistic in structure, the dramatic interest is more sustained, and the reader's sense of justice is more fully satisfied. The most notable stories of this collection are "The Virgin of the Mountain," "The Danseuse," "My Friend at Bridge," and "Madame Versäy." These stories have a wealth of incident and setting that show a photographic observation and a wide knowledge of books and men. The change in Randolph Mason is a thing of subtle art. That his mania should grow upon him until finally, believing himself to be the equal of Destiny, he should undertake to adjust those desperate cases so hopeless as to be called fated or inevitable, is but a progress that any alienist might foresee; and that he should now undertake only such problems as required the return directly of an injury, in an exact measure, to the author of a wrong, because such a problem was more difficult than any other rather than because it was moral, meets our conception of the character.

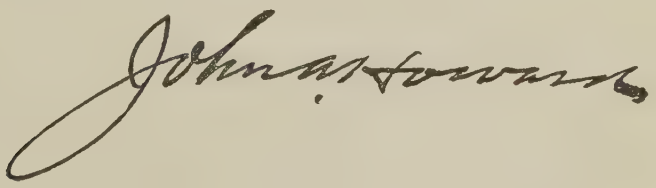
One of the chief charms of this central figure is that one cannot

say whether or not he is mad—this austere conception of an incarnate essence of justice untinctured with sympathy. But there is no madness in his sound, practical plans, nor in his words, hard, biting, acrid, as witnesses that vitriolic epigram: "All things are possible to the law—even justice."

It would seem that in the creation of that literary product requiring the nicest art, the mystery story, the South has led all literature. Poe created Monsieur Dupin and Post created Randolph Mason, the one demonstrating how by acute deduction the criminal and his methods could be determined, the other demonstrating how the very wrong itself may be so committed that it will yield all the resulting effect of a crime and yet constitute no one of the crimes described by the law. Monsieur Dupin is a pioneer in the one field as Randolph Mason is a pioneer in the other.

In addition to these three books the author has written various short stories published in American magazines. The most notable of these, and the latest, is "The Trivial Incident," based upon that scheme of things so often to be observed in life, how a complete disaster may follow in fatal sequence upon some slight, unimportant event. It is inevitable that such a story should be compared with Guy de Maupassant's "The String," and I ask the reader to make that comparison for himself.

It is too early to indicate Mr. Post's place in American literature. But he has created a wholly new and original character in fiction; he has opened the store-house of legal reports to creative romance; and he has produced a novel that preserves to us the life of a big, virile fragment of our civilization.



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MADAME VERSAY

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I WAS surprised on a morning in early February to find Bishop Simonton's carriage before Randolph Mason's house. I have known churchmen to appeal to Mason in desperate straits, perhaps upon a theory that one should try all temporal doors before knocking on the gates of alabaster. But that the esthetic and venerable Bishop of New York should require profane assistance was quite beyond belief. I pulled up short by my ancient friend, the crossing policeman.

"Scally," I said, "I believe the ravages of age are beginning to mark me. Can it be Bishop Simonton's carriage I see yonder?"

The great Celt rapped himself gently on the belt plate with his club. "Sure," he said, "it's not the ravages of age that's doin' ye any harm this mornin', Misther Parks. 'Tis his nib's wagon, all right."

"Some alderman must be squatting on the Church lands," I said, "to bring this good man out at a quarter before ten on a winter morning."

"Wist!" replied the Irish king, half covering his mouth with his gloved hand; " 'tis a woman." Then he crossed the street to stop a line of drays.

The mystery was now beyond conjecture. I walked on slowly to the gate and up the flag-path to the house. Certain airy, nebulous conceptions had, from the pleasantries of early Italian letters and recent scandalous posters along the book stalls, presented themselves with piquant explanations. Within the house a second and greater surprise awaited me. Pietro met me at the door saying that Randolph Mason wished instantly to see me. I gave Pietro my coat and hat and went at once to the private office. My state of mental flippancy had little prepared me for the type of woman who arose as I entered. I have not seen her like in New York. If the word elegant were not so thumbed, I should write it here as descriptive of her—not in a tinseled or bedizened sense, but as the panther is elegant, as the red silken horses of a rajah are

elegant. High breeding, down an immemorial line, produces such animals, time, through a hundred generations, carving carefully, like a gem engraver. Tall, supple and straight; the eye steady, calm, reserved, fearless; the nose straight and thin; the lips fine, delicate and resolute; the chin up; the black, glossy hair parted in the middle and brushed back. She was gowned in well-fitting black. This woman was perhaps fifty years old. I instantly fitted her into the frame of a casement window along the Battery in Charleston, or the white columns of an estate on the James. I bowed as she turned toward me. I think the statue of Nathan Hale, outside in the flurry of snow, would also have bowed had it been standing in my shoes. She did not speak to me at all, but waited in dignified silence for Mason to say what was necessary to be said.

Mason was standing by his table, tapping it impatiently with the tips of his long, sensitive fingers. I thought the lines along his mouth were broken a bit, his eyes a trifle warmer. But this was certainly a fancy, for when he spoke it was in his usual cold, even voice.

"Parks," he said, "you must find a certain variety actress, calling herself Madame Versäy. She has in her possession a case of pearls belonging to Miss Caroline Pickney. She will demand ten thousand dollars in cash for the return of these jewels. You will say to her that Miss Pickney has finally arranged to pay her this money. That on the tenth day of February at ten o'clock, the vault officer of the Jefferson Trust Company, in the city of Richmond, in the presence of Miss Pickney here and you, will deliver to her ten thousand dollars in currency. She must bring with her the case of jewels and hand it over to the vault officer, who, upon the payment of the money, will give it to Miss Pickney. This Madame Versäy is said to be under the protection of one Robert Henderson, a police detective of New York. This person may also be present, if Madame Versäy wishes him to be. You will arrange for this purchase with Madame Versäy. You will then accompany Miss Pickney to Richmond and be present with her at the transfer of the money. Miss Pickney will personally attend to the other details of the matter."

When Randolph Mason had finished speaking, the woman

picked up a long coat from her chair and began to put it on. I helped her with the collar of it. She thrust her black-gloved hands in the deep pockets, then she turned to Mason.

"These jewels were brought from India by my great-grandfather," she said; "they were worn by my great-grandmother at her wedding; by my grandmother; by my mother. Their value to me is beyond estimate. Still I do not wish to violate either the laws of Virginia or those of the United States in order to recover them. I do not greatly fear the laws of Virginia. It cannot be that my fathers have made laws that would permit a creature like this actress to retain my inheritance. But the laws of the United States are of the North; they may permit such things. I do not know. Federal judges in the South, it is said, are king's governors, often contravening, I am told, our wisest laws, our oldest customs, our most cherished ideas of justice. I do not wish to come into the presence of these overlords, nor to be subject to the impertinence of their attachés. I wish to be assured, Mr. Mason, of the entire safety of this plan."

Mason's face showed annoyance. "Madame," he said, "a rubber of whist could not be safer."

"Then," said the woman, "I bid you good-morning."

A little snow was falling, and I accompanied Miss Caroline Pickney to Bishop Simonton's carriage, tucked in the skirts of her great coat and closed the door. I think she must have taken me for a sort of upper servant, since she gave no evidence of my presence, except a stately nod at the carriage window.

Here was a fine bundle of mysteries, coupled with the direction of Mason to go out and find Madame Versäy. Find an unknown variety actress, only the devil's imps knew where. Such birds had no marked tree to roost in; besides, this person was probably Madame Gladys by now, or Estelle something or other. I could not go back to Mason for further light. He would stare at me and walk away. My directions were accurate: find Madame Versäy first and then go to Richmond.

I turned up the collar of my greatcoat, and went down for a conference with the omniscient Scally. I found him directing commerce with the gestures of a Roman prætor. I darted past the row of cabs to his island of safety and seized

his hand. A moment later, when the tide had passed, he took my bill from between the fingers of his glove and held it under his broad thumb; then he smiled benignly.

"Misther Parks," he said, " 'tis the speed limit you are after wishin' to exceed?"

"No," I said; "I am the King of the Golden Mountain on the quest of a fairy."

"Go along; you're foolin'," he said.

"By no means," I answered; "I want to find Madame Versäy." He whistled softly. "Madame Versäy, is it! 'Tis only the devil that knows where she is now, but where she'll be at one to-night, 'tis Scally that knows as well as the devil. In a dago café on the Bowery, which is next door to Paddy Moran's dance hall, she will be atin' and drinkin' and carryin' on. She's a bad one, this Madame Versäy. 'Tis back to the tall weeds your friend Scally would advise you to be goin'."

At half-past twelve that night, I found Madame Versäy, and the café called "dago" by my friend Scally. It was a fragment of Paris, transplanted to the Bowery by Monsieur Popinot, an oily, obsequious little creature from the Montmartre. He came running out to the curb to bow me in—the coming of a hansom was an event. He enumerated his wares with true Latin enthusiasm. His caviare had arrived that very day. It was "magnifique," and his wines! ah, monsieur, he alone in all this raw land had wines! His brother Anselm hunted France, nosed it, fingered it, tasted it, that he, Popinot might have champagne, fragrant like those little meadows nestling at the foothills of the Pyrenees. Burgundy, red like the poppies in the wheat fields of the Oise; and absinthe—here language failed him. He clasped his hands, "Ravissante, monsieur!"

Madame Popinot, who presided over the cash drawer by the door, beamed upon me as I entered. She was a daughter of the little shops along the Seine, fat and vigilant, knowing instantly if the new-comer had the price of a glass of wine in his pocket. A virtue of the highest order to her; doubtless the only one remaining.

I selected a little table by the wall, and, not wishing to be poisoned, ordered a bottle of Bass Ale and a plate of dry biscuits, wiping out Popinot's disgust with a generous tip. The

place was evidently a Bohemian rendezvous of a low order. The atmosphere was a stench of tobacco and sour wine, the floor was freshly sprinkled with new sawdust. The chairs and tables were of metal. Iron alone could resist large primitive emotions when they got in action. The crash of an elbow, the heave of a heavy boot-toe, did not wreck a wire chair. It could be straightened presently in the crack of a door. The place was filling up with jetsam from the undercurrents of New York. Gentlemen going swiftly down to the sill of the world, beasts coming up from it, got somehow into evening clothes, sat well together under Monsieur Popinot's many-colored lights. It was the depravity of Paris without a touch of its seductive ésprit. The naïve, mischievous greeting of the Moulin Rouge and the Folie Bergère, "*Je vous aime, donnez-moi cinq francs,*" was not here. This place was an oak for crows. I wondered on what limb of it perched Madame Versäy.

I was about to summon the good Popinot to my assistance, when a young man, very drunk, came in, accompanied by a woman in a superb opera coat. They took the table opposite to mine. The young man wore a soft slouch hat, which he promptly threw on the floor. Then he began to hammer on the table with the ferrule of his walking stick and shout, "Heah, heah, Popinot, you old dog, a bottle of Burgundy for Madame Versäy. It's the wine of love and laughter."

My eyes went instantly to the woman. She was a medium-size, conspicuous blonde, with a rather trim figure, excellent arms and throat, made the most of by a low gown of black velvet. Her complexion was the usual sort to be had from boxes and paint pots. Her mouth was a perfect Cupid's bow, and exquisite. Her nose was bourgeois, but not obtrusive and not bad. Her eyes, however, were utterly bad. They reminded me of cold tallow. Her bright yellow hair was coiled on the top of her head to give an effect of height and to lengthen her face. While her companion was unspeakably drunk, this woman was coldly sober. She constantly refilled the man's glass, but scarcely tasted her own. I was evidently spectator at the epilogue of a quarrel which Madame Versäy was striving to drown in the mixture of alcohol and claret that Popinot sold for Burgundy. She spoke almost in whis-

pers, but now and then the man broke out in a voice that I could hear. "No, I won't wait no moah. I want them back. You said you only wanted them to star in. That's what you said; to star in."

Madame Versäy patted him on the arm and cooed over him, but her face was as cold as a wedge. The man harped on the one idea. "No; I was drunk. Didn't I tell you I was drunk when I did it? and they've got to go back to her."

Madame Versäy suddenly changed her tactics. She leaned over, seized the young man by the collar and shook him. What she said I could not hear, but the effect on the drunken youth was marked. He pleaded in blabbering slobbers: "That's all right, you keep them; they're yours. You dissolve them in vin'ger and drink 'em like Cle-patra. You're good lil' thing, you're a good, lil', sweet thing."

The man's drooling grew gradually inarticulate, his head wobbled. Presently he made an ineffectual effort to pat Madame Versäy's porcelain cheek, and fell forward with his arms outstretched on the table. Popinot's Burgundy was indeed distilled from the poppies of the Oise!

The woman ordered a tumbler of whisky and drank it like water. My hour had arrived. I arose and threaded a way to her table.

"Have I the honor," I said, "to address Madame Versäy?"

A furtive light came into the cold, tallow eyes. "Not so loud," she said. "Are you a plain-clothes Johnnie?"

I assured her that I had attained to no such dignity as that. I was merely one coming under a flag of truce with a message from Miss Caroline Pickney.

I said this over several times and in a variety of ways before Madame's suspicions were soothed down. Then I laid before her the offer to pay ten thousand dollars cash for the jewels. A clean-cut trade and no questions. The money in her hands for the jewels in ours. I did not go further into the place or details of payment; that would better follow a little later on.

"I'll stand for that," said Madame Versäy, "if it's straight goods; but you will have to show it to Henderson. If he don't flag it, the old hen can have her shiners."

I wondered mildly if we might find Henderson somewhere.

"Sure," said Madame Versäy. Then she summoned Popinot. "Call up Henderson's Detective Agency," she directed, "and tell Bobbie to chase in here."

While we awaited the chasing-in of Bobbie, I drew the celebrity out a little on the subject of the slumbering youth. He was an only nephew of Miss Caroline Pickney and her half-brother, Bishop Simonton of New York. He was an orphan and a very ebon sheep. Having fallen a victim to Madame Versäy's charms, he had shouldered the onerous duties of an "angel," "burned his money," and finally "swiped" the jewels from his relative and bestowed them on this Dulcinea. These jewels Madame Versäy thought it advisable to retain, since the law could not "take a fall out of her" without "jugging" the youth. She appealed to me to affirm the moral soundness of her attitude in this. A poor girl must look out for herself. I was spared the embarrassment of a decision on so vexed a question by the arrival of Bobbie Henderson. I was also glad of all the people in the Café la Lune d'Or when he came bursting in it. He was a person with a variegated waistcoat, many seals and yellow diamonds, and a face that would have convicted him before any jury in America without a word of evidence for the State. He sailed down upon me with the bluster of the east wind.

"Flash your star," he said, "or jar loose from the lady."

His language was beyond me, but his manner admitted of no doubt.

Madame Versäy sprang up and thrust her elbow vigorously into the region of his diaphragm. "Cut it out, Bobbie," she said, "you ain't wise to the gent. He's no plain-clothes Johnnie. This thing's business."

Mr. Robert Henderson was illumined. He drew up a chair and expressed his desolation at the error. Then the three of us got down to the details of Madame Versäy's "business." The offer to pay cash was pleasing to Mr. Henderson. It "sounded good;" but he would take no chance on a "double cross" being "handed out." The money must be paid in his presence at a bank. No "meet me under the oak tree" for him. He was "onto" the iniquities of the human family.

By gradual, indirect suggestions, I uncovered the plan to pay at the Jefferson Trust Company in Richmond under his

eye. He took to that. It was "the old hen's nest," to be sure, but doubtless the only place where she could gather up so large a "wad of dough." And thus, after many glasses of vile brandy, which, on my part, I managed to tip out deftly into the sawdust, we got the "business" closed. Mr. Robert Henderson nearly crushed my hand at parting. It was so rare a thing, he said, to meet one of his "kind of gentlemen" nowadays. Madame Versäy beamed, and we parted in genial fashion.

I had a word with Popinot at the door, after oiling the itching in his palm with a silver dollar. "Poof!" he said, Madame Versäy was less French than his café cat. She was born in Harlem under a shamrock. She had heard him, Popinot, name the divine Versailles in a flood of longing for his native country. The name pleased her; she implored him to say it again and yet again, until she got it and so became "Madame Versäy." "Mon Dieu! one's sides split themselves with laughter. A grisette named for a palace. Monsieur Villon never did so excellent a naming. *La demi-monde, l'édifice publique,* one saw instantly the fitness of it." He, Popinot, was a genius of the first order.

And so I left him, shaking in the door, and calling upon Olympus to send down his meed of bay-leaves.

Incomparable Popinot of the Golden Moon!

Shortly before ten o'clock on the tenth day of February, I walked from my hotel over to the Jefferson Trust Company in the city of Richmond. I was taken at once into the vault of the safety deposit boxes, where I found Miss Caroline Pickney and the vault officer, Mr. Montague Thomas. This young man greeted me courteously, but I had only another stately nod from Miss Pickney. She would never come to understand the social order of a commercial civilization. One who took directions from another, no matter in how exalted a sphere that other sat, was a variety of servant. It was the theory of the slave master bred in deep, and persisting after the decadence of the civilization that produced it.

Promptly at ten, Mr. Robert Henderson arrived. He wore a large checked ulster, a top hat and astonishingly yellow gloves. He greeted me as a lost neighbor discovered in a distant country, shook vigorously the rather limp hand of Mr.

Montague Thomas, but went back on his heels before Miss Caroline Pickney. She did not see him, she never saw him. I appreciated the need to get the matter speedily over, and requested Mr. Henderson to allow Miss Pickney to examine the jewels. He threw open his ulster, revealing a small leather handbag, secured to his waist by a chain, such as is used by bank messengers. He opened the bag and took out an ancient black leather case, which he also opened and held in his hand. In it, lying coiled up against the lining of old purple velvet, was a pyramid pin, two drop earrings and a strand of oriental pearls. Miss Pickney expressed satisfaction to Mr. Montague Thomas and directed him to open the safety deposit box. The young man fitted the key into the lock of box number 320, and drew down the door, showing the little steel vault packed with banknotes. He took out the money in packages each enclosed by a printed slip, such as are commonly used by banks, and marked "Two thousand dollars."

Mr. Robert Henderson handed me one end of the jewel-case to hold, and, with his free hand, he stowed these five packs of bills into the little handbag. When he had the last one safely in, he relaxed his grip on the jewel-case, locked his handbag and hurried out of the bank. I handed the case to Miss Caroline Pickney. She opened it and caressed the jewels lovingly. But she said no word, and gave no evidence of the great emotion tugging at her except the trembling of her hands. Then she put the case in her bosom and went down to her carriage in the company of Mr. Montague Thomas.

I went out behind the pair of them. Not in all my life had I been so thoroughly puzzled. What did this woman need with Randolph Mason if she intended to pay a painted actress the full value of the jewels. Any police-sergeant could have done as well as he. What need was there to send me scouting into the Tenderloin and then here? The thing was idiotic. I had been waiting to see the iron lid of some hidden trap fall swiftly and crush Madame Versäy. Instead, I had carried out Mason's directions to the final letter, only to see the money paid, the incident closed, the thing ended. For Randolph Mason it was not a defeat only, it was a capitulation, a rout. His standard had been dragged off the field by a

variety actress and a red-light detective. I was unspeakably bitter and depressed.

My train to New York left over the Southern at twelve o'clock. I would go to the post-office for some letters sent after me, get a little lunch and hurry out of this unfortunate city. This capital of a phantom empire was historic of disaster. Reputations were always laid by the heels here. I went into the post-office, got my letters, and was coming out when a deputy marshal touched me on the elbow and asked me to come up to the district-attorney's office. I knew then that Mason's trap had sprung, and I hurried with the little man up the iron stairway.

Mr. Robert Henderson was boiling in picturesque expletives when I entered the ante-room of the prosecutor for the Government. His collar was wilted down, his wonderful waistcoat crumpled, tiny threads of perspiration lay along the fat folds of his chin. He broke out louder when he saw me. "That's him. That's one of the gang," he shouted. "Now get the other one. Get this Caroline Pickney woman, and we'll land them in the penitentiary."

At this moment, a tall, gracious man with a soft, drawling accent that purred dangerously like a cat's, appeared in the doorway of the district-attorney's office. "May I inquire," he said, "who it is that is about to send Miss Caroline Pickney to the penitentiary?"

"It's me," said Henderson. "Her and this yegger have been shovin' the queer."

"Your language is unintelligible," said the man.

"Why, green goods," growled Henderson. "Passin' counterfeit money, that's what I mean."

It was my turn to be astonished. So the packs were counterfeit! Surely Mason could not have made so dangerous a blunder. He knew the laws of the United States. He could not have opened the doors of the penitentiary wider to us. The mere possession of counterfeit money was a crime. Perhaps he did not believe that Madame Versäy would dare come to the officers of the law with it. Perhaps some other arm of his plan had broken down. I was amazed and alarmed. The man in the door looked inquiringly at me. I took out my card and handed it to him. He bowed. "I am the district-

attorney," he said. Then he spoke to the deputy marshal. "Go outside, close the door and see that I am not interrupted." He turned then to the detective. "Now, my man," he continued, "what is all this furore about?"

Henderson gave the matter swiftly in detail, translating his Tenderloin terms as he proceeded. When he had concluded the narrative, the district-attorney asked to see the money. Henderson unlocked his satchel, took out a pack, stripped off the gum band at either end of it, and, holding the end of the pack in his fingers, shook out the bills before the district-attorney.

The lawyer had been listening with the closest attention, his face clouded and distressed. Now, it cleared like a summer morning. "Are the others like this?" he said.

"The same," replied Henderson, "a good tenner on the top and bottom and the rest queer."

"Then," said the district-attorney, "the laws of the United States have not been violated. These bills are not counterfeit."

Mr. Henderson mopped his wet face. "What!" he ejaculated. "It ain't good money; is it?"

"No," replied the lawyer; "it is not money at all."

Astonishment drove Mr. Henderson to his primal tongue. "Hell, man!" he said. "'Taint good! 'Taint bad! You're stringin' me."

The district-attorney was amused. He took the pack of money and spread it out on the table. "These," he said, "are bills of the Confederate States of America. They are in no sense counterfeit. The passing of these bills for money of the United States is no crime against its laws. The Federal Courts have time and again so decided, although these bills closely resemble certain bank-note issues of the Federal Government and have been more than once complained of by the Treasury Department."* Then he added, with a courtly bow to Henderson, "My dear sir, you have in your hands the promise of a vanished republic to pay you some ten thousand dollars. Once upon a time, these bills might have purchased you an excellent lunch and perhaps a cigar with it. I doubt it a

*For the legal principle involved in this story, see United States v. Barrett, III Fed., 369.

little, now. You might try Mosby Taylor on the corner below. Mention Jubal Early."

Then he turned to me. "Mr. Parks," he said, "as you have not these potent tokens of a great sentiment to assist you, I must beg the honor of your presence at luncheon with me. I have heard of Randolph Mason."

THROUGH THE BIG WATER

From 'Dwellers in the Hills.' Copyright, 1901, Melville D. Post, and used here by permission of the author and the publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Crowds of cattle, like mobs, are strangely subject to some sudden impulse. Any seamy-faced old drover will illustrate this fact with stories till midnight, telling how Alkire's cattle resting one morning on Bald Knob suddenly threw up their heads and went crashing for a mile through the underbrush; and how a line of Queen's steers charged on a summer evening and swept out every fence in the Tygart's valley, without a cause so far as the human eye could see and without a warning.

Three hundred cattle had crossed, swimming the track of the loop as though they were fenced into it, and I judge there were a hundred in the water, when the remainder of the drove on the south shore made a sudden bolt for the river. The move was so swift and uniform, and the distance to the water so short, that Ump and the ferryman had barely time to escape being swept in with the steers. The whole drove piled up in the river and began to swim in a black mass toward the north shore. I saw the Bay Eagle sweep down the bank and plunge into the river below the cattle. I could hear Ump shouting, and could see the bay mare crowding the lower line of the swimming cattle.

The very light went out of the sky. We forced our horses into the river up to their shoulders, and waited. The cattle half-way across came out all right, but when the mass of more than two hundred reached the loop of the curve, they seemed to waver and crowd up in a bunch. I lost my head and plunged El Mahdi into the river. "Come on," I shouted, and Jud followed me.

If Satan had sent some guardian devil to choose for us an act of folly, he could not have chosen better than I. It is possible that the cattle would have taken the line of the leaders against the current if we had kept out of the river, but when they saw our horses they became bewildered, lost their sense of direction and drifted down into the eddy—a great angle of fighting cattle.

We swung down-stream, and taking a long circle came in below the drove as it drifted around in the outer orbit of the eddy. The crowd of cattle swam past, butting each other, and churning the water under their bellies, led by a half-blood Aberdeen-Angus steer with a ring in his nose. Half-way around we met Ump. He was a terrible creature. His shirt was in ribbons, and his hair was matted to his head. He was trying to force the Bay Eagle into the mass of cattle, and he was cursing like a fiend.

I have already said that his mare knew more than any other animal in the Hills. She dodged here and there like a water rat, slipped in among the cattle and shot out when they swung together. On any other horse the hunchback would have been crushed to pulp.

We joined him and tried to drive a wedge through the great tangle to split it in half, Jud and the huge Cardinal for a centre. We got half-way in and were flung off like a plank. We floated down into the rim of the eddy below the cattle, spread out, and endeavoured to force the drove up stream. We might as well have ridden against a floating log-jam. The mad, bellowing steers swam after their leader, moving in toward the vortex of the eddy. The half-blood Aberdeen-Angus, whom the cattle seemed to follow, was now on the inner border of the drove, the tangle of steers stretched in a circle around him. It was clear that in a very few minutes he would reach the centre, the mass of cattle would crowd down on him and the whole bunch would go to the bottom. We determined to make another effort to break through this circle, and if possible capture the half-blood and force him out toward the shore. A more dangerous undertaking could not be easily imagined.

The chances of driving this steer out were slight if we should ever reach him. The possibility of forcing a way in

was remote, and if we succeeded in penetrating to the centre of the jam and failed to break it, we should certainly be wedged in and crushed. If Ump's head had been cool, I do not think he would ever have permitted me to join in such madness. We were to select a loose place in the circle, the Cardinal and El Mahdi to force an opening, and the Bay Eagle to go through if she could.

We waited while the cattle passed, bellowing and thrashing the water—an awful mob of steers in panic. Presently in this circle there was a rift where a bull infuriated by the crowding, swam by, fighting to clear a place around him. He was a tremendous creature, glistening black, active and dangerous as a wild beast. He charged the cattle around him, driving them back like a battering ram. He dived and butted and roared like some sea monster gone mad. Ump shouted, and we swam into the open rift against this bull, Jud leading and El Mahdi at his shoulder.

The bull fighting the cattle behind him did not see us until the big sorrel was against him. Then he swung half around and tried to butt. This was the danger which we feared most. The ram of a muley steer is one of the most powerful blows delivered by any animal. For this reason, no bull with horns is a match for a muley. The driving power of sixteen hundred pounds of bone and muscle is like the ram of a ship. Striking a horse fair, it would stave him in as one breaks an egg-shell. Jud leaned down from his horse and struck the bull on the nose with his fist, beating him in the nostrils. The bull turned and charged the cattle behind him. We crowded against him, using the mad bull for a great driving wedge.

I have never seen anything in the world to approach the strength or fury of this muley. With him we broke through the circle of steers forcing into the centre of the eddy. We had barely room for the horses by crowding shoulder to shoulder to the bull, the cattle in behind us like bees swarming in a hive.

I was accustomed to cattle all my life. I had been among them when they fought each other, bellowing and tearing up the sod; among them when they charged; among them when they stampeded; and I was not afraid. But this caldron of boiling yellow water filled with cattle was a hell-pot. In it

every steer, gone mad, seemed to be fighting for dear life. I caught something of the terror of the cattle, and on the instant the delusion of the cone rising on all sides returned. The cattle seemed to be swarming down upon us from the sides of this yellow pit. I looked around. The Bay Eagle was squeezing against El Mahdi. Jud was pressing close to the nose of the bull, keeping him turned against the cattle by great blows rained on his muzzle, and we were driving slowly in like a glut.

My mouth became suddenly dry to the root of my tongue. I dropped the reins and whirled around in the saddle. Ump, whose knee was against El Mahdi's flank, reached over and caught me by the shoulder. The grip of his hand was firm and steady, and it brought me back to my senses, but his face will not be whiter when they lay him finally in the little chapel at Mount Horeb.

As I turned and gathered up the reins, the water was boiling over the horses. Sometimes we went down to the chin, the horses entirely under; at other times we were flung up almost out of the water by the surging of the cattle. The Cardinal was beginning to grow tired. He had just swam across the river and half-way back, and been then forced into this tremendous struggle without time to gather his breath. He was a horse of gigantic stature and great endurance, but his rider was heavy. He had been long in the water, and the jamming of the cattle was enough to wear out a horse built of ship timber.

His whole body was sunk to the nose and he went entirely under with every surge of the bull. The naked back of Jud reeked with sweat, washed off every minute with a flood of muddy water, and the muscles on his huge shoulders looked like folds of brass.

He held the bridle-rein in his teeth and bent down over the saddle so as to strike the bull when it tried to turn back. At times the man, horse, and bull were carried down out of sight.

Suddenly I realized that we were on the inside. The river was a bedlam of roars and bellows. We had broken through the circle of cattle, and it drifted now in two segments, crowding in to follow the half-blood Aberdeen-Angus. This steer

passed a few yards below us, making for the centre of the eddy. As he went by, Ump shot out on the Bay Eagle, dodged through the cattle, and coming up with the steer, reached down and hooked his finger in the ring which the half-blood wore in his nose. Then, holding the steer's muzzle against the shoulder of the mare, he struck out straight through the vortex of the eddy, making for the widest opening in the broken circle.

I watched the hunchback breathless. It was not difficult to lead the steer. An urchin could have done it with a rope in the nose-ring, but the two segments of the circle might swing together at any moment, and if they did Ump would be penned in and lost and we would be lost also, locked up in this jam of steers.

For a moment the hunchback and the steer passed out of sight in the boiling eddy, then they reached the open, went through it, and struck up-stream for the ferry landing.

The cattle on the inner side of the circle followed the Aberdeen-Angus, streaming through the opening in a great wedge that split the jam into the two wings of an enormous V. The whole drove swung out and followed in two lines, as one has seen the wild geese follow their pilot to the south. Jud and I, wedged in, were tossed about by the surging of the cattle, as the jam broke. We were protected a little by the bull, whose strength seemed inexhaustible. Every moment I looked to see some black head rise under the fore quarters of El Mahdi, throw him over, and force him down beneath the bellies of the cattle, or some muley charge the fighting bull and crush Jud and his horse. But the very closeness of the jamming saved us from these dangers.

It was almost impossible for a bullock to turn. We were carried forward by the press as a child is carried with a crowd. When the cattle split into the wings of the V, we were flung off and found ourselves swimming in open water between the two great lines.

I felt like a man lifted suddenly from a dungeon into the sunlit world. I was weak. I caught hold of the horn, settled down nerveless in the saddle, and looked around me. The cattle were streaming past in two long lines for the shore, led

by Ump and the Aberdeen-Angus, now half-way up the north arm of the loop.

The river was still roaring with the bellowings of the cattle, as though all the devils of the water howled with fury at this losing of their prey.

The steers had now room to swim in, and they would reach the shore. I looked down at El Mahdi. He floated easily, pumping the air far back into his big lungs. He had been roundly jammed, but he was not exhausted, and I knew he would be all right when he got his breath.

Then I looked for Jud. He was a few yards below me, staring at the swimming cattle. The water was rising to his arm-pits. It poured over the Cardinal, and over the saddle horn. It was plain that the horse was going down. Only his muzzle hung above the water, with the nostrils distended.

I shouted to Jud. He kicked his feet out of the stirrups, dropped into the water and caught his horse by the shank of the bit. He went down until the water bubbled against his chin. But he held the horse's head above the river, treading water and striking out with his free arm. I turned El Mahdi and swam to the Cardinal. When I reached him I caught the bit on my side, and together Jud and El Mahdi held the exhausted horse until he gathered his breath and began to swim. Presently, when he had gotten the air back in his chest, I took the bridle-rein, and Jud, loosing his hold on the bit, floated down behind the cattle, and struck out for the shore. I saw him climb the bank among the water beeches when El Mahdi and the Cardinal came up out of the river at the ferry landing behind the last bullock.

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE

[1802—1870]

HENRY WATTERSON

GEORGE DENNISON PRENTICE was born in a little, old-fashioned New England cottage on the outskirts of the village of Preston, in Connecticut, December 18, 1802, which came that year, as I find by reference to a chronological table, on a Saturday, and was attended by a coast gale that swept over the country fiercely, far and near. He died in a Kentucky farm-house, on the banks of the Ohio River, ten miles below the city of Louisville, just before the break of Saturday, January 22, 1870, and in the midst of an untoward winter flood that roared and swelled about the lonely spot. Between the tempest of his coming and the tempest of his going flowed a life-current, many-toned and strong; often illuminated by splendid and varied achievements, and sometimes overcast by shadowy passions, struggles, and sorrows; but never pausing upon its journey during sixty-seven years, nor turning out of its course; a long life and a busy one, joining in uncommon measure and degree Thought to Action, and devoting both to the practice of government, the conduct of parties, and the cultivation of belles-lettres. For this man was a daring partisan and a delightful poet; a distinguished advocate of a powerful political organization; a generous patron of arts; a constant friend to genius. In violent and lawless times he used a pistol with hardly less danger and effect than a pen, being regarded at one time as the best pistol-shot in Kentucky. By turns a statesman, a wit, a poet, a man of the world, and always a journalist, he gave to the press of his country its most brilliant illustrations.

That he was born, as I have stated, in 1802; that he was taught by his mother to read the Bible with ease when a little over three years of age; that he studied under Horace Mann and Tristam Burges at Brown University, where he was a famous Latin and English scholar, reciting the whole of the twelfth book of the 'Æneid' from memory for a single lesson, and committing to memory in like manner such books as Kames's 'Elements of Criticism' and Dugald Stuart's 'Philosophy'; that he began as an editor in Hartford, coming hence to write a life of Henry Clay, and remaining here to establish the *Louisville Journal,* in 1830; and that he made that the most celebrated and popular newspaper in America, and

himself the most conspicuous journalist of his time—are matters of fact which need not be elaborated in this brief sketch. Of his marriage, after his wife had been taken from him, he was himself not averse to speaking, and dwelt upon her memory with touching fondness. I had never the happiness of knowing her, but from his own ideal, and from the representation of those who had most reason to remember her hospitality or to bless her bounty, there can be no doubt that she was a most charming woman. He loved to refer to her as a girl, and it is curious that she is the only woman I ever heard him speak of with genuine warmth and tenderness, although there were many good and gentle women who had been his lifelong friends. "I have not had credit," he said, on one occasion, "for being a devoted husband; but if I had my life to go over, that is the only relation I would not alter; she was the wisest, the purest, the best and the most thoroughly enchanting woman I ever knew." Most persons will call to mind the verses which he addressed to her. Verses, you are possibly aware, are not always truth-tellers; but in this instance they expressed the impulses of a nature which, readily impressed by all things agreeable, could not be drawn out to the full by one of less grace of mind and heart. His affection for his children was likewise intense, and the loss of his elder son was a terrible blow. I know of nothing more affecting than his fondness for a little, fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, a grandson, who bears his name, and who used often to come and visit him and spend whole afternoons in his room; for you will understand that he lived in the office—slept and ate and worked there—seldom quitting it. Strangers supposed that he was decrepit, and there existed an impression that he had resigned his old place to a younger and more active spirit. He resigned nothing. I doubt whether he ever did more work, or better work, during any single year of his life than during this last year. He said, on the first of January, 1869, "I will make the last years of my life the best years of my life, and I shall work like a tiger"; and he did work like a machine which seemed to have no stop to it.

Prentice was twenty-seven years old when he came to Kentucky. He was obscure and poor. The people of the West were rough. The times were violent. Parties were dividing upon measures of government which could not, in their nature, fail to arouse and anger popular feeling, and to the bitterness of conflicting interests was added the enthusiasm which the rival claims of two great party chieftains everywhere excited. In those days there was no such thing as journalism as we now understand it. The newspaper was but a poor affair, owned by a clique or politician. The editor of a newspaper was nothing if not personal. Moreover, the editors who

had appeared above the surface had been men of second-rate abilities, and had served merely as squires to their liege lords, the politicians. This much Prentice reformed at once and altogether. He established the *Louisville Journal;* he threw himself into the spirit of the times as the professed friend of Mr. Clay and the champion of his principles; but he invented a warfare hitherto unknown, and illustrated it by a personal identity which very soon elevated him into the rank of a party leader as well as a partisan editor.

From 1830 to 1861 the influence of Prentice was perhaps greater than the influence of any political writer who ever lived; it was an influence directly positive and personal. It owed its origin to the union in his person of gifts which no one had combined before him. He had, to build upon, an intellect naturally strong and practical, and this was trained by rigid, scholarly culture. He possessed a keen wit and a poetical temperament. He was brave and aggressive; and though by no means quarrelsome, he was as ready to fight as to write, and his lot was cast in a region where he had to do a good deal of both. Thus, the business of an editor requiring him to do the writing and fighting for his party, he did not lack opportunities for personal display; and you may be sure he made every opportunity tell for even more than its value. It is now generally admitted that he never came off worsted in any encounter, physical or intellectual. In all his combats he displayed parts which were signal and showy; overwhelming invective, varied by a careless, off-hand satire, which hit home; or strong, logical, plausible, pleasing Anglo-Saxon argument, that brought out the strong points of his subject and obscured the weak ones; or nipping, paragraphic frost that sparkled and blighted; or quiet daring that was ever reckless of consequences. Who can wonder that he was the idol of his party? Who can wonder that he was the darling of the mob? But, with these great popular gifts, he was a gentleman of graceful and easy address, kind and genial among men, gallant among ladies, a sweet poet, a cultivated man of the world. I am not making a fancy sketch, although it looks like one; because where will you go to find the like? It is easy enough to describe the second or third-rate abilities. They belong to a class, and may be arrayed under a standard. But it is impossible to compare Prentice with any man. He was as great a partisan as Cobbett; but Cobbett was only a partisan. He was as able and as consistent a political leader as Greeley; but Greeley never had Prentice's wit, courage, or accomplishments. I found in London that his fame is exceeded by that of no American newspaper writer; but the journalists of Paris, where there is still nothing but personal journalism, considered him a few years ago as the solitary journalist of genius among us. His sar-

casms have often got into *Charivari,* and several of his poems have been translated. The French adore that which is witty, abusive, and brave. How could they fail to put a great estimate upon Prentice, who might have ranked with Sainte-Beuve as a critic, and certainly surpassed Rochefort as a popular chief?

For five and thirty years his life realized an uninterrupted success. He cared little for money, but what he needed he had, and there was no end to the evidence of his fame and power which constantly reached him. His imagination, however, took a habitually melancholy turn, and threw out, in the midst of wild and witty partisan bursts, flashes of a somewhat morbid description. It is not strange, that, as he grew aged, he withdrew himself from very close and active intercourse with men. The little ambition he ever had deserted him. His domesticity, to which he was attached, was gone. Society bored him. All his faculties remained clear and full; but the motive for personal effort was wanting, and he worked because it was his nature to work. He would have died else. He quoted on three occasions a verse of a fine poem of Mangan's, which seemed to represent his condition:

"Homeless, wifeless, flagonless, alone;
Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose,
With nothing left to do except to groan,
Not a soul to woo except the muse.
Oh, this is hard for me to bear,
Me, that whilom lived so much *en haut,*
Me, that broke all hearts, like chinaware,
Twenty golden years ago."

He let his hair and beard grow long, and was careless in his attire. People thought him thoroughly broken down as they saw him on the street heedless, as he always was, of passers-by, or in his room wearing his old brown and tattered robe. They should have seen him enlivened by a glow of work or feeling, and in his shirt-sleeves, as lithe of limb and jaunty of carriage as a boy; no man of his age was ever more active. He once assured me that he had never had a headache in his life. It was not the infirmity of age which carried him off, but a disorder which a younger man might have resisted as feebly as he did.

Prentice appeared as an author but three times. His biography of Henry Clay is a masterpiece of political special pleading. The narrative, however, is meager and rather turgid. It was not the story, but the argument, which he had at heart; for the book was written to serve a party purpose. His little volume of witticisms from the *Louisville Journal* is more representative. In his preface

he expressed a doubt whether such a republication would bear the test of time. "I know," he said, "that such things do not *keep* well." But they have kept pretty well so far. I can recall no book of wit and humor, not even the collection of Hook and Jerrold, in which the salt is fresher or more savory; and the student of that brevity which is the soul of wit can hardly find a better model of all that is neat, racy, and concise.

On his poems Prentice himself put no great account. They were thrown off idly. He wrote verses, he said, as a discipline, or for reaction. He did not stand "up to the chin in the Rubicon flood." The best thing he did is undoubtedly "The Closing Year," which has many good lines and bold images, and will always be a favorite recitative. The poem "At My Mother's Grave" and the "Lines to My Son" are also pathetic. I once heard Albert Pike recite the poem "At My Mother's Grave" at a club party in Washington, in a way that left not a dry eye in the room. But, after all, the fame of Prentice must stand, not upon any one piece of work which he did, but upon the purpose and influence of his whole life; its realization of every public demand; its adaptation to every party need; its current readiness and force; its thorough consistency from first to last. He did more for others and asked less for himself than any public man of his day. He put hundreds of men into office, but he was never a candidate for office himself. He relied exclusively upon his newspaper, and by this agency alone rose to eminence.

He lived out nearly the allotted span. He had well-nigh reached the age of three-score years and ten. The joy of life was gone. He grew old of heart. Few of the dear ones remained to him, and those who did remain were hardly of his generation.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

He was exasperated by the Byron scandal, and wrote all the editorials that appeared in the *Courier-Journal* on that subject. Most of them he read to me, as was his habit when anything seriously interested him; and I shall never forget how, reading one of them, he broke down twice, and finally altogether; his voice grew hoarse; his utterance failed him; the tears came raining down his cheek, and he arose silently and glided out of the room. It was not decrepitude. It was feeling; for, excepting a few trifling exag-

gerations which marked his style of writing when he was deeply moved, the article was clear, vigorous, and compact.

Born in winter, he died in winter. He came in a gale which blew across the Eastern sea, and his life was borne out on the ebb of a mighty flood in the West. It was stormy, as we know, from the beginning to the end. I have described the place where he died as lonely. It was the home of his son, a farm-house just upon the water's edge. Mr. Prentice quitted the office on Christmas Eve to go to the country and spend the holidays. He was unusually well and cheerful. A few days before he confided to my keeping a lengthy manuscript which he had written with his own hand. It had an autobiographic note of the leading dates and events of his life, and, though the writing must have been painful, it is neat and clear. He said gloomily on one occasion, "I hope you won't let me snuff out like a tallow candle," but he had no thought of "snuffing out" when he bought the Christmas present for little George. The rest, however, is told in a line. A cold ride of ten miles, an influenza, pneumonia, weeks of prostration. The flood came during his illness. The river swelled out of its banks. The waters gathered around about, reaching the very door-sill. Prentice lay in an upper chamber and, while hearing their noisy surges moaning like the echoes of his own regrets, he passed beyond the fever and the worry and the fret and the tumult of this world.

He sleeps now in Cave Hill Cemetery, the Louisville place of burial, whither on the Monday after he died his remains were conducted with all the honoring circumstance and ceremony which the living can pay to the dead; and he lies by the side of the little family group that went before him. Happy reunion! How peaceful, tranquil, satisfying! How gently it seems to round and smooth the vexed turmoil of a life which, brilliant as it was, had its sorrows and cares.

Perhaps no man was ever followed to the grave by a more touching demonstration of public interest. Few men ever lived who inspired so much personal interest. There was in his very faults something that took hold of the popular fancy; and he united in himself three elements at least that never fail to exert powerful influence among the people. He was brilliant, brave, and generous. He was an intellectual match for any man. He was physically and mentally afraid of no man. He gave bountifully to all men. There was buried within him a superb nature, and his death for a moment lights up the vestibule in which he is placed by the side of three famous friends of his, making a group which will always be the pride and glory of this country.

Prentice rests in a quiet spot, where the violets which he loved to

sing, and the meadow grass that grew greener in his song, will come and grow above him, and the stars which he made into a thousand images shine there by night, and the quiet skies that gave the kindliest joy to his old age bend over his grave. He is dead to a world of love and pity and admiration. But so long as there is a gravestone upon that hillside, so long as there is a newspaper printed in the beautiful Anglo-Saxon tongue, which he understood so well and wrote so forcibly and so gracefully, the descendants of this generation and the stranger who comes from afar will seek out curiously and lovingly the place where they laid him.

Henry Watterson

THE CLOSING YEAR

From 'Poems of George D. Prentice.' Copyright, 1875, Robert Clarke and Company, Cincinnati.

'Tis midnight's holy hour—and silence now
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep notes are swelling. 'Tis the knell
Of the departed Year.

No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest,
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred,
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud,
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with his aged locks—and breathe
In mournful cadences, that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead Year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,

Whose tones are like the wizard voice of Time,
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of hope, and joy, and love,
And, bending mournfully above the pale
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.
The Year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course,
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard, where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded. It passed o'er
The battle plain, where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday—and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and mouldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.
Remorseless Time!—
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,

Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain-crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink,
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring, blazing, from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away,
To darkle in the trackless void: yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

A RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE

Oh, dark, mysterious stream, I sit by thee
In awe profound, as myriad wanderers
Have sat before. I see thy waters move
From out the ghostly glimmerings of my lamp
Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly
As if thou wert a somber river drawn
Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
Of dim Oblivion flowing through the lone
And shadowy vale of death. There is no wave
To whisper on thy shore, or breathe a wail,
Wounding its tender bosom on thy sharp

And jagged rocks. In numerous mingled tones,
The voices of the day and of the night,
Are ever heard through all our outer world,
For Nature there is never dumb; but here
I turn and turn my listening ear, and catch
No mortal sound, save that of my own heart,
That 'mid the awful stillness throbs aloud,
Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat
Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry,
Or shout, or song is raised, how wildly back
Come the weird echoes from a thousand rocks,
As if unnumbered airy sentinels,
The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
Repeating it in wonder—a wild maze
Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
Earth-born but all unearthly.
Thou dost seem,
O wizard stream, a river of the dead—
A river of some blasted, perished world,
Wandering forever in the mystic void.
No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide;
No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing;
No star, or sky, or bow, is ever glassed
Within thy depths; no flower or blade e'er breathes
Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
True, here are flowers, or semblances of flowers,
Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
That fall upon thy rocky battlements—
Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets—
All white as cerements of the coffined dead;
But they are flowers of stone, and never drank
The sunshine of the dew. O somber stream,
Whence comest thou, and whither goest? Far
Above, upon the surface of old Earth,
A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
In music and in sunshine, to the sea;—
Thou art not born of them. Whence comest thou,
And whither goest? None of earth can know.
No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source—
No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend

With the abyss of Ocean. None may guess
The mysteries of thy course. Perchance thou hast
A hundred mighty cataracts, thundering down
Toward Earth's eternal center; but their sound
Is not for ear of man. All we can know
Is that thy tide rolls out, a spectre stream,
From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
And, moving on a little way, sinks down
Beneath another mass of rock as dark
And frowning, even as life—our little life—
Born of one fathomless eternity,
Steals on a moment and then disappears
In an eternity as fathomless.

AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

The trembling dew-drops fall
  Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest,
The stars shine gloriously: and all,
  Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!
  The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
  Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
  Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem—dust
  Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die:
  To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
  And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,
  To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear
  With bitter tears?

Aye, must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a withered tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the Past, I turn,
And muse on thee, the only flower
In Memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night-winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;
I listen—and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

Oh, come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child;
And o'er thine urn—Religion's holiest shrine—
Oh, give his spirit, undefiled,
To blend with thine.

MEMORIES

Once more, once more, my Mary dear,
I sit by that lone stream,
Where first within thy timid ear
I breathed love's burning dream.
The birds we loved still tell their tale
Of music on each spray,
And still the wild-rose decks the vale—
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek,
By wood, and stream, and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
Where tears of rapture fell;
And yet beneath those wild-wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours
There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
Around me seem to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind harp's chords
When all the winds are still,
Or like the low and soul-like swell
Of that wild spirit-tone,
Which haunts the hollow of the bell
When its sad chime is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
In sweet, low murmurs now;
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
Thy heart to mine is laid—
Alas, that such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must fade!

TO AN ABSENT WIFE

'Tis Morn:—the sea-breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear:
But I am sad; thou art not here!

'Tis Noon:—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue waves of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream;
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star:
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve:—on earth the sunset skies
Are painting their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down, and trembling glow
Like blossoms on the waves below;
And, like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst these orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot:
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight:—with a soothing spell,
The far tones of the ocean swell,
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay:
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in dreams:—low, sweet, and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my neck thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine—

Thy own soft lip to mine is pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast:—
Oh! I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

TO A BUNCH OF ROSES

Sweet flowers, whilst ye impart
The fragrance of the spring-time, rich and rare,
Go bear that errand to young Julia's heart,
Which only roses bear.

Go, tell her, lovely flowers,
That in my soul her own dear image gleams,
A light, a radiance in my waking hours,
A glory in my dreams.

Say, though my love is hers,
To her alone I can that love reveal;
Among her many burning worshipers
I would, but may not kneel.

Tell her it were your bliss
Upon her gentle bosom to repose,
And she, perhaps, may give you one sweet kiss—
Oh, that I were a rose!

MY OLD HOME

And I have come yet once again to stray
Where erst I strayed in childhood. Oh, 'tis sweet
To gaze upon the dear old landscape! Here
My thoughts first reveled in the wild delight
Of new existence! Here my infant eye
First dwelt on Nature in her loveliness:
The golden flash of waters, the bright flowers
That seemed to spring in very wantonness
From every hill and stream; the earth's green leaves,
The moonlight mountains, the bright crimson gush,

That deepening streamed along the skies of morn,
And the rich heavens of sunset! Here I loved
To gaze upon the holy arch of eve
In breathless longing, till I almost dreamed
That I was mingling with its glorious depths,
A portion of their purity; to muse
Upon the stars through many a lonely night,
Till their deep tones of mystic minstrelsy
Were borne into my heart; to list at morn
The gentle voice of song-birds in their joy
Lifting on high their matins, till my soul,
Like theirs gushed forth in music; and to look
Upon the clouds in beauty wandering up
The deep blue zenith, till my heart, like them,
Went far away through yon high paths to seek
The home of thought and spirit in the heavens.

* * * * * *

Years have passed by upon their shadowy wings,
Yet o'er this spot no change has come to tell
The noiseless flight of Time. The far-off hills
Are still as blue, the wave as musical,
The wild rose blooms as fresh and fair, the winds
Breathe yet as freshly on my brow, the trees
Still cast as soft a shadow, and as sweet
The violet springs to woo the breath of heaven,
As in my years of infancy. I range
Where erst I sported by the leaping stream,
And the glad birds, as they remembered yet
And loved the stranger, chant the same sweet songs
I strayed to hear ere childhood's silken locks
Had darkened on my temples. Can it be
That the dark seal of Time and Change is set
Upon my brow? Each spot I loved still blooms
In beauty undecayed; I hear no sound
That tells the tale of years; and can it be
That I alone am faded? Were it not
That many a fearful tale of sin and woe,
And strife and desolation, has been graved
On Memory's darkened scroll—oh, were it not
That passion's burning pathway has been traced

So deep, so fiercely vivid, that my heart
Is withering yet beneath it, I could deem
That I were still a pure and sinless child
Just 'wakened from a long, long dream of tears,
To gaze again in infant recklessness
On earth, and heaven, and ocean, and again
To paint the future as a lovely throng
Of bright and glorious visions beckoning on
To the blue beauty of life's Eden-isles.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

From 'Prenticeana.'

Mr. Clay is, no doubt, a great man, but he is too ambitious.—*Eastern Mercury.*

"*Ambitious.*" True, he is ambitious—but of what? Ambitious of the discharge of his sublime duties—ambitious of rendering his country the most glorious on earth—ambitious of making human freedom co-extensive with the human race—ambitious of placing his own great name, by his lofty deeds of moral daring, the first among the sons of light. Talk of ambition—what is it?—

> In God 'tis glory—and when men aspire,
> 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.

The "Pioneer" wants to know whether, if the devil were to die, the newspapers would not eulogize his character. If they didn't, the editors would be very likely to get unceremonious orders from some of the relations of the deceased—"stop my paper."

A man recently got married in Kentucky one day and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try all varieties of nooses to see which he liked best.

The editor of ——— calls himself a lion. If not the king of beasts, he is certainly a very great one.

The Cincinnati representative in Congress boasts that he can "bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man." He can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker.

It has been suggested that the culture of hemp be tried

in the South. A southern editor, remarking upon the subject, says that he knows all about cotton and rice, but doesn't understand hemp at all. Perhaps he may yet get the *hang* of it.

A Democratic editor in Indiana says that he should hazard very little in contradicting our assertions. Very true: he would be hazarding the merest trifle in the world—*nothing but his character for veracity.*

The editor of the "Eastern Argus" is melancholy in his reflections upon the close of the year. He says he shall soon be lying in his grave. When he gets there, it will be time for him to stop lying. The ruling passion is often strong *in* death, but seldom after it.

Every day our neighbor repeats against us the charge of lying. If we ever set up a lie-factory, we shall hang him out for a sign. He gets four thousand dollars a year for lying, and this, according to the nicest estimate we can make, is about half a dime for every ten lies.

There are four or five Democratic editors in this vicinity whose abuse amuses us not a little. If one assails us, all the rest stand ready to sustain him by furnishing him with the necessary falsehoods and copying his Billingsgate. They remind us of the habit of *rats*. It is said that a string of some half dozen of these vermin will hold each other up by the tail to enable the lowermost to steal an egg from the bottom of a barrel.

We take no account of Mr. W.'s threats against us. He will never have the courage to make a bodily assault even upon a cripple, unless he first takes a brick and beats his own skull to raise a bump of combativeness. He is a bladder of wind —puffed, swollen, and portly: but give him a single prick and he lies lank and shrivelled before you.

A contemporary of ours says that "Some editors are always trying to be witty and often fail." His readers might add that others seem always trying to be stupid and never fail.

A Kentucky editor thinks he is to be pitied because he has been a "whole week without mail intelligence." Perhaps he is still more to be pitied for having been all his life without intelligence of any sort.

Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th inst. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin' Hood.

The editor of the "Green River Union" intimates that we take "a drop too much." When the hangman gives him his due, nobody will think *he* had "a drop" too much.

The editor of the "Globe" says that he "hopes to reach the truth." He is laying out for himself a long journey. He had better make his will before he starts.

A testy editor wonders if we are not often frightened by the ghost of murdered truth. We do not think he is in any danger of such a fright. As he was never able to see the truth itself, he will hardly be able to discern its ghost.

The editor of a Pennsylvania paper says that he once *saw* stripes publicly inflicted upon a man in Rhode Island for petty larceny. We wonder if he didn't *feel* them too?

A contemporary exclaims in an exceedingly eloquent piece of writing, "If the dead could speak to us from their graves, what would they say?" We guess they would say, "*Let us out.*"

The editor of the "Plaindealer" abuses the President. He calls him "a man with a single principle." No wonder the two cannot agree—the one being a man *with* a single principle, and the other *without.*

The editor of the "Gallatin Union" calls our Journal "wrapping-paper." He himself knows, from the sores on his head, that it is the best *rapping*-paper in the country.

A Democratic editor in Indiana threatens to handle us "without gloves." We would certainly never think of handling *him* without at least three pairs, and thick ones at that.

The editor of a paper now before us says that he meets a certain statement squarely. Men sometimes meet true statements squarely by lying roundly.

The editor of the "Truth Teller" says that he is "a candidate for *nothing.* We think he will be *elected.*

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